SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVII FEBRUARY, 1915 NO. 2

PERSONALITY OF COLONEL GOETHALS

By Joseph Bucklin Bishop

For nine years Secretary of the Isthmian Canal Commission; author of "The Panama Gateway"

ISAAC DISRAELI, in that most delightful of books, "Curiosities of Literature," makes this observation, which is as true to-day as it was when written a century ago: "How superficial is that cry of some impertinent pretended geniuses of these times who affect to exclaim: 'Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works!' I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works." In conversation a few years ago with John Hay I cited this utterance in support of something that he was saying to the same effect, whereupon he added (I quote from memory): "Real history is not to be found in books, but in the personal anecdotes and private letters of those who make history. These reveal the men themselves and the motives that actuate them, and give us also their estimate of those who are associated with them. No one should ever destroy a private letter that contains light on public men, or willingly let die an illuminating anecdote disclosing their individuality."

In what I am about to write concerning the personality of Colonel Goethals I shall follow mainly the idea thus outlined. I shall endeavor to portray him as he revealed himself to me during seven years of intimate association in which he honored me with his confidence and admitted me to the inestimable privilege of his personal friendship. Throughout that period I was a constant observer of his official acts, of the methods by which he met and solved the problems which pressed upon him incessantly for consideration, thus becoming familiar with the intellectual and moral qualities which form the basis of what is called character and which constitute the personality of a man. That Colonel Goethals has a distinct personality no one who knows him or has followed his career will deny. That it is a strong personality as well, every one who has been in the Canal service will testify without hesitation or qualification.

It is customary to regard the construction of the Panama Canal as an engineering achievement, but it is in equal, if not in larger, degree an achievement in administration. The engineering problems were comparatively simple, being those of magnitude, the solution of which followed clearly defined and well-established scientific lines. The problems in administration were new and there were no precedents in American experience from which to obtain light for guidance.

The Canal force has been referred to frequently as being in the position of an army in the field. The parallel is only partial. An army in the field is under the absolute control of its commanding general from the moment of its departure for the scene of action. This control is the established order of the military system and is unquestioned. The Canal force, like an army, was in the field, two thousand miles from its base of supplies, but when assembled on the Isthmus it was an army of civilians, and there was no established authority for its absolute control by the man at its head. Every member of it knew this. Not only did the rank and file know it, but the subordinate officials knew it. Experience was to show that it

Copyright, 1915, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was among the latter, rather than among the former, that the most strenuous opposition to absolute control by one man was to be manifested.

Not only was it an army of civilians, but its duties were civil, not military, and covered a wide and diversified field. In order to construct the Canal it was necessary to create an American state in the heart of a Central American republic, with a civil government, schools, courts, churches, police system, post-offices, and taxation and revenue systems. This civil government, distinct from engineering control of Canal work, was exercised over one of the most heterogeneous populations ever assembled anywhere on earth, comprising at its maximum about sixty-five thousand souls, and made up of many and widely differing nationalities—North Americans, Spaniards, Italians, West Indians, Greeks, Armenians, Central Americans, and others. To unite in one the two forms of government—engineering and civil—over this population and make it autocratic was no slight problem in administration, and so to exercise that autocratic rule as to make it not only acceptable and effective but popular was a task certainly not inferior to that of the actual construction of the Canal itself.

What was needed, in fact, for the accomplishment of the gigantic work which the United States Government had undertaken on the Isthmus of Panama was a man at the head who was both a great engineer and a great administrator. This rare combination—for few engineers possess large administrative ability—was found in Colonel Goethals. He had not been long on the Isthmus before he made it apparent that both as an engineer and as an administrator he stood in the first rank. He revealed himself almost at once as that rare product of nature, the born leader of men. From the outset he took his place in a class by himself, and he held it, without dispute or question, till his task was completed. There were among his official associates able engineers and men of trained ability in other professions, but he alone possessed in the supreme degree which the case demanded the qualities of leader and administrator.

It might be said that many generations had united in fitting him for his great task. The history of his family dates back to 860, in which year one Honorius left Italy with the Duke of Burgundy for France. In a fight with Saracens, Honorius was struck across the neck with what was capable of proving to be a deadly blow, but because of the fine quality of his armor and the physical strength of his person no injury was caused. His escape won for him the title of "Boni Coli." Certain lands were given to him in the north of France, now forming Holland and Belgium. His nickname was translated into the native tongue as "Goet Hals," meaning, as it had in Italian, "good neck" or "stiff neck," and in course of time it was united in one word and became the family name. The family divided, part settling in Belgium and part in Holland. Colonel Goethals is descended from the Holland branch, both father and mother being Dutch. His parents migrated from Holland to the United States, and he was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 29, 1858. (The name has been Americanized and is pronounced—Go-thals.)

The Goethals family, in both Holland and Belgium branches, has contained many members who have achieved distinction in professional and public life, and the ancestral quality of "stiff neck" has persisted with its pristine rigidity unimpaired to the present day.

With the blood of this ancestry in his veins young Goethals entered West Point Academy, from which he was graduated in 1880, standing second in his class. He was retained there as instructor in practical astronomy for a few months, when he went to Willett's Point, remaining there in the Engineering School of Application for two years. After two years' service as chief engineer on government work in the Department of Columbia, which includes the States of Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, and one year in similar work on the Ohio River, where he was in charge of dikes and dams, he returned to West Point, where he served as assistant instructor and assistant professor in civil and military engineering for four years. During the next five years he was on duty in Tennessee, part of the time in charge of the Elk River division of the Mussel Shoals Canal, and later of all improvements on the Tennessee River from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chattanooga to its mouth. Then for four years he was on duty in Washington as assistant to the chief engineer of the United States Army.

When the Spanish War broke out he went to Chickamauga as chief engineer of the First Army Corps, under Major-General John Brooke, going with him to Porto Rico, where he remained till the taking over of the island by the United States in the fall of 1898. He then returned again to West Point as instructor in military engineering, remaining there till the fall of 1900, when he was promoted to major and was ordered to Newport, R. I., to take charge of fortifications and river and harbor work. When the general staff of the army was organized, in the summer of 1903, he was selected for detail to that and was in that service when appointed by President Roosevelt chief engineer of the Panama Canal and chairman of the Canal commission.

While on duty at Porto Rico he jostled severely the old heads in both army and navy services in command there by a manifestation of independence and plain common sense which was without precedent in their experience. He had been put in command of a detachment, with orders, under protection of a war-vessel, to construct a wharf upon which to land supplies for troops. The wharf was to be made on a beach over which a heavy surf was breaking. Near by were some flat-bottomed barges which the war-vessel had captured and was holding as prizes of war. Major Goethals directed his men to take one of these, fill it with sand, and sink it as the foundation for a wharf. This they did very quickly, and under his direction they were seizing a second one with which to complete the structure when an aide from the admiral in command of the war-vessel appeared with orders from the admiral not to use the barges. Major Goethals informed the aide that he was acting under the orders of his commanding officer and would take none from any one else, proceeding rapidly with operations with the second barge. The aide reported to the admiral and returned with word that unless the major heeded his orders the admiral would open fire on him. The major told him to fire away. The admiral did not open fire but appealed to the major's commanding officer. The latter sent word to the major not to use the barges and to get lumber with which to finish the wharf. The major replied that there was no lumber to be had, and finished the structure with the barges, over which he landed the supplies. He was threatened with court-martial proceedings, and was compelled to exist for several years under the acute displeasure of the admiral, who during that period refused to speak to him, but he was never brought before court martial.

Colonel Goethals entered upon his duties on the Isthmus under very delicate conditions. The force was composed entirely of civilians and had been collected and controlled by civilians. The change from civil to military direction had caused much uneasiness, and this had been aggravated by persistent rumors to the effect that militarism in extreme form would mark the new régime. Had Colonel Goethals been a soldier of the martinet type, complete demoralization would have followed closely upon his advent. Happily he was far from being anything of the kind. In fact, it is doubtful if there could have been found in the regular army of the United States at that time another officer as willing as he was to lay aside his military proclivities and sink the profession of soldier in that of engineer. Soon after his arrival he appeared in ordinary civilian dress before an assembly of the American members of the force, many of whom had expected to see him in military uniform, and in a brief speech he dispelled at once in large degree the uneasiness and alarm which had been created. He declared that there would be no more militarism in the future than there had been in the past, and that no man who did his duty would have cause to complain because of it. This assurance he lived up to absolutely, and no complaint of militarism was ever heard, because nothing of the kind was visible.

During his entire service Colonel Goethals was never seen in uniform. This was not only a surprise to the members of the force but to his military associates as well. Left to themselves, most of the latter would have worn uniform on gala and public occasions, if not while on regular duty, and for a time some of them did, but

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his example was too forcible to be ignored and gradually it was followed by all. A secretary of war who visited the Isthmus to inspect the Canal work expressed great surprise because the colonel was in civilian dress, saying: "I expected to find you in uniform." "I never wear it," said the colonel. "I think I shall order you to," said the secretary. With a bland smile the colonel said: "That won't do any good; I have none on the Isthmus."

It would be difficult to overestimate the beneficial effect of this simple proceeding. It was so simple that many other persons than a secretary of war were not able to perceive its supreme importance. It set a standard of work that was above all tests save that of efficiency, and in his choice of subordinates the colonel lived up unvaryingly to that standard. The civilian who was faithful and competent needed no uniform to strengthen his position, and the army man who was unfaithful or incompetent learned soon that his uniform was no protection from censure or transfer to other duty.

One of the most conspicuous examples of the colonel's unmilitary policy was the selection of a civilian, Mr. Sidney B. Williamson, as head of one of the three great divisions of Canal work. At the head of the Atlantic and Culebra divisions he placed two army members of the Canal commission, Colonel Sibert and Colonel Gaillard, but in selecting a head for the Pacific division he passed by all army officers in the force and appointed Mr. Williamson. Here again he followed a course which it is doubtful if any other army officer in his position would have had either the courage or the foresight to take. I use the words courage and foresight advisedly, for the act displayed both. It was fully justified by results. Mr. Williamson by his energy and ability set a pace for work which compelled the army officers in charge of similar operations in the Atlantic division to do their utmost to keep up with him both in quality and quantity and also in economy. There was thus created a spirit of rivalry between the two divisions which was of almost incalculable advantage to the progress of the work.

I once asked Colonel Goethals why he selected Mr. Williamson for a position of such importance—what his reasons were for thinking him equal to the task. His reasons, as given to me in reply, throw such clear light upon his methods of judging men and selecting agents that they are worth citing here. While he was in charge of work on the Mussel Shoals Canal in 1889, Major Goethals, as his rank was then, had directed a foreman to sink a test pit in order to find rock foundation for a lock. He had told the foreman that he would have to pass through a layer of quicksand and had warned him to take precautions against a cave-in. The foreman failed to follow directions and a cave-in was the result. The major discharged him, and Williamson, who was employed at some distance on another job, was recommended for the place. The major sent for him and put him in charge. Going to the spot on the following day, he found Williamson down in the pit with a gang of negroes shovelling sand into buckets to be hauled up. Later he had Williamson dine with him and said to him that he did not think he should have gone down into the pit to work side by side with his men, that the place for a foreman was outside and in command of his gang. Williamson said: "You want to get down to rock, don't you?" "Yes." "Well, those negroes were so scared by the cave-in that they refused to go into the pit unless I went with them."

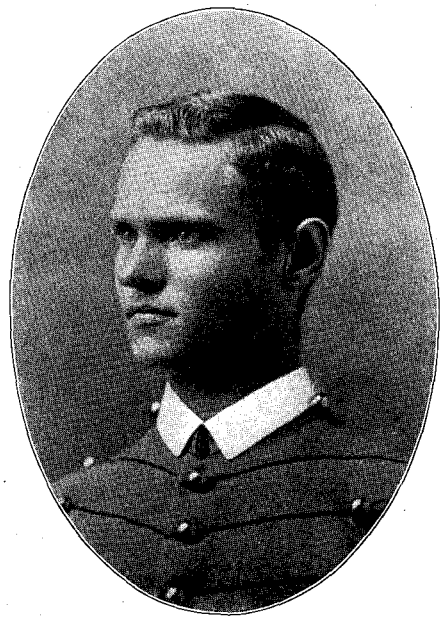
When the job was finished satisfactorily Major Goethals told Williamson, in reply to his request for employment, that he would like to retain him in his employ but he had nothing to offer him except the position of assistant lockmaster, which paid only $40 a month, and he supposed that was not worth his while. "I wasn't asking for money but for a position," said Williamson. "When a man has a wife and child to support he takes whatever is offered him and holds it till he can get something better."

When Colonel Goethals was placed in charge of Canal construction, Williamson applied for service under him, and the colonel, mindful of his capacity and character, assigned him to the important position which he filled with great credit to himself and with signal benefit to the entire work.

While giving no outward show of his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

military profession, Colonel Goethals quietly and firmly put into operation the fundamental rules of military discipline, the chief of which was strict obedience to orders. He had been in control but a few days when a superintendent in charge of a



From a photograph by Headley & Reed.

George Washington Goethals.

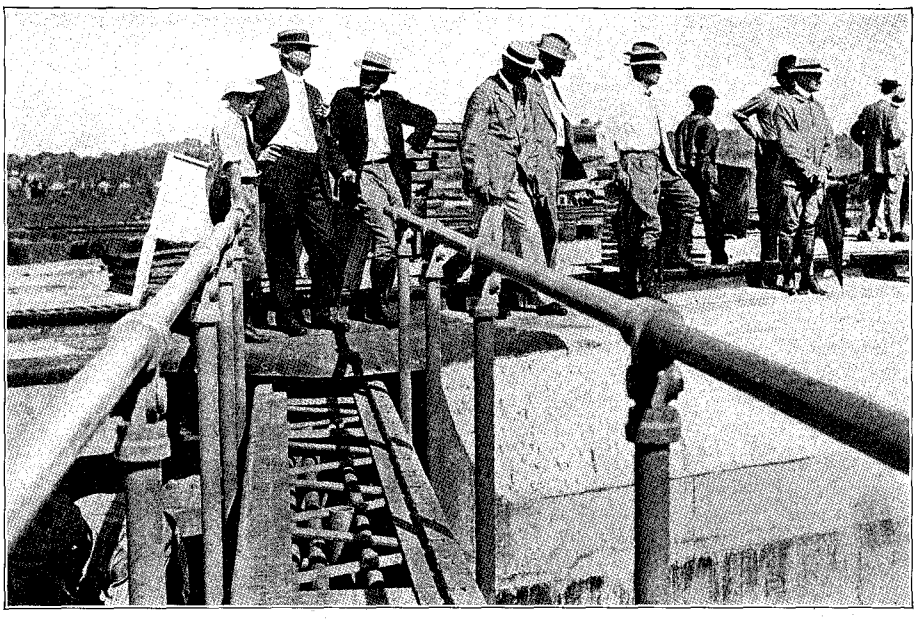
At the time of graduating from West Point. Taken while instructor at West Point.

branch of Canal work called at his office and requested to see him. He was admitted at once, and the following conversation ensued:

"I received your letter, colonel." "My letter? I have written you no letter." "Yes, a letter about that work down there." "Oh, you mean your orders?" "Well, yes; I thought I'd come in and talk it over with you." "I shall be glad to hear your views, but bear in mind you have only to carry out my orders; I take responsibility for the work itself." A few incidents of this kind sufficed to spread the information throughout the force that the work was not to be carried forward by town-meeting debate, but in strict obedience to the orders of the man at the head.

An illuminating example of the beneficial effects of this system was brought to my personal attention about four months after the colonel had taken charge. I went to the Isthmus in August, 1907, after two years' service as secretary of the Canal commission in Washington. Secretary Taft had given directions that a house be constructed for my use, and Colonel Goethals had ordered the head of the building department to erect it within three months. Six weeks of that period had expired and only the foundations had been placed. I called the colonel's attention to the matter and he went with me to the site of the building. Calling the foreman of the work to him, he said: "You are in charge of this job?" When the foreman replied that he was, the colonel said: "You understand that this house is to be finished and ready for Mr. Bishop on the 15th of November?" The foreman, accustomed to the easy-going methods which had prevailed hitherto, replied: "We'll do our best, colonel." "Then you do not understand," came the quick response, in the quiet, firm voice that the colonel used throughout the interview; "this house is to be done and ready for Mr. Bishop on the 15th of November." Turning about, the colonel walked away. The foreman, realizing that something

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



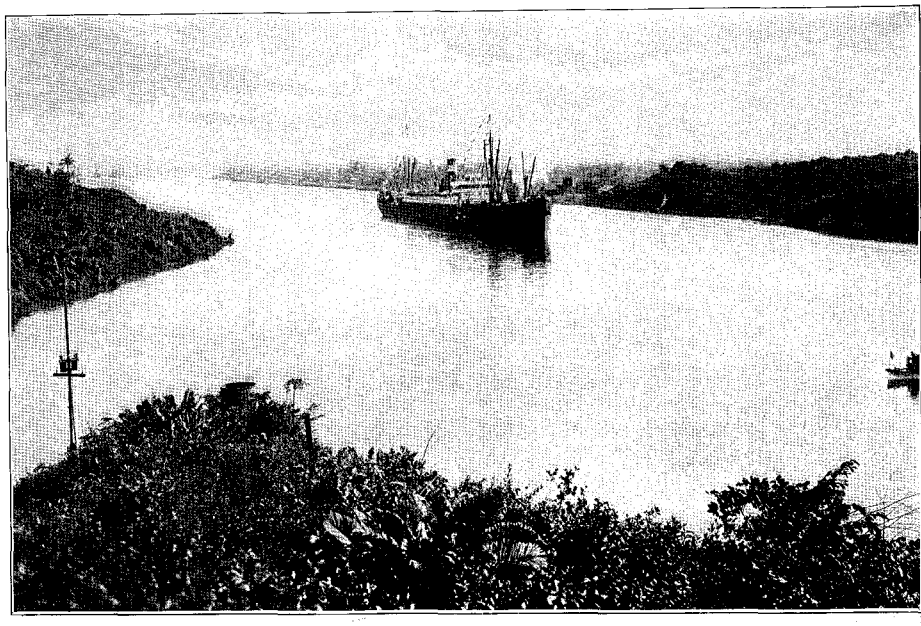
Colonel Goethals on the top of a lock-gate as it was swinging into position.

quite unusual and important had happened to him, followed quickly, hat in hand, and said: "It will be done, colonel." And it was. The house was finished and turned over to me, complete in every detail, on November 14. It was a two-story structure, containing a dozen or more rooms, and it had been built in thirty-six working days. The regular period of construction for houses of similar type, previous to that time, had varied from four to six months. In this instance as in all others the colonel made no threats of any kind as to what would happen in case of failure to obey orders. He did not need to, for the inevitable consequence of failure was known to all.

The effect of this quiet but inflexible control upon the force, and consequently upon the progress of the work, was little short of marvellous. It was soon realized that if the colonel insisted upon exercising absolute power he assumed also full responsibility. It was also realized that he was master of his business and that all his orders were based upon full and accurate knowledge. Thus it came about that the wisdom of his acts was universally admitted, and discussion about them practically ceased. With discussion and faultfinding there vanished from the force the chief sources of discontent. Then, too, the colonel was "on the job" every minute. He showed on every occasion exact and intimate knowledge of every phase of the work, for there was no part of it that escaped his personal attention. He spent part, often the whole, of the day in the field, and his evenings in his office. No man in the force worked longer hours than he, and no one of them had the minute and comprehensive knowledge which he not only possessed but had at his command at all times. His ability to master and retain detailed information was at once the marvel and the despair of every one associated with him.

I remember distinctly the exhibition which he made of this faculty before the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives on their first visit to the Isthmus in 1908. At its first session he took the stand and the members of the committee, each equipped with pad and pencil, began a cross-fire of questions at him, most of them betraying a simple ignorance that was quite impressive. The colonel endured it for a few minutes, and then he suggested deferentially to the chairman that perhaps they

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The S. S *Ancon* crossing the French canal on its way to Gatun through the approach from the Atlantic, August 15, 1914.
The French canal is shown on the left.

could get on more rapidly if he were to outline the condition of the work as it existed. The suggestion was adopted, and the colonel, in a quiet, deliberate manner, began a narrative of what was proposed and what had been done. As he proceeded, one by one the pencils were laid down, the pads were pushed aside, and the members leaned forward in absorbed attention. When he finished, after about thirty minutes of speaking, the chairman moved over to where I was sitting and said in a low tone: "Good Lord, we've got to give that man what he asks for—he's past master of his business!"

Like demonstration was made at every subsequent visit of a congressional committee. It was the custom of the colonel to sit by the side of the division engineer or department official who was testifying. Invariably, when a question was asked concerning some detail that the witness was unable to answer, the colonel answered it for him, showing that he was more familiar with the details of the division or department than the head of it himself.

Occasionally members of the committee would endeavor to show that their own knowledge was possibly superior to his, but the result was always disastrous to the congressmen. At one session, after an hour or more had been consumed in an effort to ascertain whether or not the colonel had adopted the most economical plans for securing the material for concrete in the locks, a member of the committee, of the "smart Aleck" type, with pencil poised above a pad, turned a sharp eye on the colonel and proceeded:

Member. How much cracked stone do you allow for a cubic yard of concrete?

Colonel. One cubic yard.

Member. You don't understand my question. How much cracked stone do you allow for a cubic yard of concrete?

Colonel. One cubic yard.

Member. But you don't allow for the sand and concrete.

Colonel. Those go into the spaces among the cracked stone.

The colonel's aspect was "childlike and bland" as he revealed, so clearly that his questioner was able to perceive it, that the able statesmen who had been trying to instruct him in the concrete business were ignorant of the elementary principle of its composition. No further questions were asked him on the subject, and the damaging calculation that the congress-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man with the pad had evidently intended to spring upon him was withheld from view.

A similar display of superior wisdom was made by a close associate of the leader in the foregoing incident. The second brought to the Isthmus. A list was given, including cabbages.

Member. What do you charge for cabbages?

Commissary Head. Two cents a pound at present.

He was not on the bridge of the first ship . . . but on the lock-walls . . . watching the operating machinery.—Page 151.

performer belonged to the swagger type, who obviously believed that bad manners were the outward and visible sign of real statesmanship. He habitually cast his gaze about the room previous to asking a question, in order to call attention to the awful exhibition he was about to make of the witness, and then proceeded to interrogate him as if he were a rascal and a thief who was endeavoring to conceal his guilt. On this occasion the question of food supply was under inquiry and the head of the commissary department was on the stand. The item of vegetables was mentioned. Alert and keen-eyed, pencil in hand, pad in readiness for notes, Mr. Swagger asked what vegetables were

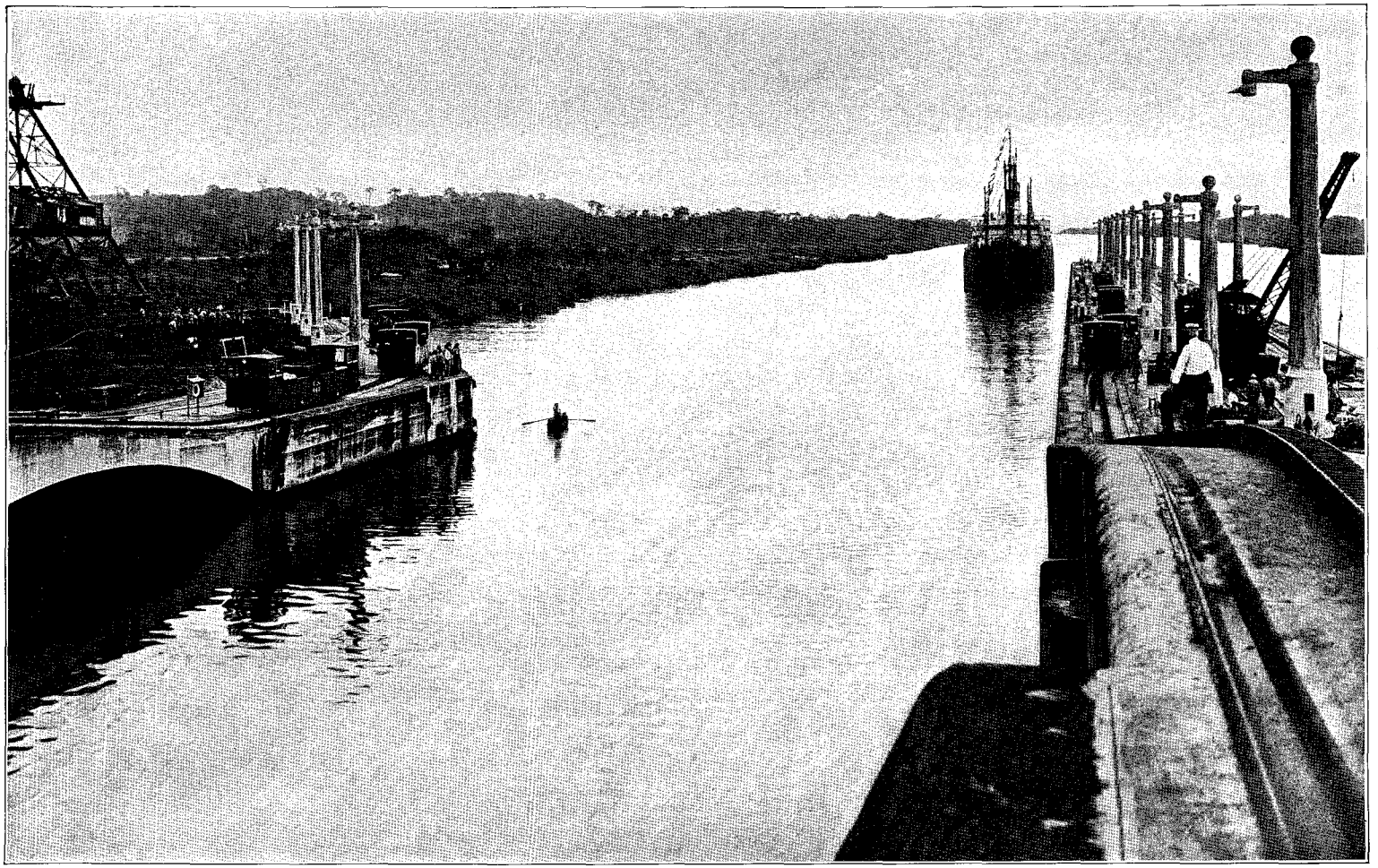
Member. Yes, yes; but how much a head?

Commissary Head. That depends on the size of the head.

(Side remark of a cynic in the room: "Measure the size of Mr. Swagger's head and get the average.")

Colonel Goethals had a way of his own in dealing with congressmen of this type which caused them to handle him with care after a few experiences with it. He was invariably courteous, but when pushed to the limit he was able to "get even" with them in a manner that they did not soon forget. During the visit of one large delegation its members made a tour of inspection of the various types of

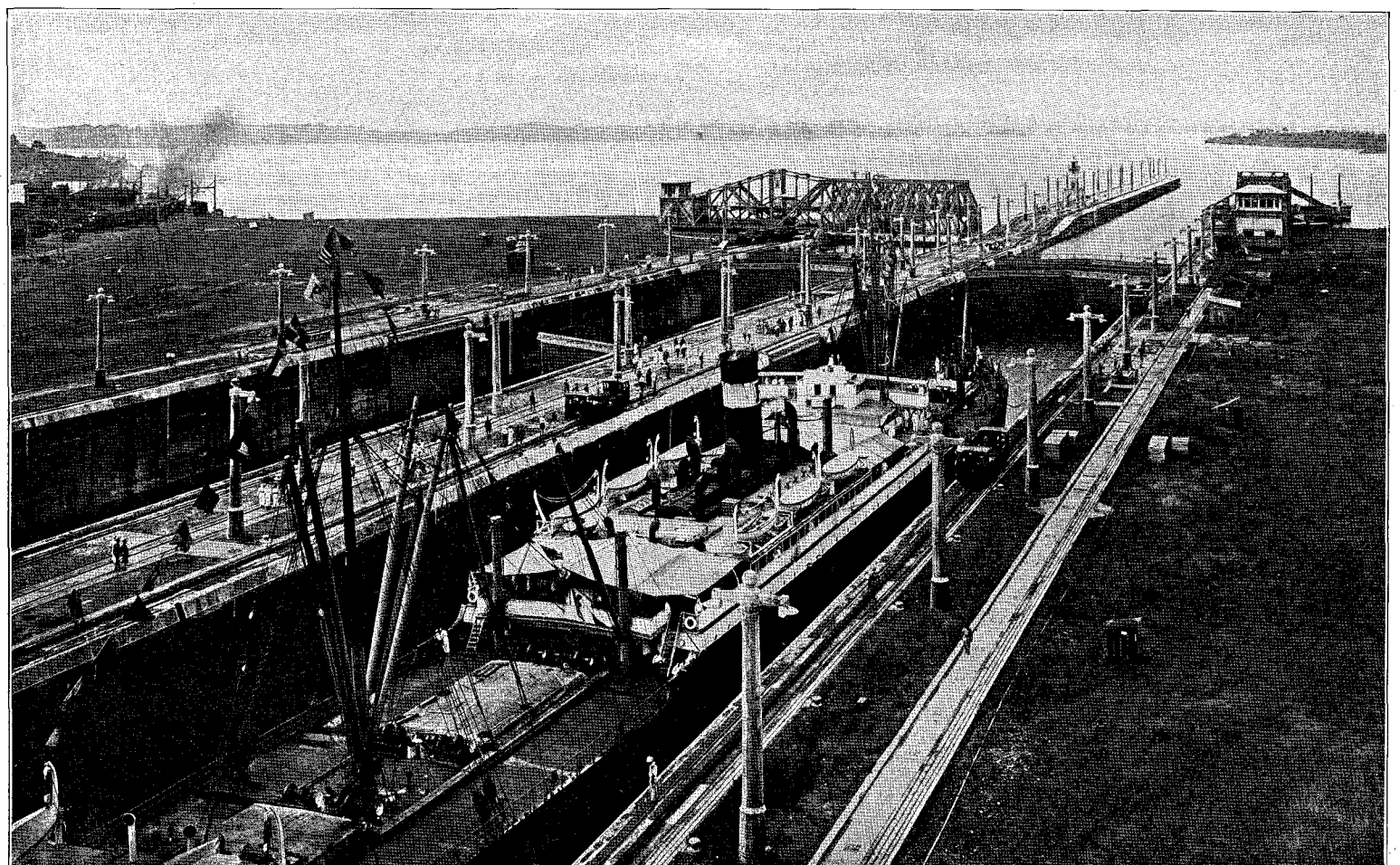
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Colonel Goethals . . . saw us off at Cristobal, and then appeared on the locks at Gatun."—Page 151.

The *Ancon* at the approach wall of the lower Gatun lock, at which point the towing locomotives are attached.

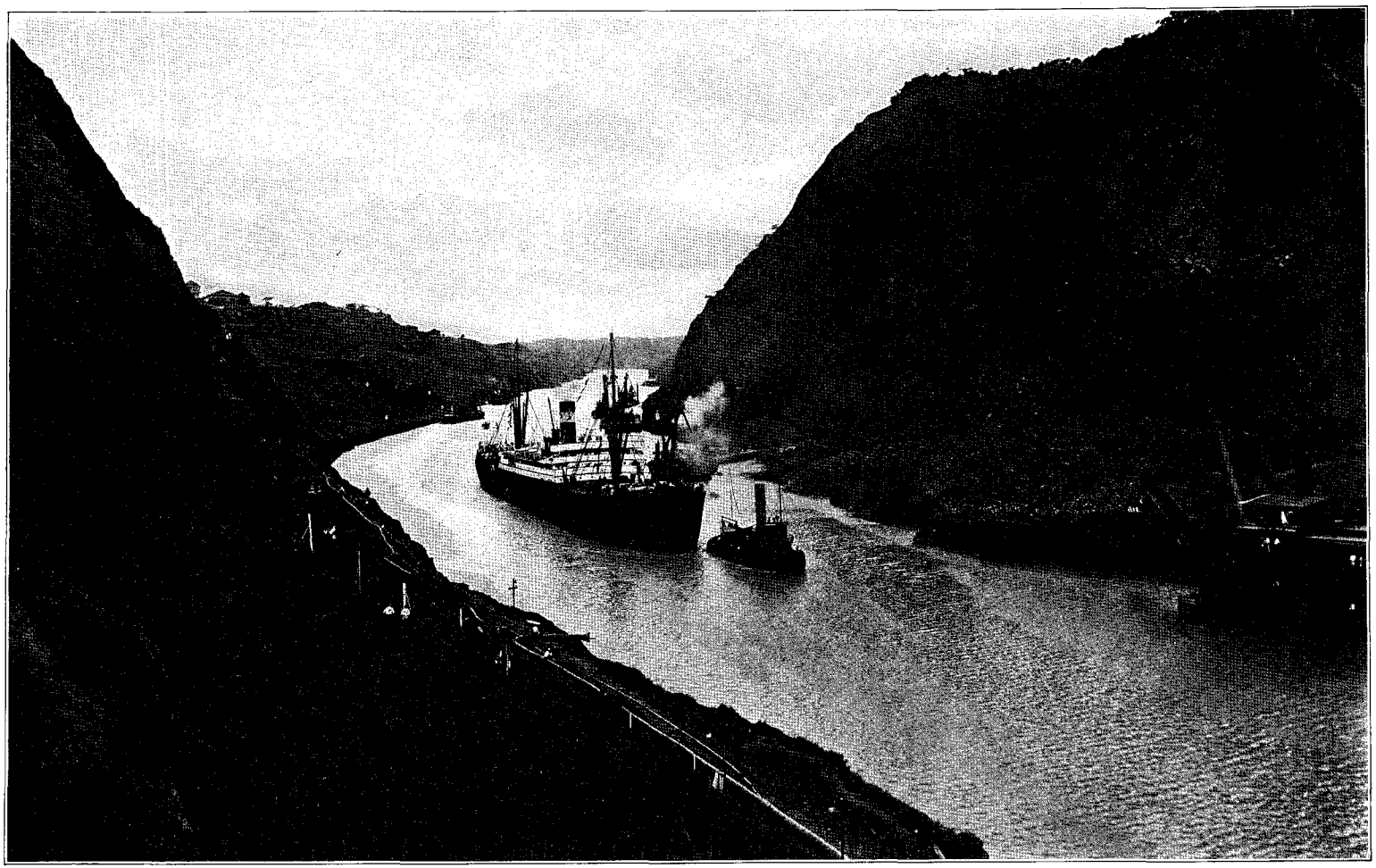
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The *Ancon* in the west chamber of the upper locks at Gatun, ready to pass out into Gatun Lake.

The bridge-like structure across the entrance to the east chamber of the locks is the Emergency Dam.

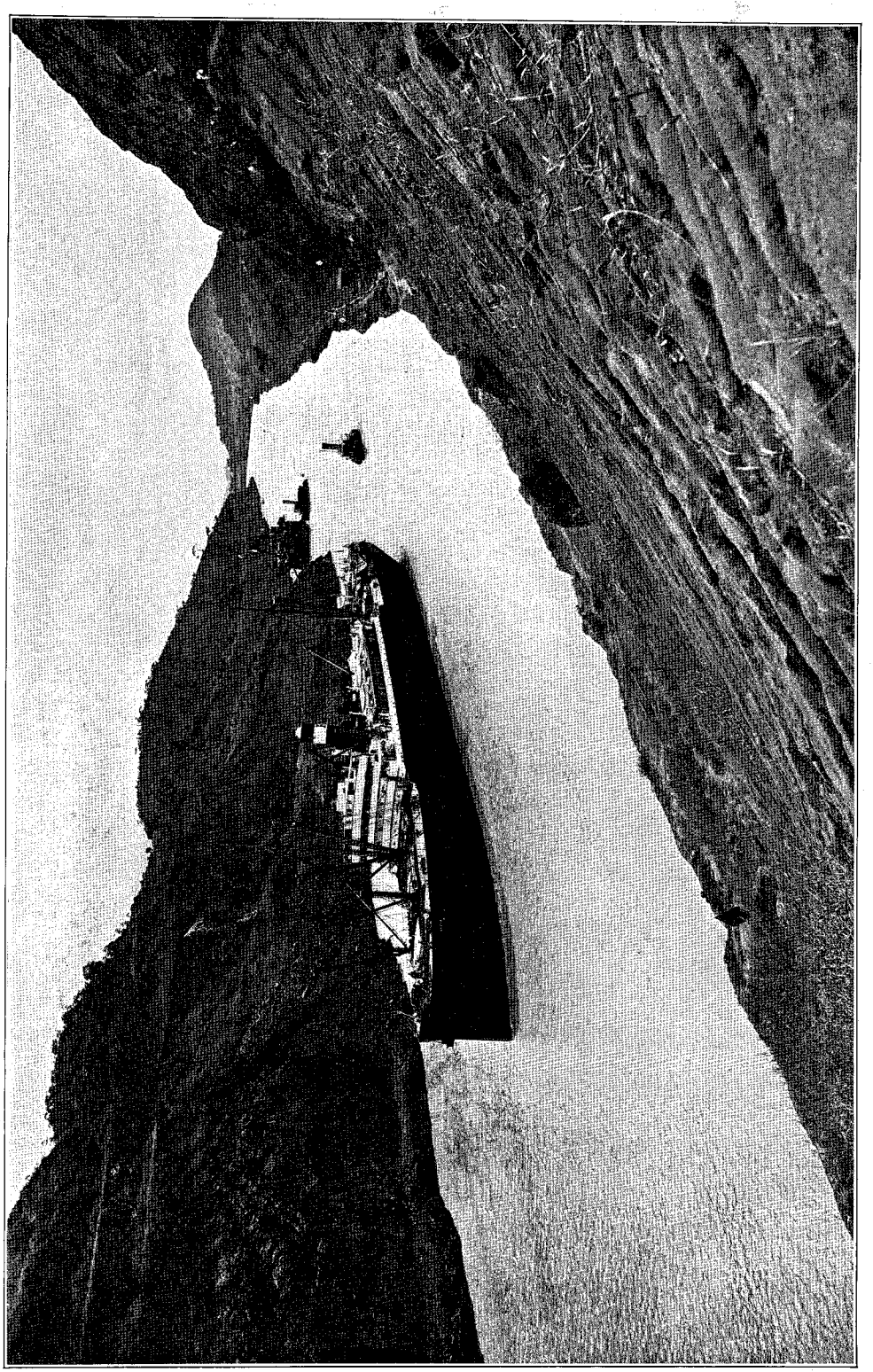
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The *Ancon* in Culebra Cut approaching the foot of Cucaracha Slide.

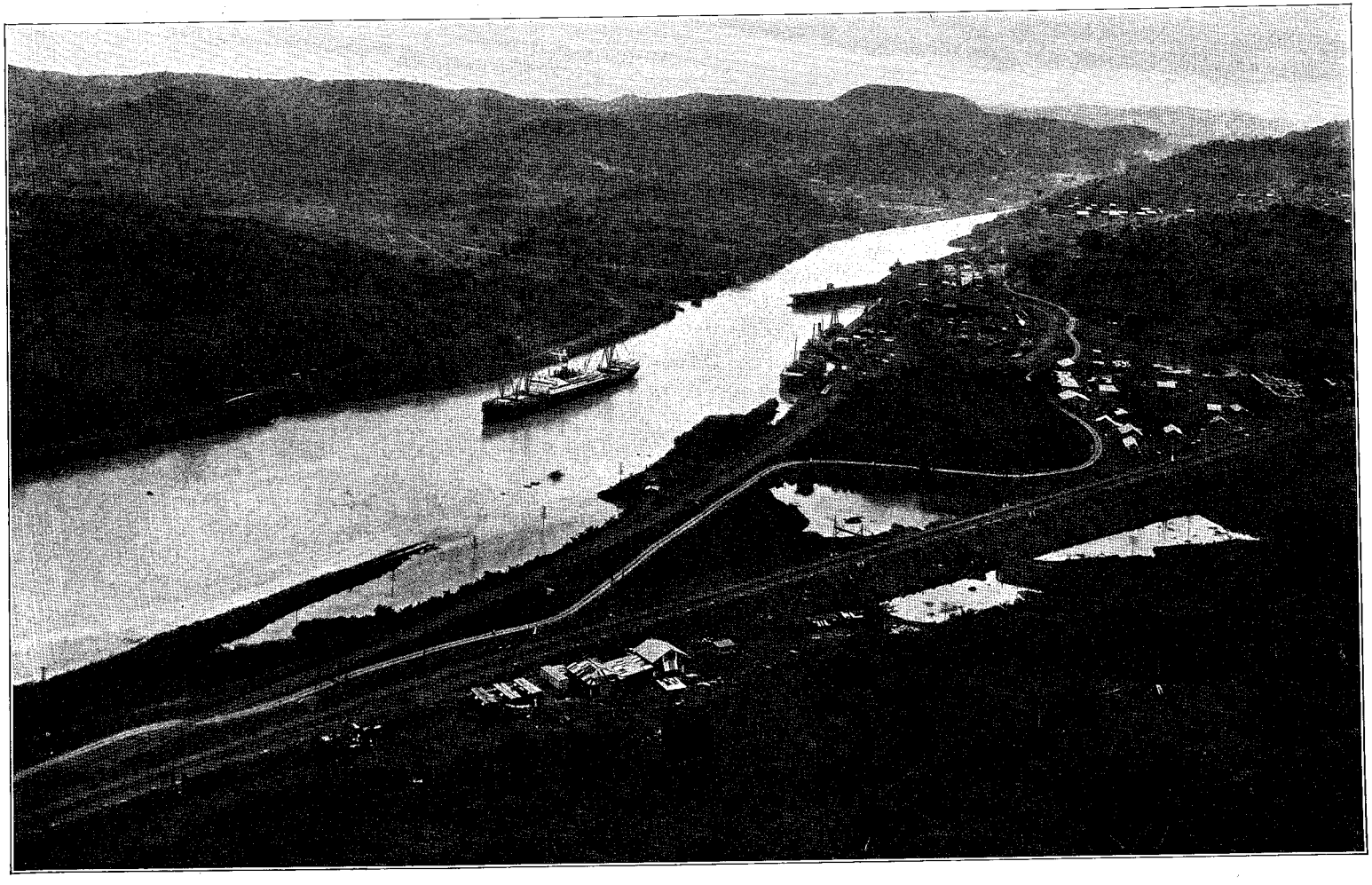
On the right, at the foot of the slide, a dredge is seen at work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The *Aycon* passing the foot of Cucaracha Slide, a near view of which is shown on the right.

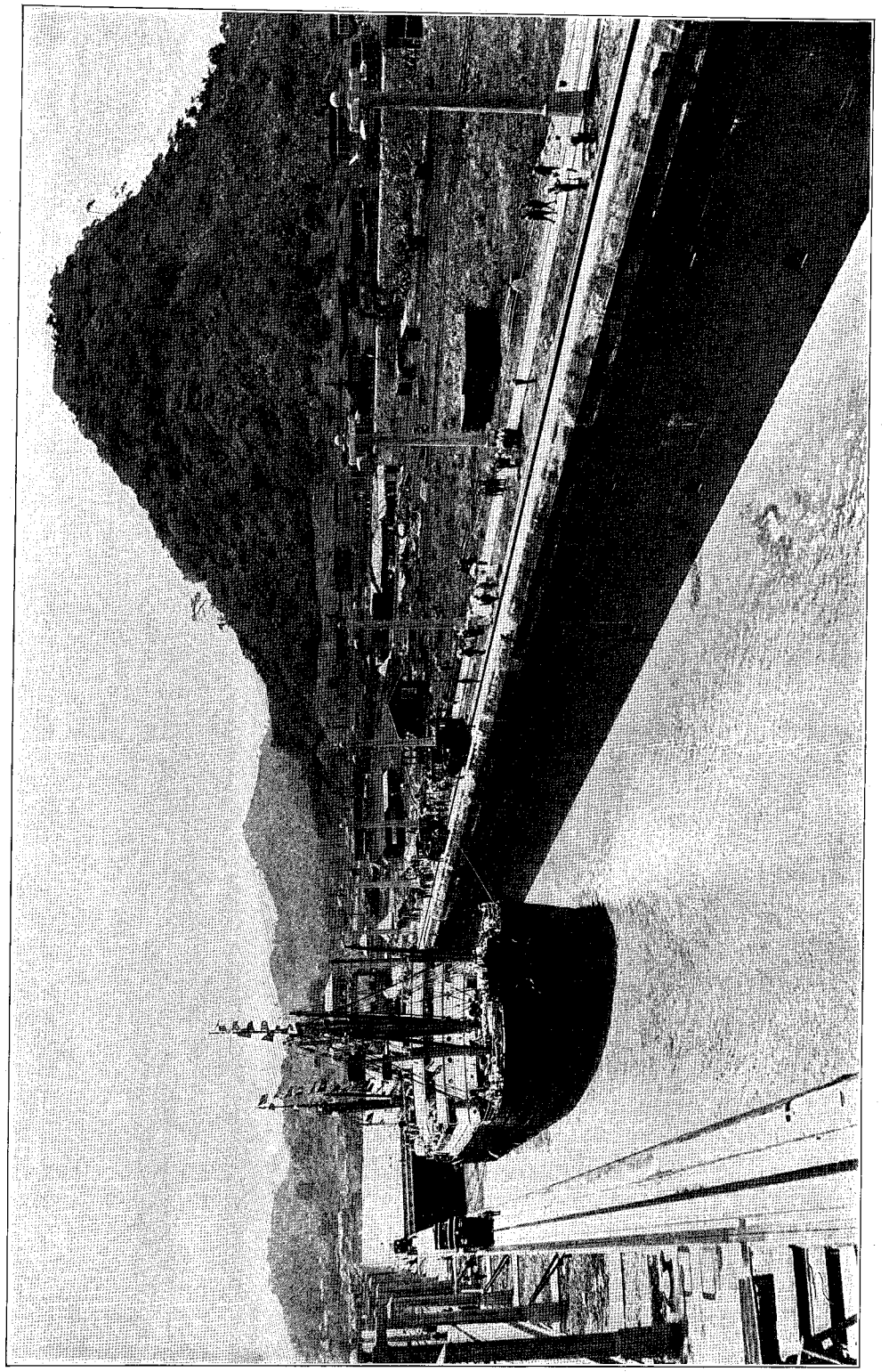
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



View from a hilltop of the *Ancon* passing out of Culebra Cut on her way to Pedro Miguel locks.

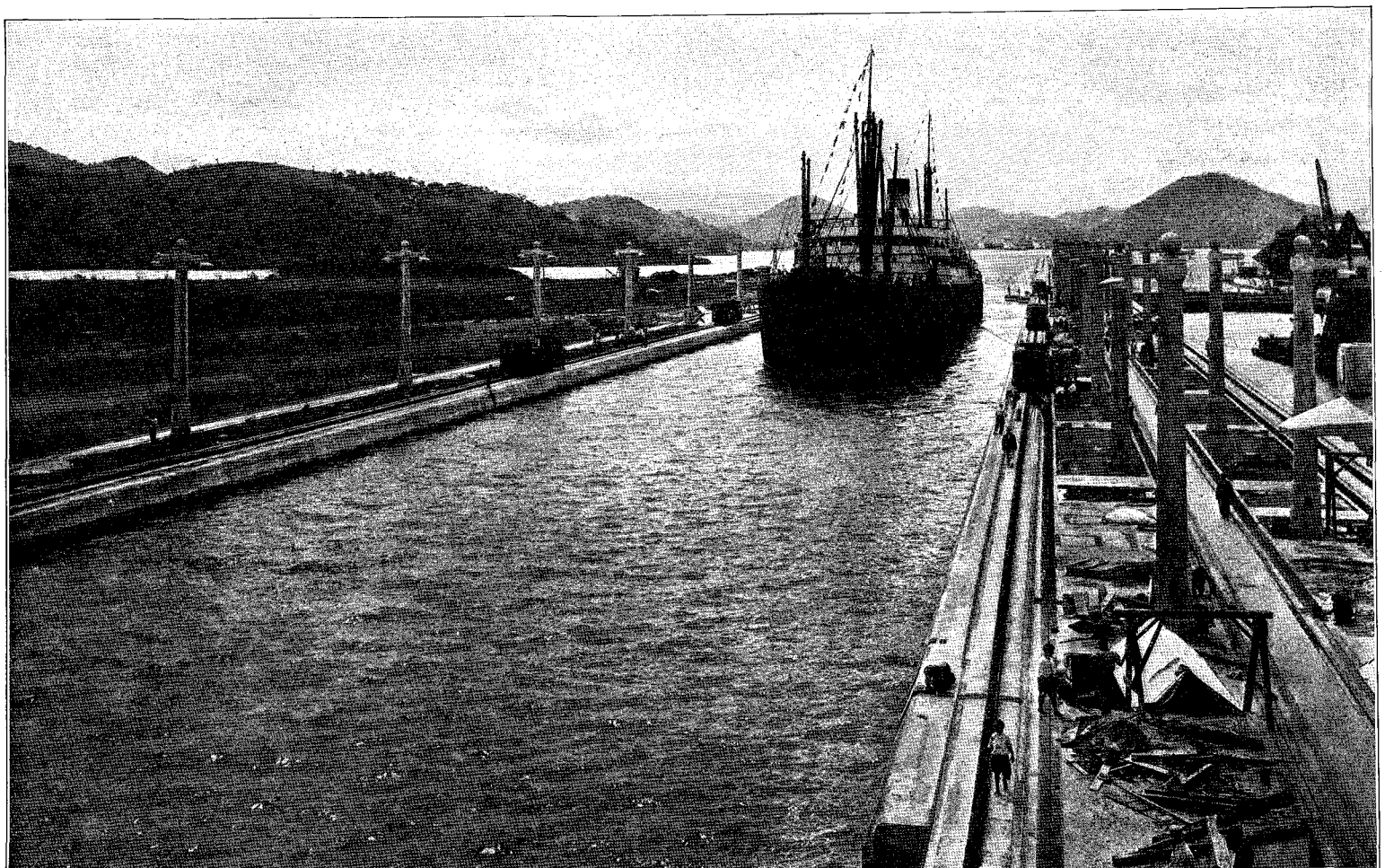
The structure projecting into the channel a short distance astern of the *Ancon* is the swinging pontoon bridge upon which Panama Railroad trains cross the Canal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The *Ancon* in the east chamber of the Pedro Miguel locks on her way to Miraflores Lake.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The *Ancon* entering the west chamber of the Miraflores locks after passing through Miraflores Lake.

The Miraflores Lake is visible behind the steamer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Night view of a lighted lock-chamber.

The electric lamps are buried so deeply in concrete hoods at the top of high concrete columns that, while they illuminate the chambers, the lights are not visible to the approaching vessel; only the signal lights being discernible.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

commission houses, arriving finally at the one occupied by the chairman and chief engineer. "Let's go up-stairs and see how he lives," said one of them. After going through the rooms another member said to the colonel: "Pretty fine house! What did it cost?" "It was built by my predecessor, Mr. Stevens," replied the colonel, stating its cost. "You apportion the quality of the house to the salary the man receives?" was the next question. "Yes," replied the colonel. "Then, if we were down here working for the Canal we would each get a house half as good as this, the house of a $7,500 man?" said the congressman. "Oh, no," retorted the colonel with a beaming smile, "if you were down here working on the Canal you would not be getting $7,500."

The colonel's smile is famous on the Isthmus, being put in use usually to temper the wind of disapproval to the unhappy victim of it. It is thoroughly frank and even beatific in character, but under cover of it he utters the most deadly of all jests—those that are based on truth. It may be said of it that, like the bass drum in a country band, it covers a multitude of sins.

One other sample of its use may be cited. A visiting congressman, of the chronic double-breasted-coat type, while on a tour of inspection of the locks in the early period of construction, climbed up one of the eighty-two-foot ladders that are embedded in the lock-walls, at the imminent peril of being hit with concrete from the buckets that were flying about. Coming safely down, he strutted over to where the colonel stood with the other members of the delegation and, slapping his bulging chest, asked: "What degree do you give me for that, colonel?" With the smile in full play, the colonel replied: "D. F."

There were occasions when the colonel did not employ the smile in the presence of questions and comments by visitors. High official comment was frequently disconcerting. One cabinet member, who was visiting the Canal and to whom the colonel had devoted himself continuously for ten days, said on departing: "Colonel, I wish to thank you heartily for your hospitality and your courteous attention. I came here all worn out mentally and I shall go back refreshed. You have given me a complete mental rest."

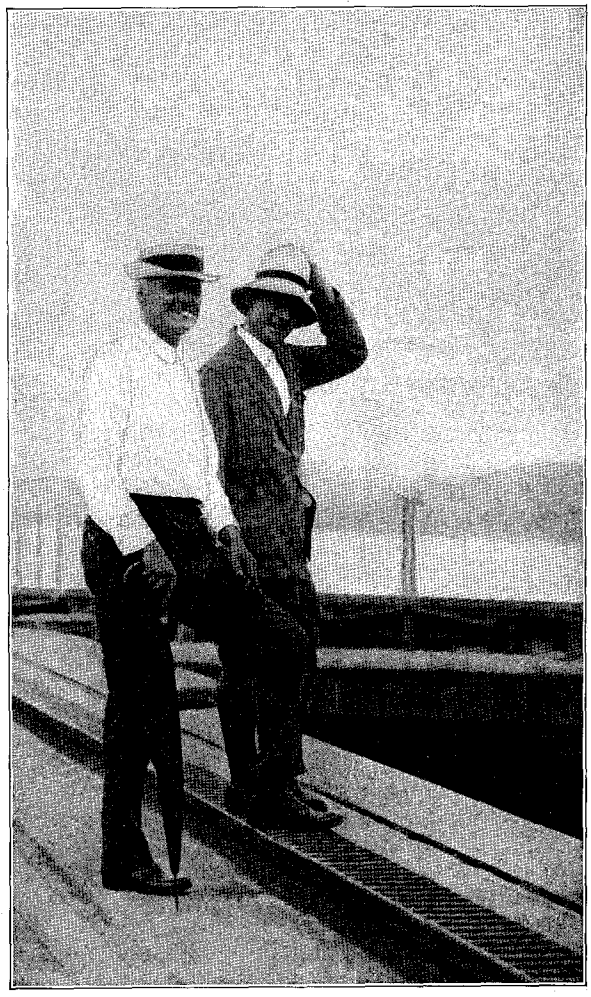
Another official of like rank said, as he was passing in a launch through the nine miles of the Culebra Cut, looking at the banks on either side, which had been seven years in the making and were from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet in height above the bottom of the Canal: "It is extraordinary, colonel, that nature should have given these banks on both sides the same slope!"

One of the most frequent of the ignorant questions asked by visitors was in regard to the dams and locks on the Pacific side. A congressman who had passed over the line of the Canal from the Atlantic entrance to the southern end of Culebra Cut at Pedro Miguel, and had heard the full explanation which had been given to all the members of his party, said: "But, colonel, I don't see why you have these locks and dams on this side. Why don't you sail right out into the Pacific?" There is a tradition that after having this inquiry addressed to him on several occasions, the colonel with a perfectly serious face replied: "That would be all right, you know, going out, but coming back vessels would have to go up-stream against the current."

The pre-eminent gifts of Colonel Goethals as an administrator have been demonstrated in many ways, but most conspicuously in two directions—first, in his really marvellous capacity for mastering and retaining details, and, second, in his ability to win the confidence and inspire the loyalty and enthusiasm of the rank and file of the force. His mastery of details was not confined to the engineering part of the work, but included all departments of civil-government administration and the operation of the Panama Railroad. He is one of those rare persons whose mental vision is not hampered by full knowledge of details. He uses that knowledge as the foundation for a broad general view of the field of action, with every portion of which he is familiar. He is not only able to see all phases of the problem as it exists to-day, but to foresee the questions that will arise in the future and prepare to meet them. He has in rare degree the gift of sagacity without which there can be no successful leadership.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In his dealings with men his chief weapons are frankness, simplicity, and fairness as absolute as he can make it. In his first speech, to which I have alluded in the early part of this paper, by saying that any one in the force could go to him at any time he paved the way for what became later his famous Sunday-morning court, with its doors wide open to all comers. This institution was itself a master-stroke in administration. It not only won for him the confidence and loyal devotion of the force, but it gave him intimate knowledge of everything that went on in that force, knowledge of what made for discontent and what made for contentment, and, what was of far greater importance, knowledge of the capabilities and conduct of all the subordinate officers in the organization. This knowledge of detail was an aid to wise administration the value of which could not be overestimated.



The colonel, with the inevitable cigarette and colored glasses, watching the approaching ship.

His intimate and universal knowledge became a cause of wonder and, at times, of dread. An employee who thought he had not received fair treatment decided to call on the colonel and state his case. He described the interview as follows: "'What is your grievance?' asked the colonel, as soon as I got into his room. I stated it, and when I had finished he pushed a button and told the clerk who answered to bring my record. The clerk brought in a lot of papers with a slip, and the colonel read it off to me. I was mighty glad I had told him no lies, for everything I had done was there. He talked the whole thing over with me and when we got through I saw I had no grievance. Oh, he's square, I tell you. He talks the thing right out with you and doesn't dodge."

Two Canal workers were overheard talking on a railway-train. One was praising the colonel, with whom he had had an interview at one of the sessions of the Sunday-morning court. The other listened until the narrative was ended, when he said: "Well, I have never met the colonel personally—never said a word to him or he to me—I don't give a damn for him—*but he's all right!*"

It was a part of my duties to investigate through a special inspector all complaints made by the common laborers, especially Spaniards and other Europeans, concerning their treatment by gang foremen and others in authority over them. By far the greater number of these com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plaints were of the use of profane and abusive language by the gang foremen. Sometimes this treatment led to small strikes, the men refusing to work longer under an offending foreman, and at other times it was made the basis for a request to be transferred to some other boss. I reported the matter to the colonel, saying I thought it desirable that something be done to remedy it, since it was a cause of discontent and, consequently, of reduced efficiency, as a dissatisfied and surly force would not give its best effort, but just as little as possible. He replied that he agreed in that view and added that a foreman who thought such treatment the only way by which to direct his gang thereby confessed his incompetence; and a few days later he issued the following:

CULEBRA, C. Z.,
August 14, 1911.

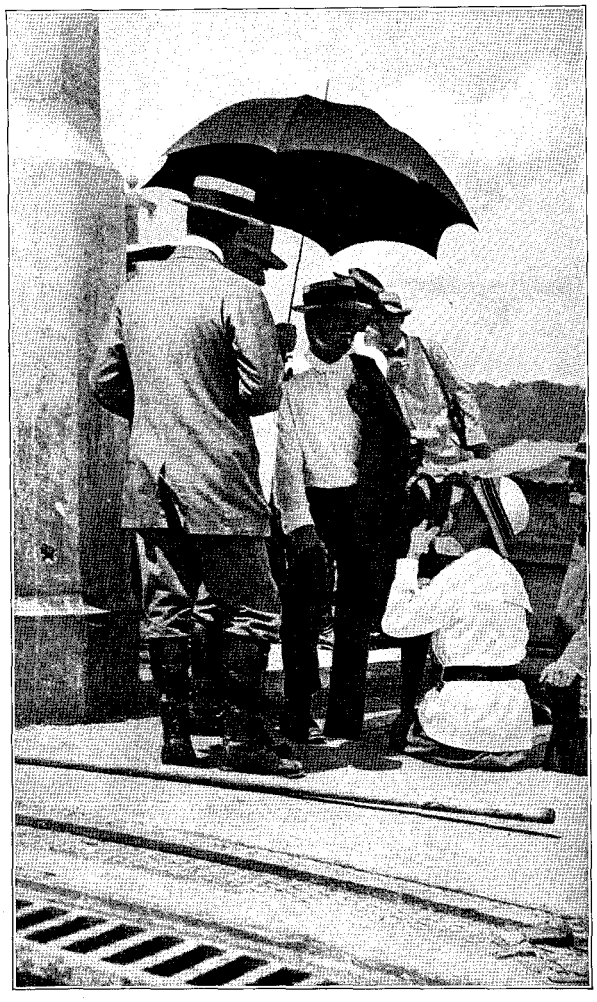
CIRCULAR NO. 400

The use of profane or abusive language by foremen or others in authority, when addressing subordinates, will not be tolerated.

GEO. W. GOETHALS,
Chairman and Chief Engineer.

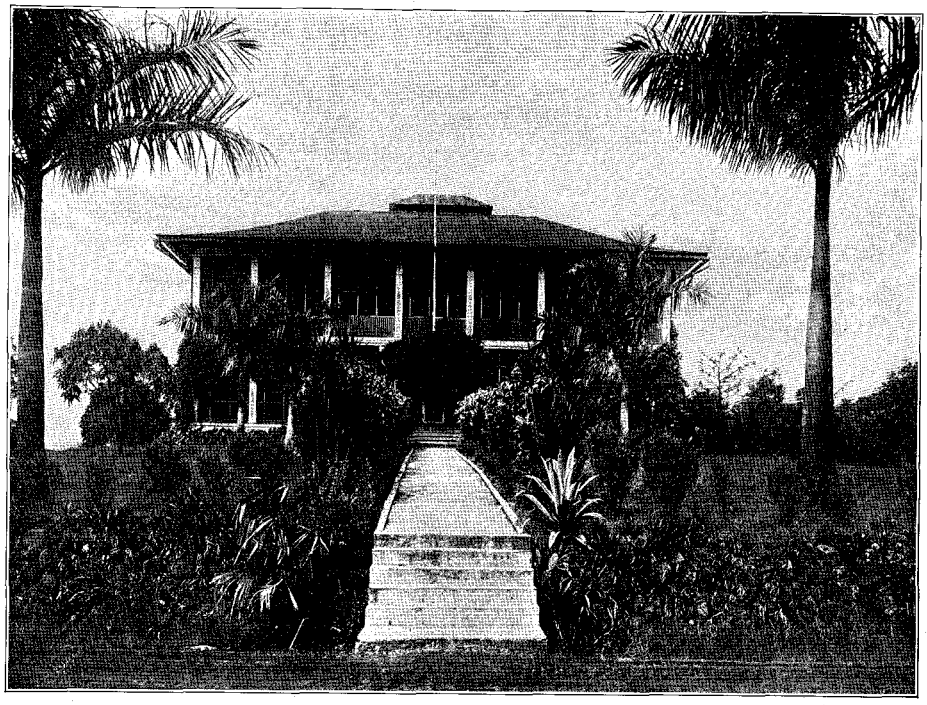
This circular was reproduced in the newspapers of the United States and was headed, in one instance that came to my notice, "Sunday-school Methods on the Canal." It was nothing of the sort, for it was not an order in the interest of morals but in the interest of efficiency. Its effect was instantaneous. Complaints ceased at once, several foremen were reduced to an inarticulate condition for a time, but there was no instance of violation of the edict. This was one of the many instances of the colonel's minute attention to every detail of administration, the aim always being the same—efficiency.

The time came when the open, just treatment of all stood Colonel Goethals in good stead. In February, 1911, a formidable effort was made to organize a strike of all the railway employees of the Canal commission and Panama Railroad which, if successful, would have paralyzed all excavation work. A locomotive engineer on the Panama Railroad, in August, 1910, had allowed his train, in defiance of signals, to run into the rear end of another train, and in the collision the conductor of the latter train was killed. He was tried on a charge of involuntary manslaughter, convicted, and sentenced to a



The colonel joking with a group of friends, but still watching.
This, like the other photographs, shows that his eyes are never off the work.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Chief engineer's house at Culebra, in which Colonel Goethals lived during the period of Canal construction. It has been removed and rebuilt at Balboa Heights, on the Pacific side, and is now the governor's residence.

year in the penitentiary. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the Canal Zone, and the verdict was confirmed on February 21.

Colonel Goethals was at the time on his way back to the Isthmus from the United States. A mass meeting of transportation men was held on Sunday, February 25, at which, under the lead of some hotheads, resolutions were adopted denouncing the verdict as unjust, demanding the liberation of the engineer, and declaring that if the Canal authorities did not free him by seven o'clock on Thursday evening following, the transportation men would leave the service. A delegation from the meeting went in a body to the office of the chief engineer and stated the result of the meeting to the acting chairman and chief engineer, who persuaded them to await the arrival of Colonel Goethals before taking action. On Thursday following, Colonel Goethals arrived and went at once to his office. A leader of the protesting employees called him up by telephone at ten minutes past seven and asked him if he had received the petition, when the following conversation took place:

Colonel Goethals. No, I have received no petition.

Leader. You haven't? Has not Colonel Hodges advised you of the action of our meeting?

Colonel Goethals. Yes, I have been advised of a demand from a mob.

Leader. When will we get our answer?

Colonel Goethals. You have it now.

Leader. We have it? I have not received it.

Colonel Goethals. Yes. You said if the man was not out of the penitentiary by seven o'clock this evening you would all quit. By calling up the penitentiary you will learn that he is still there. That's your answer. It is now ten minutes past seven.

Leader. But, colonel, you don't want to tie up this whole work?

Colonel Goethals. I am not proposing to tie up the work—you are doing that.

Leader. But, colonel, why can't you pardon the man?

Colonel Goethals. I will take no action in response to the demand of a mob.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Furthermore, I cannot act in this case at all because you yourselves placed it in the hands of President Taft when he was on the Isthmus a few weeks ago. He told you then that if the Supreme Court confirmed the verdict he would consent to consider the case. It is in his hands now.

Leader. Must the man stay in the penitentiary till he acts?

Colonel Goethals. So far as I am concerned he must. As for your threat to leave the service, I wish to say to you and to your associates, that every man of you who is not at his post to-morrow morning will be given his transportation to the United States and there will be no string to it. He will go out on the first steamer and he will never come back.

Leader. Suppose one of us should be sick?

Colonel Goethals. It is an unfortunate time to be sick.

Only one man failed to be at his post the next morning, and he sent a doctor's certificate saying he was too sick to be there. The mail of the chairman and chief engineer's office was stuffed with letters from signers of the resolutions asking to have their names taken off, and there was not a shadow of a strike then and there has been none since.

An amusing sequel to the incident occurred on the following Sunday at a ball game at Ancon. One of the leaders of the mass meeting, who had signed the threat to leave the service and return to the United States, where, according to the resolutions, he could "enjoy the protection of the Constitution," approached the plate to bat. As he did so a clear voice from the grand stand cried: "What, you here! We thought you had gone back to the United States to enjoy the Con-sti-tu-tion!" A roar of laughter followed, and the poor fellow was not able to get within hailing distance of the ball either then or afterward, for his every reappearance was greeted with the same query, roared in joyful chorus from the entire assemblage. The colonel had got the laugh on the would-be strikers by his straightforward and indisputably just handling of the affair and nothing more disastrous than that could happen to them.

The colonel's custom of spending a part of each day, usually the forenoon, in visiting the work, gave him a knowledge of every part of it that often caused a rude shock to some subordinate official whose performance was not quite up to the mark. No such official could foresee when the colonel, in his personal railway motor-car, known because of its color as the "Yellow Peril," might appear on the scene; neither could he foresee what defect or shortcoming the keen eyes of the chief engineer might detect.

Toward the end of the task, when completion ahead of time was assured, a tendency to relax effort became visible in several quarters, due partly to lessened tension and partly to a desire to make the job hold out as long as possible. In one such instance the colonel appeared suddenly on the spot and called the foreman in charge to account for slowness. The foreman said: "Oh, that's all right. I have one hundred days in which to complete the job." "That's not the way I work," replied the colonel. Returning to his office he sent for the foreman's superior officer and told him the work must be pushed more rapidly. A few days later he revisited the work and saw that his order had not been obeyed. He then issued an order transferring the work from the official who had charge of it to his personal direction, and directing that the plant be removed to a different location on the Canal line and consolidated with another.

The official who had been in charge of it and who was retained under the colonel's personal direction called upon him saying that unless the transfer order was either revoked or modified he should have to resign, as it overruled him, adding of the order that it could not be obeyed because it would cause friction between the two forces, and the men would refuse to be transferred. "Send the men to me," said the colonel; "I am the best handler of friction on the Isthmus." The men called on the colonel and retired from the interview content to be transferred. The official again protested that the order could not be obeyed because the tools were not at the new location. "When were you at the old place?" asked the colonel. "Yesterday morning," was the reply. "I had a special train at the old place," con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tinued the colonel, "at three o'clock yesterday afternoon. All the tools and the men were taken on it to the new place. I had arranged with the chief quartermaster to provide quarters for them, and they are all installed there now." The official, showing visible agitation, declared that unless the order taking the work from his supervision were revoked or modified he saw nothing for him to do but resign. "As for resigning," said the colonel, "that is a matter for your personal decision, but the order will neither be revoked nor modified." The official resigned, and the general comment on the incident was one of astonishment that a man who had served seven years under the colonel knew him so slightly as to think he would revoke or modify an order he had once issued.

The faculty of going surely and directly to the vital point of a matter is possessed in a remarkable degree by Colonel Goethals. So also is the gift of plain speech. While inspecting the work in progress under an associate official he rebuked him sharply for disobedience to orders, saying his conduct amounted to disloyalty. The official unconsciously confessed judgment by saying: "I can be loyal to you." "You *can be* loyal," retorted the colonel; "then you have not been!" "I am told," continued the official, "that you have accused me of disloyalty and have said that a man who is disloyal will lie and steal?" "So he would," said the colonel, "given provocation."

The Canal commission had club-houses in six of the largest settlements along the line of the Canal, but there was none at Ancon. These contained, among other features, billiard and pool rooms and bowling-alleys. When the building at Culebra was removed because threatened by the slides in the Cut, employees at Ancon petitioned Colonel Goethals to have the bowling-alleys placed at Ancon. They offered, in case the commission should be willing to defray the cost of moving and housing them, to assume the cost of maintenance. The commission chaplain at Ancon gave cordial support to the proposal and called upon the colonel one day to report progress. "The boys held a meeting last night," he said, "to consider the question. They were very enthusiastic and authorized me to say to you that if the commission would defray the cost of removal and housing they would support the alleys to the full extent of their power." "What is your power?" asked the colonel, and the whole plan collapsed. The chaplain, after stammering for a moment, admitted that he could not say what the power was worth.

The management of the commission club-houses had been placed at the outset under the Y. M. C. A. of the United States because that institution had a trained and experienced force for the work. Under the rules of the association no games of any kind were permitted in the club-houses on Sunday, although the club-houses were open on that day. The result of this was that many employees did not become members of the clubs because, Sunday being their only holiday, they wished to enjoy themselves as much as possible. Colonel Goethals was an earnest advocate of full privileges on Sundays, but he was opposed by the national committee of the Y. M. C. A. in the United States, who threatened to withdraw their workers on the Isthmus if such privileges were granted. A visiting member of the national committee, in discussing the subject with the colonel, said: "Now, colonel, how many employees do you estimate go, as you say, into objectionable places in the cities of Panama and Colon on Sundays because they cannot play billiards, pool, bowling, and other games in the club-houses on that day?"

"The answer to your question," said the colonel, "which every member of a Christian church who believes in its tenets must make is, that if by keeping *all* the club-houses open fully on Sunday *one* man could be kept away from those places, the opening would be justified."

When a question arose as to individual responsibility in a committee on an international matter with the Panama Republic, one member of the committee being absent in the United States, a member present said he thought the committee could not safely assume the responsibility of the absentee. Colonel Goethals, who was a member, said: "Oh, that's all right. I'll take the responsibility for two."

A Panama government official, on the eve of what threatened to be a tumultuous and possibly riotous political cam-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paign for a presidential nomination, sought an interview with the colonel and said he was afraid of riot and bloodshed unless some moral influence was exerted by the Canal authorities in favor of order—meaning in favor of his own political party. The colonel said cheerfully: "Well, we have the Tenth Infantry out here on the line. If you wish me to do so I will order it to march into Panama at any moment!" "Oh, no, no," exclaimed the official, "I don't think it will come to that!"

A Washington visitor met Colonel Goethals one day in my office at Ancon. The Canal was at that time nearing completion. "How soon are you going to be able to pass ships through the Canal?" he asked. The colonel replied that he had no doubt that he would be able to pass them in 1914. The visitor, paying little heed to the statement, continued: "Colonel, I come in contact in Washington with many of the diplomatic representatives of foreign governments with whom I am on quite intimate terms. They say such things as this to me: 'You know that the Canal will never be open to navigation. You know that the Gatun dam will not hold water. You know that the slides in Culebra Cut can never be stopped. You know that the locks can never be operated.' Now, colonel, what shall I say in reply to these people?" The colonel, with an amused gleam in his eye, said quietly: "I wouldn't say anything."

That was his habitual answer to ignorant or malicious criticism. Whenever an instance of it was brought to his attention and a suggestion was made to publish a refutation of it, he would say: "Oh, let it go. We will answer them all later—with the Canal." He is as indifferent to fulsome praise as he is to ignorant and unjust blame, and cares so little for both that he rarely or never reads anything that is written about himself. On several occasions, when writers of the gushing type had sent to him in advance of publication, for approval, articles about himself and his work, he brought them to me to read for him, with the injunction to cut out mercilessly all "fool" references to his personal appearance or conduct, holding me to strict accountability for failure to obey orders in any respect. His sense of humor is acute and unfailing, and he has the quite unusual ability to enjoy a joke at his own expense. He was hugely amused by a conversation which he overheard concerning himself on a Panama Railway train. Two men were talking in a seat directly behind him, neither of them having recognized him. One, a foreman, was telling the other, who was a visitor, of the great things he and other foremen were doing in building the Canal, repeatedly referring to the colonel as the "old man." When he had finished, the other said: "But what does the old man, as you call him, do?" "Oh, he just comes around and looks over what we've done!"

His dislike of "fuss" of all kinds, official or other, amounts to a passion. There is never any parade or demonstration about anything he does, and his suffering is visibly acute when anything of the sort is thrust upon him. The proceedings in Washington and New York in 1914, when various societies conferred medals of honor upon him, caused him an amount of genuine anguish which he described as "awful." He permitted no blare of trumpets, no demonstration of any kind, when the Gamboa dike was blown up on October 10, 1913, and the water was let into Culebra Cut; none when the first vessel passed through the Gatun locks on September 26, 1913; none even when the Canal was thrown open on August 15, 1914, to the commerce of the world. On none of these epoch-marking occasions was he visible in the forefront of things. He was not on the prow of the first tug that passed the locks, but on and within the lock-walls studying closely the working of the machinery of the gates and valves. He was not on the bridge of the first ship to pass from ocean to ocean, but on the lock-walls and along the banks of Gatun Lake and the sides of Culebra Cut, watching both the operating machinery and the wave-action created by the moving vessel.

What other man in his position would have been capable of this complete self-effacement? An English diplomatic official, who was a passenger on the first ship to go through the entire Canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, wrote of it to a friend: "Colonel Goethals did not go through. He saw us off at Cristobal, and then appeared on the locks at Gatun and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pedro Miguel. At the latter point John Barrett made arrangements to raise three cheers for Colonel Goethals, but, directly it started, the colonel, who was in shirt-sleeves, turned his back and ran. John was left cheering."

Finally, as the supreme revelation of the character of the man whose personality I have been endeavoring to portray, I am permitted to quote from a letter which he wrote in May, 1913, to a congressman who had introduced in the House of Representatives a bill providing for his promotion to the rank of major-general in the United States Army as reward for his services in building the Canal:

"I feel that I should make my position clear in respect to the proposed measure so far as it or similar legislation may apply to me. I am not insensible to the honor to be conferred upon me by the bill and appreciate the motives friendly to myself which inspired its introduction. It is also to be assumed, in addition to the personal side, that the action contemplated may be regarded as a mode of expressing satisfaction that the Canal work has thus far been successfully prosecuted. Nevertheless, it has always been my position that the army officers assigned to the Canal are amply compensated, not only by the additional pay they receive, but by the honor of being associated with the undertaking, and we are but performing our duty in devoting our best energies to the successful prosecution of the work. It must be remembered that those of us who are members of the commission are receiving three times the amount of our regular army pay and are at the same time doing nothing more than that for which we have been educated and trained by the government. According to my view, we are not deserving of recognition or reward for our services here, and I do not think that myself or others of the commission should be singled out for honors.

"Neither do I think that army officers should receive any special consideration for their services here in contradistinction to the civilian employees. Several civilians have occupied positions of great responsibility on the work—notably Mr. S. B. Williamson, former division engineer of the Pacific division—and I cannot speak too highly of the splendid service that himself and civilian employees in general have rendered. These employees are not asking for rewards for their labors other than the pay received in their various positions. I see no reason why myself or other service men should be regarded as in a class by themselves and selected for benefits by special legislation, and, in my opinion, such favoritism should not be extended. Therefore, while deeply gratified at the evidence of your good will as expressed by the introduction of the measure, it suggests itself that I ought to acquaint you with my views upon the subject, and I trust in so doing you will not consider me inappreciative of your kindness.

"Yours sincerely,

"Geo. W. Goethals."

That utterance requires no comment. In it the man himself stands revealed. It is the epitome of his personality. The bill which called it forth was never reported out of committee. Other similar measures have been introduced in both houses of Congress, and, at this writing, one has been reported favorably from committee in the House of Representatives. No bill has been introduced either recognizing or proposing to reward the services of civilians engaged in the work, nor has any member of Congress suggested anything of the sort, and yet Congress is a body composed of civilians.

In January, 1914, Colonel Goethals was appointed first governor of the Panama Canal by President Wilson, and the appointment was confirmed by the Senate. His salary as governor, which as chief engineer had been $15,000, was fixed by law at $10,000. In the words of the esteemed and perspicacious Mr. Dooley: "They say republics are ongrateful. But look, will ye, what they've done f'r that fellow that chopped the continent in two at Pannyma. . . . Th' counthry sees that he has done a wondherful thing an' is goin' to reward him sootably. . . . What is he goin' to git? says ye. Why, Hinnissy, th' governmint has already appinted him governor iv th' Canal at a greatly rejooced sal'ry."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

VI

CLARA, Mrs. Stanley Freeland, was not a narrow woman either in mind or body; and years ago, soon indeed after she married Stanley, she had declared her intention of taking up her sister-in-law, Kirsteen, in spite of what she had heard were the woman's extraordinary notions. Those were the days of carriages, pairs, coachmen, grooms, and, with her usual promptitude, ordering out the lot, she had set forth. It is safe to say she had never forgotten that experience.

Imagine an old, white, timbered cottage with a thatched roof, and no single line about it quite straight. A cottage crazy with age, buried up to the thatch in sweetbrier, creepers, honeysuckle, and perched high above crossroads. A cottage almost unapproachable for beehives and their bees—an insect for which Clara had an aversion. Imagine on the rough, pebbled approach to the door of this cottage (and Clara had on thin shoes) a peculiar cradle with a dark-eyed baby that was staring placidly at two bees sleeping on a coverlet made of a rough linen such as Clara had never before seen. Imagine an absolutely naked little girl of three, sitting in a tub of sunlight in the very doorway. Clara had turned swiftly and closed the wicket gate between the pebbled pathway and the mossed steps that led down to where her coachman and her footman were sitting very still, as was the habit of those people. She had perceived at once that she was making no common call. Then, with real courage she had advanced, and, looking down at the little girl with a fearful smile, had tickled the door with the handle of her green parasol. A woman younger than herself, a girl, indeed, appeared in a low doorway. She had often told Stanley since that she would never forget her first sight (she had not yet had another) of Tod's wife. A brown face and black hair, fiery gray eyes, eyes all light, under black lashes, and 'such a strange smile'; bare, brown, shapely arms and neck in a shirt of the same rough, creamy linen, and, from under a bright blue skirt, bare, brown, shapely ankles and feet! A voice so soft and deadly that, as Clara said: "What with her eyes, it really gave me the shivers. And, my dear," she had pursued, "whitewashed walls, bare brick floors, not a picture, not a curtain, not even a fire-iron. Clean—oh, horribly! They must be the most awful cranks. The only thing I must say that was nice was the smell. Sweetbrier, and honey, coffee, and baked apples—really delicious. I must try what I can do with it. But that woman—girl, I suppose she is—stumped me. I'm sure she'd have cut my head off if I'd attempted to open my mouth on ordinary topics. The children were rather ducks; but imagine leaving them about like that amongst the bees. 'Kirsteen!' She looked it. Never again! And Tod I didn't see at all; I suppose he was mooning about amongst his creatures."

It was the memory of this visit, now seventeen years ago, that had made her smile so indulgently when Stanley came back from the conference. She had said at once that they must have Felix to stay, and for her part she would be only too glad to do anything she could for those poor children of Tod's, even to asking them to Becket, and trying to civilize them a little. . . . "But as for that woman, there'll be nothing to be done with her, I can assure you. And I expect Tod is completely under her thumb."

To Felix, who took her in to dinner, she spoke feelingly and in a low voice. She liked Felix, in spite of his wife, and respected him—he had a name. Lady Mallorings—she told him—the Mallorings

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

owned, of course, everything round Joyfields—had been telling her that of late Tod's wife had really become quite rabid over the land question. 'The Tods' were hand in glove with all the cottagers. She, Clara, had nothing to say against any one who sympathized with the condition of the agricultural laborer; quite the contrary. Becket was almost, as Felix knew—though perhaps it wasn't for her to say so—the centre of that movement; but there were ways of doing things, and one did so deprecate women like this Kirsteen—what an impossibly Celtic name!—putting her finger into any pie that really was of national importance. Nothing could come of anything done that sort of way. If Felix had any influence with Tod it would be a mercy to use it in getting those poor young creatures away from home, to mix a little with people who took a sane view of things. She would like very much to get them over to Becket, but with their notions it was doubtful whether they even had evening clothes! She had, of course, never forgotten that naked mite in the tub of sunlight, nor the poor baby with its bees and its rough linen.

Felix replied deferentially—he was invariably polite, and only just ironic enough, in the houses of others—that he had the very greatest respect for Tod, and that there could be nothing very wrong with the woman to whom he was so devoted. As for the children, his own young people would get at them and learn all about what was going on in a way that no fogey like himself could. In regard to the land question, there were, of course, many sides to that, and he himself would not be at all sorry to observe yet another. After all, the Tods were in real contact with the laborers, and that was the great thing. It would be very interesting.

Yes, Clara quite saw all that, but—and here she sank her voice so that there was hardly any left—as Felix was going over there, she really must put him *au courant* with the heart of this matter. Lady Malloring had told her the whole story. It appeared there were two cases: A family called Gaunt, an old man, and his son, who had two daughters—one of them, Alice, quite a nice girl, was kitchen-maid here at Becket, but the other sister—Wilmet—well! she was one of those girls that, as Felix must know, were always to be found in every village. She was leading the young men astray, and Lady Malloring had put her foot down, telling her bailiff to tell the farmer for whom Gaunt worked that he and his family must go, unless they sent the girl away somewhere. That was one case. And the other was of a laborer called Tryst, who wanted to marry his deceased wife's sister. Of course, whether Mildred Malloring was not rather too churchy and puritanical—now that a deceased wife's sister was legal—Clara did not want to say; but she was undoubtedly within her rights if she thought it for the good of the village. This man, Tryst, was a good workman, and his farmer had objected to losing him, but Lady Malloring had, of course, not given way, and if he persisted he would get put out. All the cottages about there were Sir Gerald Malloring's, of course, so that in both cases it would mean leaving the neighborhood. In regard to village morality, as Felix knew, the line must be drawn somewhere.

Felix interrupted quietly:

"I draw it at Lady Malloring."

"Well, I won't argue that with you. But it really is a scandal that Tod's wife should incite her young people to stir up the villagers. Goodness knows where that mayn't lead! Tod's cottage and land, you see, are freehold, the only freehold thereabouts; and his being a brother of Stanley's makes it particularly awkward for the Mallorings."

"Quite so!" murmured Felix.

"Yes, but my dear Felix, when it comes to infecting those simple people with inflated ideas of their rights, it's serious, especially in the country. I'm told there's really quite a violent feeling. I hear from Alice Gaunt that the young Tods have been going about saying that dogs are better off than people treated in this fashion, which, of course, is all nonsense, and making far too much of a small matter. Don't you think so?"

But Felix only smiled his peculiar, sweetish smile, and answered:

"I'm glad to have come down just now."

Clara, who did not know that when Felix smiled like that he was angry, agreed.

"Yes," she said; "you're an observer. You will see the thing in right perspective."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I shall endeavor to. What does Tod say?"

"Oh! Tod never seems to say anything. At least, I never hear of it."

Felix murmured:

"Tod is a well in the desert."

To which deep saying Clara made no reply, not indeed understanding in the least what it might signify.

That evening, when Alan, having had his fill of billiards, had left the smoking-room and gone to bed, Felix remarked to Stanley:

"I say, what sort of people are these Mallorings?"

Stanley, who was settling himself for the twenty minutes of whiskey, potash, and a *Review*, with which he commonly composed his mind before retiring, answered negligently:

"The Mallorings? Oh! about the best type of landowner we've got."

"What exactly do you mean by that?"

Stanley took his time to answer, for below his bluff good-nature he had the tenacious, if somewhat slow, precision of an English man of business mingled with a certain mistrust of 'old Felix.'

"Well," he said at last, "they build good cottages, yellow brick, d—d ugly, I must say; look after the character of their tenants; give 'em rebate of rent if there's a bad harvest; encourage stock-breedin', and machinery—they've got some of my ploughs, but the people don't like 'em, and, as a matter of fact, they're right—they're not made for these small fields; set an example goin' to church; patronize the Rifle Range; buy up the pubs when they can, and run 'em themselves; send out jelly, and let people over their place on bank holidays. Dash it all, I don't know what they don't do. Why?"

"Are they liked?"

"Liked? No, I should hardly think they were liked; respected, and all that. Malloring's a steady fellow, keen man on housing, and a gentleman; she's a bit too much perhaps on the pious side. They've got one of the finest Georgian houses in the country. Altogether they're what you call 'model.'"

"But not human."

Stanley slightly lowered the *Review* and looked across it at his brother. It was evident to him that 'old Felix' was in one of his free-thinking moods.

"They're domestic," he said, "and fond of their children, and pleasant neighbors. I don't deny that they've got a tremendous sense of duty, but we want that in these days."

"Duty to what?"

Stanley raised his level eyebrows. It was a stumper. Without great care he felt that he would be getting over the border into the uncharted land of speculation and philosophy, wandering on paths that led him nowhere.

"If you lived in the country, old man," he said, "you wouldn't ask that sort of question."

"You don't imagine," said Felix, "that you or the Mallorings live in the country? Why, you landlords are every bit as much town dwellers as I am—thought, habit, dress, faith, souls, all town stuff. There *is* no 'country' in England now for us of the 'upper classes.' It's gone. I repeat: Duty to what?"

And, rising, he went over to the window, looking out at the moonlit lawn, overcome by a sudden aversion from more talk. Of what use were words from a mind tuned in one key to a mind tuned in another? And yet, so ingrained was his habit of discussion, that he promptly went on:

"The Mallorings, I've not the slightest doubt, believe it their duty to look after the morals of those who live on their property. There are three things to be said about that: One—you can't make people moral by adopting the attitude of the schoolmaster. Two—it implies that they consider themselves more moral than their neighbors. Three—it's a theory so convenient to their security that they would be exceptionally good people if they did not adopt it; but, from your account, they are not so much exceptionally as just typically good people. What you call their sense of duty, Stanley, is really their sense of self-preservation coupled with their sense of superiority."

"H'm!" said Stanley; "I don't know that I quite follow you."

"I always hate an odor of sanctity. I'd prefer them to say frankly: 'This is my property, and you'll jolly well do what I tell you on it.'"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But, my dear chap, after all, they really *are* superior."

"That," said Felix, "I emphatically question. Put your Mallorings to earn their living on fifteen to eighteen shillings a week, and where would they be? The Mallorings have certain virtues, no doubt, natural to their fortunate environment, but of the primitive virtues of patience, hardihood, perpetual, almost unconscious self-sacrifice, and cheerfulness in the face of a hard fate, they are no more the equals of the people they pretend to be superior to than I am your equal as a man of business."

"Hang it!" was Stanley's answer, "what a d—d old heretic you are!"

Felix frowned. "Am I? Be honest! Take the life of a Malloring and take it at its best; see how it stands comparison in the primitive virtues with those of an averagely good specimen of a farm-laborer. Your Malloring is called with a cup of tea, at, say, seven o'clock, out of a nice, clean, warm bed; he gets into a bath that has been got ready for him; into clothes and boots that have been brushed for him; and goes down to a room where there's a fire burning already if it's a cold day, writes a few letters, perhaps, before eating a breakfast of exactly what he likes, nicely prepared for him, and reading the newspaper that best comforts his soul; when he has eaten and read, he lights his cigar or his pipe and attends to his digestion in the most sanitary and comfortable fashion; then in his study he sits down to steady direction of other people, either by interview or by writing letters, or what not. In this way, between directing people and eating what he likes, he passes the whole day, except that for two or three hours, sometimes indeed seven or eight hours, he attends to his physique by riding, motoring, playing a game, or indulging in a sport that he has chosen for himself. And, at the end of all that, he probably has another bath that has been made ready for him, puts on clean clothes that have been put out for him, goes down to a good dinner that has been cooked for him, smokes, reads, learns, and inwardly digests, or else plays cards, billiards, and acts host till he is sleepy, and so to bed, in a clean, warm bed, in a clean, fresh room. Is that exaggerated?"

"No; but when you talk of his directing other people, you forget that he is doing what they couldn't."

"He may be doing what they couldn't; but ordinary directive ability is not born in a man; it's acquired by habit and training. Suppose fortune had reversed them at birth, the Gaunt or Tryst would by now have it and the Malloring would not. The accident that they were not reversed at birth has given the Malloring a thousandfold advantage."

"It's no joke directing things," muttered Stanley.

"No work is any joke; but I just put it to you: Simply as work, without taking in the question of reward, would you dream for a minute of swapping your work with the work of one of your workmen? No. Well, neither would a Malloring with one of his Gaunts. So that, my boy, for work which is intrinsically more interesting and pleasurable, the Malloring gets a hundred to a thousand times more money."

"All this is rank socialism, my dear fellow."

"No; rank truth. Now, to take the life of a Gaunt. He gets up summer and winter much earlier out of a bed that he cannot afford time or money to keep too clean or warm, in a small room that probably has not a large enough window; into clothes stiff with work and boots stiff with clay; makes something hot for himself, very likely brings some of it to his wife and children; goes out, attending to his digestion crudely and without comfort; works with his hands and feet from half past six or seven in the morning till past five at night, except that twice he stops for an hour or so and eats simple things that he would not altogether have chosen to eat if he could have had his will. He goes home to a tea that has been got ready for him, and has a clean-up without assistance, smokes a pipe of shag, reads a newspaper two days old, and goes out again to work for his own good, in his vegetable patch, or to sit on a wooden bench in an atmosphere of beer and 'baccy.' And so, dead tired, but not from directing other people, he drowses himself to early lying again in his doubtful bed. Is that exaggerated?"

"I suppose not, but he——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Has his compensations: Clean conscience—freedom from worry—fresh air, all the rest of it! I know. Clean conscience granted, but so has your Mallory, it would seem. Freedom from worry—yes, except when a pair of boots is wanted, or one of the children is ill; then he has to make up for lost time with a vengeance. Fresh air—and wet clothes, with a good chance of premature rheumatism. Candidly, which of those two lives demands more of the virtues on which human life is founded—courage and patience, hardihood and self-sacrifice? And which of two men who have lived those two lives well has most right to the word 'superior'?"

Stanley dropped the *Review* and for fully a minute paced the room without reply. Then he said:

"Felix, you're talking flat revolution."

Felix, who, faintly smiling, had watched him up and down, up and down the Turkey carpet, answered:

"Not so. I am by no means a revolutionary person, because with all the good-will in the world I have been unable to see how upheavals from the bottom, or violence of any sort, is going to equalize these lives or do any good. But I detest humbug, and I believe that so long as you and your Mallorings go on blindly dosing yourselves with humbug about duty and superiority, so long will you see things as they are not. And until you see things as they are, purged of all that sickening cant, you will none of you really move to make the conditions of life more and ever more just. For, mark you, Stanley, I, who do not believe in revolution from the bottom, the more believe that it is up to us in honor to revolutionize things from the top!"

"H'm!" said Stanley; "that's all very well; but the more you give the more they want, till there's no end to it."

Felix stared round that room, where indeed one was all body.

"By George," he said, "I've yet to see a beginning. But, anyway, if you give in a grudging spirit, or the spirit of a schoolmaster, what can you expect? If you offer out of real good-will, so it is taken." And suddenly conscious that he had uttered a constructive phrase, Felix cast down his eyes, and added:

"I am going to my clean, warm bed. Good night, old man!"

When his brother had taken up his candlestick and gone, Stanley, uttering a dubious sound, sat down on the lounge, drank deep out of his tumbler, and once more took up his *Review*.

VII

THE next day Stanley's car, fraught with Felix and a note from Clara, moved swiftly along the grass-bordered roads toward Joyfields. Lying back on the cushioned seat, the warm air flying at his face, Felix contemplated with delight his favorite countryside. Certainly this garden of England was very lovely, its greenness, trees, and large, pied, lazy cattle; its very emptiness of human beings was pleasing.

Nearing Joyfields he noted the Mallorings' park and their long Georgian house, carefully fronting south. There, too, was the pond of what village there was, with the usual ducks on it; and three well-remembered cottages in a row, neat and trim, of the old, thatched sort, but evidently restored. Out of the door of one of them two young people had just emerged, going in the same direction as the car. Felix passed them and turned to look. Yes, it was they! He stopped the car. They were walking, with eyes straight before them, frowning. And Felix thought: "Nothing of Tod in either of them; regular Celts!"

The girl's vivid, open face, crisp, brown, untidy hair, cheeks brimful of color, thick lips, eyes that looked up and out as a Skye terrier's eyes look out of its shagginess—indeed, her whole figure struck Felix as almost frighteningly vital; and she walked as if she despised the ground she covered. The boy was even more arresting. What a strange, pale-dark face, with its black, uncovered hair, its straight black brows; what a proud, swan's-eyed, thin-lipped, straight-nosed young devil, marching like a very Highlander; though still rather run-up, from sheer youthfulness! They had come abreast of the car by now, and, leaning out, he said:

"You don't remember me, I'm afraid!"

The boy shook his head. Wonderful

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes he had! But the girl put out her hand.

"Of course, Derek; it's Uncle Felix."

They both smiled now, the girl friendly, the boy rather drawn back into himself. And feeling strangely small and ill at ease, Felix murmured:

"I'm going to see your father. Can I give you a lift home?"

The answer came as he expected:

"No, thanks." Then, as if to tone it down, the girl added:

"We've got something to do first. You'll find him in the orchard."

She had a ringing voice, full of warmth. Lifting his hat, Felix passed on. They *were* a couple! Strange, attractive, almost frightening. Kirsteen had brought his brother a formidable little brood.

Arriving at the cottage he went up its mossy stones and through the wicket gate. There was little change, indeed, since the days of Clara's visit, save that the beehives had been moved farther out. Nor did any one answer his knock; and mindful of the girl's words, "You'll find him in the orchard," he made his way out among the trees. The grass was long and starred with petals. Felix wandered over it among bees busy with the apple-blossom. At the very end he came on his brother, cutting down a pear-tree. Tod was in shirt-sleeves, his brown arms bare almost to the shoulders. How tremendous the fellow was! What resounding and terrific blows he was dealing! Down came the tree, and Tod drew his arm across his brow. This great, burnt, curly-headed fellow was more splendid to look upon than even Felix had remembered, and so well built that not a movement of his limbs was heavy. His cheek-bones were very broad and high; his brows thick and rather darker than his bright hair, so that his deep-set, very blue eyes seemed to look out of a thicket; his level white teeth gleamed from under his tawny mustache, and his brown, unshaven cheeks and jaw seemed covered with gold powder. Catching sight of Felix he came forward.

"Fancy," he said, "old Gladstone spending his leisure cutting down trees—of all melancholy jobs!"

Felix did not quite know what to answer, so he put his arm within his brother's. Tod drew him toward the tree.

"Sit down!" he said. Then, looking sorrowfully at the pear-tree, he murmured:

"Seventy years—and down in seven minutes. Now we shall burn it. Well, it had to go. This is the third year it's had no blossom."

His speech was slow, like that of a man accustomed to think aloud. Felix admired him askance. "I might live next door," he thought, "for all the notice he's taken of my turning up!"

"I came over in Stanley's car," he said. "Met your two coming along—fine couple they are!"

"Ah!" said Tod. And there was something in the way he said it that was more than a mere declaration of pride or of affection. Then he looked at Felix.

"What have you come for, old man?"

Felix smiled. Quaint way to put it!

"For a talk."

"Ah!" said Tod, and he whistled.

A largish, well-made dog with a sleek black coat, white underneath, and a black tail white-tipped, came running up, and stood before Tod, with its head rather to one side and its yellow-brown eyes saying: 'I simply must get at what you're thinking, you know.'

"Go and tell your mistress to come—Mistress!"

The dog moved his tail, lowered it, and went off.

"A gypsy gave him to me," said Tod; "best dog that ever lived."

"Every one thinks that of their dog, old man."

"Yes," said Tod; "but this *is*."

"He looks intelligent."

"He's got a soul," said Tod. "The gypsy said he didn't steal him, but he did."

"Do you always know when people aren't speaking the truth, then?"

"Yes."

At such a monstrous remark from any other man, Felix would have smiled; but seeing it was Tod, he only asked: "How?"

"People who aren't speaking the truth look you in the face and never move their eyes."

"Some people do that when they are speaking the truth."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes; but when they aren't, you can see them struggling to keep their eyes straight. A dog avoids your eye when he's something to conceal; a man stares at you. Listen!"

Felix listened and heard nothing.

"A wren"; and, screwing up his lips, Tod emitted a sound: "Look!"

Felix saw on the branch of an apple-tree a tiny brown bird with a little beak sticking out and a little tail sticking up. And he thought: 'Tod's hopeless!'

"That fellow," said Tod softly, "has got his nest there just behind us." Again he emitted the sound. Felix saw the little bird move its head with a sort of infinite curiosity, and hop twice on the branch.

"I can't get the hen to do that," Tod murmured.

Felix put his hand on his brother's arm —what an arm!

"Yes," he said; "but look here, old man—I really want to talk to you."

Tod shook his head. "Wait for her," he said.

Felix waited. Tod was getting awfully eccentric, living this queer, out-of-the-way life with a cranky woman year after year; never reading anything, never seeing any one but tramps and animals and villagers. And yet, sitting there beside his eccentric brother on that fallen tree, he had an extraordinary sense of rest. It was, perhaps, but the beauty and sweetness of the day with its dappling sunlight brightening the apple-blossoms, the wind-flowers, the wood-sorrel, and in the blue sky above the fields those clouds so unimaginably white. All the tiny noises of the orchard, too, struck on his ear with a peculiar meaning, a strange fulness, as if he had never heard such sounds before. Tod, who was looking at the sky, said suddenly:

"Are you hungry?"

And Felix remembered that they never had any proper meals, but, when hungry, went to the kitchen, where a wood-fire was always burning, and either heated up coffee, and porridge that was already made, with boiled eggs and baked potatoes and apples, or devoured bread, cheese, jam, honey, cream, tomatoes, butter, nuts, and fruit, that were always set out there on a wooden table, under a muslin awning; he remembered, too, that they washed up their own bowls and spoons and plates, and, having finished, went outside and drew themselves a draught of water. Queer life, and deuced uncomfortable—almost Chinese in its reversal of everything that every one else was doing.

"No," he said, "I'm not."

"I am. Here she is."

Felix felt his heart beating—Clara was not alone in being frightened of this woman. She was coming through the orchard with the dog; a remarkable-looking woman—oh, certainly remarkable! She greeted him without surprise and, sitting down close to Tod, said: "I'm glad to see you."

Why did this family somehow make him feel inferior? The way she sat there and looked at him so calmly! Still more the way she narrowed her eyes and wrinkled her lips, as if rather malicious thoughts were rising in her soul! Her hair, as is the way of fine, soft, almost indigo-colored hair, was already showing threads of silver; her whole face and figure thinner than he had remembered it. But a striking woman still—with wonderful eyes! Her dress—Felix had scanned many a crank in his day—was not so alarming as it had once seemed to Clara; its coarse-woven, deep-blue linen and needleworked yoke were pleasing to him, and he could hardly take his gaze from the kingfisher-blue band or fillet that she wore round that silver-threaded black hair.

He began by giving her Clara's note, the wording of which he had himself dictated:

"Dear Kirsteen,

"Though we have not seen each other for so long, I am sure you will forgive my writing. It would give us so much pleasure if you and the two children would come over for a night or two while Felix and his young folk are staying with us. It is no use, I fear, to ask Tod; but of course if he would come, too, both Stanley and myself would be delighted.

"Yours cordially,

"Clara Freeland."

She read it, handed it to Tod, who also read it and handed it to Felix. Nobody said anything. It was so altogether simple and friendly a note that Felix felt pleased with it, thinking: 'I expressed that well!'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then Tod said: "Go ahead, old man! You've got something to say about the youngsters, haven't you?"

How on earth did he know that? But then Tod *had* a sort of queer prescience.

"Well," he brought out with an effort, "don't you think it's a pity to embroil your young people in village troubles? We've been hearing from Stanley——"

Kirsteen interrupted in her calm, staccato voice with just the faintest lisp:

"Stanley would not understand."

She had put her arm through Tod's, but never removed her eyes from her brother-in-law's face.

"Possibly," said Felix, "but you must remember that Stanley, John, and myself represent ordinary—what shall we say—level-headed opinion."

"With which we have nothing in common, I'm afraid."

Felix glanced from her to Tod. The fellow had his head on one side and seemed listening to something in the distance. And Felix felt a certain irritation.

"It's all very well," he said, "but I think you really have got to look at your children's future from a larger point of view. You don't surely want them to fly out against things before they've had a chance to see life for themselves."

She answered:

"The children know more of life than most young people. They've seen it close to, they've seen its realities. They know what the tyranny of the countryside means."

"Yes, yes," said Felix, "but youth is youth."

"They are not too young to know and feel the truth."

Felix was impressed. How those narrowing eyes shone! What conviction in that faintly lisping voice!

'I am a fool for my pains,' he thought, and only said:

"Well, what about this invitation, anyway?"

"Yes; it will be just the thing for them at the moment."

The words had to Felix a somewhat sinister import. He knew well enough that she did not mean by them what others would have meant. But he said: "When shall we expect them? Tuesday, I suppose, would be best for Clara, after her week-end. Is there no chance of you and Tod?"

She quaintly wrinkled her lips into not quite a smile, and answered:

"Tod shall say. Do you hear, Tod?"

"In the meadow. It was there yesterday—first time this year."

Felix slipped his arm through his brother's.

"Quite so, old man."

"What?" said Tod. "Ah! let's go in. I'm awfully hungry." . . .

Sometimes out of a calm sky a few drops fall, the twigs rustle, and far away is heard the muttering of thunder; the traveller thinks: 'A storm somewhere about.' Then all once more is so quiet and peaceful that he forgets he ever had that thought, and goes on his way careless.

So with Felix returning to Becket in Stanley's car. That woman's face, those two young heathens—the unconscious Tod!

There was mischief in the air above that little household. But once more the smooth gliding of the cushioned car, the soft peace of the meadows so permanently at grass, the churches, mansions, cottages embowered among their elms, the slow-flapping flight of the rooks and crows lulled Felix to quietude, and the faint far muttering of that thunder died away.

Nedda was in the drive when he returned, gazing at a nymph set up there by Clara. It was a good thing, procured from Berlin, well known for sculpture, and beginning to green over already, as though it had been there a long time—a pretty creature with shoulders drooping, eyes modestly cast down, and a sparrow perching on her head.

"Well, Dad?"

"They're coming."

"When?"

"On Tuesday—the youngsters, only."

"You might tell me a little about them."

But Felix only smiled. His powers of description faltered before that task; and, proud of those powers, he did not choose to subject them to failure.

VIII

Not till three o'clock that Saturday did the Bigwigs begin to come. Lord and Lady Britto first from Erne by car; then

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sir Gerald and Lady Malloring, also by car from Joyfields; an early afternoon train brought three members of the Lower House, who liked a round of golf—Colonel Martlett, Mr. Sleesor, and Sir John Fanfar—with their wives; also Miss Bawtrey, an American who went everywhere; and Moorsome, the landscape-painter, a short, very heavy man who went nowhere, and that in almost perfect silence, which he afterward avenged. By a train almost sure to bring no one else came Literature in Public Affairs, alone, Henry Wiltram, whom some believed to have been the very first to have ideas about the land. He was followed in the last possible train by Cuthcott, the advanced editor, in his habitual hurry, and Lady Maude Ughtred in her beauty. Clara was pleased, and said to Stanley, while dressing, that almost every shade of opinion about the land was represented this week-end. She was not, she said, afraid of anything, if she could keep Henry Wiltram and Cuthcott apart. The House of Commons men would, of course, be all right. Stanley assented: "They'll be 'fed up' with talk. But how about Britto—he can sometimes be very nasty, and Cuthcott's been pretty rough on him, in his rag."

Clara had remembered that, and she was putting Lady Maude on one side of Cuthcott, and Moorsome on the other, so that he would be quite safe at dinner, and afterward—Stanley must look out!

"What have you done with Nedda?" Stanley asked.

"Given her to Colonel Martlett, with Sir John Fanfar on the other side; they both like something fresh." She hoped, however, to foster a discussion, so that they might really get further this week-end; the opportunity was too good to throw away.

"H'm!" Stanley murmured. "Felix said some very queer things the other night. He, too, might make ructions."

Oh, no!—Clara persisted—Felix had too much good taste. She thought that something might be coming out of this occasion, something as it were national, that would bear fruit. And watching Stanley buttoning his braces, she grew enthusiastic. For, think how splendidly everything was represented! Britto, with his view that the thing had gone too far, and all the little efforts we might make now were no good, with Canada and those great spaces to outbid anything we could do; though she could not admit that he was right, there was a lot in what he said; he had great gifts—and some day might—who knew? Then there was Sir John—Clara pursued—who was almost the father of the new Tory policy: Assist the farmers to buy their own land. And Colonel Martlett, representing the older Tory policy of: What the devil would happen to the landowners if they did? Secretly (Clara felt sure) he would never go into a lobby to support that. He had said to her: 'Look at my brother James's property; if we bring this policy in, and the farmers take advantage, his house might stand there any day without an acre round it.' Quite true—it might. The same might even happen to Becket.

Stanley grunted.

Exactly!—Clara went on: And that was the beauty of having got the Mallorings; theirs was such a steady point of view, and she was not sure that they weren't right, and the whole thing really a question of model proprietorship.

"H'm!" Stanley muttered. "Felix will have his knife into that."

Clara did not think that mattered. The thing was to get everybody's opinion. Even Mr. Moorsome's would be valuable—if he weren't so terrifically silent, for he must think a lot, sitting all day, as he did, painting the land.

"He's a heavy ass," said Stanley.

Yes; but Clara did not wish to be narrow. That was why it was so splendid to have got Mr. Sleesor. If anybody knew the Radical mind he did, and he could give full force to what one always felt was at the bottom of it—that the Radicals' real supporters were the urban classes; so that their policy must not go too far with 'the Land,' for fear of seeming to neglect the towns. For, after all, in the end it was out of the pockets of the towns that 'the Land' would have to be financed, and nobody really could expect the towns to get anything out of it. Stanley paused in the adjustment of his tie; his wife was a shrewd woman.

"You've hit it there," he said. "Wiltram will give it him hot on that, though."

Of course, Clara assented. And it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

magnificent that they had got Henry Wiltram, with his idealism and his really heavy corn tax; not caring what happened to the stunted products of the towns—and they really were stunted, for all that the Radicals and the half-penny press said—till at all costs we could grow our own food. There was a lot in that.

"Yes," Stanley muttered, "and if he gets on to it, shan't I have a jolly time of it in the smoking-room? I know what Cuthcott's like with his shirt out."

Clara's eyes brightened; she was very curious herself to see Mr. Cuthcott with his—that is, to hear him expound the doctrine he was always writing up, namely, that 'the Land' was gone and, short of revolution, there was nothing for it but garden cities. She had heard he was so cutting and ferocious that he really did seem as if he hated his opponents. She hoped he would get a chance—perhaps Felix could encourage him.

"What about the women?" Stanley asked suddenly. "Will they stand a political powwow? One must think of them a bit."

Clara had. She was taking a farewell look at herself in the far-away mirror through the door into her bedroom. It was a mistake—she added—to suppose that women were not interested in 'the Land.' Lady Britto was most intelligent, and Mildred Malloring knew every cottage on her estate.

"Pokes her nose into 'em often enough," Stanley muttered.

Lady Fanfar again, and Mrs. Sleesor, and even Hilda Martlett, were interested in their husbands, and Miss Bawtrey, of course, interested in everything. As for Maude Ughtred, all talk would be the same to her; she was always week-ending. Stanley need not worry—it would be all right; some real work would get done, some real advance be made. So saying, she turned her fine shoulders twice, once this way and once that, and went out. She had never told even Stanley her ambition that at Becket, under her ægis, should be laid the foundation-stone of the real scheme, whatever it might be, that should regenerate 'the Land.' Stanley would only have laughed; even though it would be bound to make him Lord Freeland when it came to be known some day. . . .

To the eyes and ears of Nedda that evening at dinner, all was new indeed, and all wonderful. It was not that she was unaccustomed to society or to conversation, for to their house at Hampstead many people came, uttering many words, but both the people and the words were so very different. After the first blush, the first reconnaissance of the two Bigwigs between whom she sat, her eyes would stray and her ears would only half iisten to them. Indeed, half her ears, she soon found out, were quite enough to deal with Colonel Martlett and Sir John Fanfar. Across the azaleas she let her glance come now and again to anchor on her father's face, and exchanged with him a most enjoyable blink. She tried once or twice to get through to Alan, but he was always eating; he looked very like a young Uncle Stanley this evening.

What was she feeling? Short, quick stabs of self-consciousness as to how she was looking; a sort of stunned excitement due to sheer noise and the number of things offered to her to eat and drink; keen pleasure in the consciousness that Colonel Martlett and Sir John Fanfar and other men, especially that nice one with the straggly mustache who looked as if he were going to bite, glanced at her when they saw she wasn't looking. If only she had been quite certain that it was not because they thought her too young to be there! She felt a sort of continual exhilaration, that this was the great world—the world where important things were said and done, together with an intense listening expectancy, and a sense most unexpected and almost frightening, that nothing important was being said or would be done. But this she knew to be impudent. On Sunday evenings at home people talked about a future existence, about Nietzsche, Tolstoy, Chinese pictures, post-impressionism, and would suddenly grow hot and furious about peace, and Strauss, justice, marriage, and De Maupassant, and whether people were losing their souls through materialism, and sometimes one of them would get up and walk about the room. But to-night the only words she could catch were the names of two politicians whom nobody seemed to approve of, except that nice one who was going to bite. Once very timidly she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked Colonel Martlett whether he liked Strauss, and was puzzled by his answer: "Rather; those 'Tales of Hoffmann' are rippin', don't you think? You go to the opera much?" She could not, of course, know that the thought which instantly rose within her was doing the governing classes a grave injustice—almost all of whom save Colonel Martlett knew that the 'Tales of Hoffmann' were by one Offenbach. But beyond all things she felt she would never, never learn to talk as they were all talking—so quickly, so continuously, so without caring whether everybody or only the person they were talking to heard what they said. She had always felt that what you said was only meant for the person you said it to, but here in the great world she must evidently not say anything that was not meant for everybody, and she felt terribly that she could not think of anything of that sort to say. And suddenly she began to want to be alone. That, however, was surely wicked and wasteful, when she ought to be learning such a tremendous lot; and yet, what was there to learn? And listening just sufficiently to Colonel Martlett, who was telling her how great a man he thought a certain general, she looked almost despairingly at the one who was going to bite. He was quite silent at that moment, gazing at his plate, which was strangely empty. And Nedda thought: 'He has jolly wrinkles about his eyes, only they might be heart disease; and I like the color of his face, so nice and yellow, only that might be liver. But I *do* like him—I wish I'd been sitting next to him; he looks real.' From that thought, of the reality of a man whose name she did not know, she passed suddenly into the feeling that nothing else of this about her was real at all, neither the talk nor the faces, not even the things she was eating. It was all a queer, buzzing dream. Nor did that sensation of unreality cease when her aunt began collecting her gloves, and they trooped forth to the drawing-room. There, seated between Mrs. Sleesor and Lady Britto, with Lady Mallory opposite, and Miss Bawtrey leaning over the piano toward them, she pinched herself to get rid of the feeling that, when all these were out of sight of each other, they would become silent and have on their lips a little, bitter smile. Would it be like that up in their bedrooms, or would it only be on her (Nedda's) own lips that this little smile would come? It was a question she could not answer; nor could she very well ask it of any of these ladies. She looked them over as they sat there talking and felt very lonely. And suddenly her eyes fell on her grandmother. Frances Freeland was seated half-way down the long room in a sandalwood chair, somewhat insulated by a surrounding sea of polished floor. She sat with a smile on her lips, quite still, save for the continual movement of her white hands on her black lap. To her gray hair some lace of Chantilly was pinned with a little diamond brooch, and hung behind her delicate but rather long ears. And from her shoulders was depended a silvery garment, of stuff that looked like the mail shirt of a fairy, reaching the ground on either side. A tacit agreement had evidently been come to, that she was incapable of discussing 'the Land' or those other subjects such as the French murder, the Russian opera, the Chinese pictures, and the doings of one, L——, whose fate was just then in the air, so that she sat alone.

And Nedda thought: 'How much more of a lady she looks than anybody here! There's something deep in her to rest on that isn't in the Bigwigs; perhaps it's because she's of a different generation.' And, getting up, she went over and sat down beside her on a little chair.

Frances Freeland rose at once and said:

"Now, my darling, you can't be comfortable in that tiny chair. You must take mine."

"Oh, no, Granny; please!"

"Oh, yes; but you must! It's so comfortable, and I've simply been longing to sit in the chair you're in. Now, darling, to please me!"

Seeing that a prolonged struggle would follow if she did not get up, Nedda rose and changed chairs.

"Do you like these week-ends, Granny?"

Frances Freeland seemed to draw her smile more resolutely across her face. With her perfect articulation, in which there was, however, no trace of bigwiggery, she answered:

"I think they're most interesting, darling. It's so nice to see new people. Of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course you don't get to know them, but it's very amusing to watch, especially the head-dresses!" And sinking her voice: "Just look at that one with the feather going straight up; did you ever see such a guy?" and she cackled with a very gentle archness. Gazing at that almost priceless feather, trying to reach God, Nedda felt suddenly how completely she was in her grandmother's little camp; how entirely she disliked bigwiggery.

Frances Freeland's voice brought her round.

"Do you know, darling, I've found the most splendid thing for eyebrows. You just put a little on every night and it keeps them in perfect order. I must give you my little pot."

"I don't like grease, Granny."

"Oh! but this isn't grease, darling. It's a special thing; and you only put on just the tiniest touch."

Diving suddenly into the recesses of something, she produced an exiguous round silver box. Prizing it open, she looked over her shoulder at the Bigwigs, then placed her little finger on the contents of the little box, and said very softly:

"You just take the merest touch, and you put it on like that, and it keeps them together beautifully. Let me! Nobody'll see!"

Quite well understanding that this was all part of her grandmother's passion for putting the best face upon things, and having no belief in her eyebrows, Nedda bent forward; but in a sudden flutter of fear lest the Bigwigs might observe the operation, she drew back, murmuring: "Oh, Granny, darling! Not just now!"

At that moment the men came in, and, under cover of the necessary confusion, she slipped away into the window.

It was pitch-black outside, with the moon not yet up. The bloomy, peaceful dark out there! Wistaria and early roses, clustering in, had but the ghost of color on their blossoms. Nedda took a rose in her fingers, feeling with delight its soft fragility, its coolness against her hot palm. Here in her hand was a living thing, here was a little soul! And out there in the darkness were millions upon millions of other little souls, of little flame-like or coiled-up shapes alive and true.

A voice behind her said:

"Nothing nicer than darkness, is there?"

She knew at once it was the one who was going to bite; the voice was proper for him, having a nice, smothery sound. And looking round gratefully, she said:

"Do you like dinner-parties?"

It was jolly to watch his eyes twinkle and his thin cheeks puff out. He shook his head and muttered through that straggly mustache:

"You're a niece, aren't you? I know your father. He's a big man."

Hearing those words spoken of her father, Nedda flushed.

"Yes, he is," she said fervently.

The one who was going to bite went on:

"He's got the gift of truth—can laugh at himself as well as others; that's what makes him precious. These hummingbirds here to-night couldn't raise a smile at their own tomfoolery to save their silly souls."

He spoke still in that voice of smothery wrath, and Nedda thought: 'He is nice!'

"They've been talking about 'the Land'"—he raised his hands and ran them through his palish hair—"'the Land!' Heavenly Father! 'The Land!' Look at that fellow!"

Nedda looked and saw a man, like Richard Cœur de Lion in the history books, with a straw-colored mustache just going gray.

"Sir Gerald Malloring—hope he's not a friend of yours! Divine right of landowners to lead 'the Land' by the nose! And our friend Britto!"

Nedda, following his eyes, saw a robust, quick-eyed man with a suave insolence in his dark, clean-shaved face.

"Because at heart he's just a supercilious ruffian, too cold-blooded to feel, he'll demonstrate that it's no use to feel—waste of valuable time—ha! valuable!—to act in any direction. And that's a man they believe things of. And poor Henry Wiltram, with his pathetic: 'Grow our own food—maximum use of 'the Land' as food-producer, and let the rest take care of itself!' As if we weren't all long past that feeble individualism; as if in these days of world markets 'the Land' didn't stand or fall in this country as a breeding-ground of health and stamina and nothing else. Well, well!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Aren't they really in earnest, then?" asked Nedda timidly.

"Miss Freeland," rejoined the one who was going to bite, "this land question is a perfect tragedy. Bar one or two, they all want to make the omelette without breaking eggs; well, by the time they begin to think of breaking them, mark me—there'll be no eggs to break. We shall be all park and suburb. The real men on the land, what few are left, are dumb and helpless; and these fellows here for one reason or another don't mean business—they'll talk and tinker and top-dress—that's all. Does your father take any interest in this? He could write something very nice."

"He takes interest in everything," said Nedda. "Please go on, Mr.——Mr.——" She was terribly afraid he would suddenly remember that she was too young and stop his nice, angry talk.

The one who was going to bite went on: "Cuthcott. I'm an editor, but I was brought up on a farm, and know something about it. You see, we English are grumblers, snobs to the backbone, want to be something better than we are; and education nowadays is all in the direction of despising what is quiet and humdrum. We never were a stay-at-home lot, like the French. That's at the back of this business—they may treat it as they like, Radicals or Tories, but if they can't get a fundamental change of opinion into the national mind as to what is a sane and profitable life; if they can't work a revolution in the spirit of our education, they'll do no good. There'll be lots of talk and tinkering, tariffs and tommy-rot, and, underneath, the land-bred men dying, dying all the time. No, madam, industrialism and vested interests have got us! Bar the most strenuous national heroism, there's nothing for it now but the garden city!"

"Then if we *were* all heroic, 'the Land' could still be saved?"

Mr. Cuthcott smiled.

"Of course we might have a European war or something that would shake everything up. But, short of that, when was a country ever consciously and homogeneously heroic—except China with its opium? When did it ever deliberately change the spirit of its education, the trend of its ideas; when did it ever, of its own free will, lay its vested interests on the altar; when did it ever say with a convinced and resolute heart: 'I will be healthy and simple before anything. I will not let the love of sanity and natural conditions die out of me!' When, Miss Freeland, when?"

And, looking so hard at Nedda that he almost winked, he added:

"You have the advantage of me by thirty years. You'll see what I shall not—the last of the English peasant. Did you ever read 'Erewhon,' where the people broke up their machines? It will take almost that sort of national heroism to save what's left of him, even."

For answer, Nedda wrinkled her brows horribly. Before her there had come a vision of the old, lame man, whose name she had found out was Gaunt, standing on the path under the apple-trees, looking at that little something he had taken from his pocket. Why she thought of him thus suddenly she had no idea, and she said quickly:

"It's awfully interesting. I do so want to hear about 'the Land.' I only know a little about sweated workers, because I see something of them."

"It's all of a piece," said Mr. Cuthcott; not politics at all, but religion—touches the point of national self-knowledge and faith, the point of knowing what we want to become and of resolving to become it. Your father will tell you that we have no more idea of that at present than a cat of its own chemical composition. As for these good people here to-night—I don't want to be disrespectful, but if they think they're within a hundred miles of the land question, I'm a—I'm a Jingo—more I can't say."

And, as if to cool his head, he leaned out of the window.

"Nothing is nicer than darkness, as I said just now, because you can only see the way you *must* go instead of a hundred and fifty ways you *might*. In darkness your soul is something like your own; in daylight, lamplight, moonlight, never."

Nedda's spirit gave a jump; he seemed almost at last to be going to talk about the things she wanted, above all, to find out. Her cheeks went hot, she clenched her hands and said resolutely:

"Do you believe in God, Mr. Cuthcott?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The one who was going to bite made a queer, deep little noise; it was not a laugh, however, and it seemed as if he knew she could not bear him to look at her just then.

"H'm!" he said. "Every one does that—according to their natures. Some call God It, some Him, some Her, nowadays—that's all. You might as well ask—do I believe that I'm alive?"

"Yes," said Nedda, "but which do *you* call God?"

As she asked that, he gave a wriggle, and it flashed through her: 'He must think me an awful *enfant terrible!*' His face peered round at her, queer and pale and puffy, with nice, straight eyes; and she added hastily:

"It isn't a fair question, is it? Only you talked about darkness, and the only way—so I thought——"

"Quite a fair question. My answer is, of course: 'All three'; but the point is rather: Does one wish to make even an attempt to define God to oneself? Frankly, I don't! I'm content to feel that there is in one some kind of instinct toward perfection that one will still feel, I hope, when the lights are going out; some kind of honor forbidding one to let go and give up. That's all I've got; I really don't know what I want more."

Nedda clasped her hands.

"I like that," she said; "only—what is perfection, Mr. Cuthcott?"

Again he emitted that deep little sound.

"Ah!" he repeated, "what is perfection? Awkward, that—isn't it?"

"Is it"—Nedda rushed the words out—"is it always to be sacrificing yourself, or is it—is it always to be—to be expressing yourself?"

"To some—one; to some—the other; to some—half one, half the other."

"But which is it to me?"

"Ah! that you've got to find out for yourself. There's a sort of metronome inside us—wonderful, self-adjusting little machine; most delicate bit of mechanism in the world—people call it conscience—that records the proper beat of our tempos. I guess that's all we have to go by."

Nedda said breathlessly:

"Yes; and it's frightfully hard, isn't it?"

"Exactly," Mr. Cuthcott answered. "That's why people devised religions and other ways of having the thing done second-hand. We all object to trouble and responsibility if we can possibly avoid it. Where do you live?"

"In Hampstead."

"Your father must be a stand-by, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes; Dad's splendid; only, you see, I *am* a good deal younger than he. There was just one thing I was going to ask you. Are these very Bigwigs?"

Mr. Cuthcott turned to the room and let his screwed-up glance wander. He looked just then particularly as if he were going to bite.

"If you take 'em at their own valuation: Yes. If at the country's: So-so. If at mine: Ha! I know what you'd like to ask: Should I be a Bigwig in *their* estimation? Not I! As you knock about, Miss Freeland, you'll find out one thing—all bigwiggery is founded on: Scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours. Seriously, these are only tenpenny ones; but the mischief is, that in the matter of 'the Land,' they are—bar half a dozen, perhaps—about as big as you could catch. Nothing short of a rising such as there was in 1832 would make the land question real, even for the moment. Not that I want to see one—God forbid! Those poor doomed devils were treated worse than dogs, and would be again."

Before Nedda could pour out questions about the rising in 1832, Stanley's voice said:

"Cuthcott, I want to introduce you!"

Her new friend screwed his eyes up tighter and, muttering something, put out his hand to her.

"Thank you for our talk. I hope we shall meet again. Any time you want to know anything—I'll be only too glad. Good night!"

She felt the squeeze of his hand, warm and dry, but rather soft, as of a man who uses a pen too much; saw him following her uncle across the room, with his shoulders a little hunched, as if preparing to inflict, and ward off, blows. And with the thought: 'He must be jolly when he gives them one!' she turned once more to the darkness, than which he had said there was nothing nicer. It smelled of new-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mown grass, was full of little shiverings of leaves, and all colored like the bloom of a black grape. And her heart felt soothed.

IX

". . . When I first saw Derek I thought I should never feel anything but shy and hopeless. In four days, only in four days, the whole world is different. . . . And yet, if it hadn't been for that thunderstorm, I shouldn't have got over being shy in time. He has never loved anybody—nor have I. It can't often be like that—it makes it solemn. There's a picture somewhere—not a good one, I know—of a young Highlander being taken away by soldiers from his sweetheart. Derek is fiery and wild and shy and proud and dark—like the man in that picture. That last day along the hills—along and along—with the wind in our faces, I could have walked forever; and then Joyfields at the end! Their mother's wonderful; I'm afraid of her. But Uncle Tod is a perfect dear. I never saw any one before who noticed so many things that I didn't, and nothing that I did. I am sure he has in him what Mr. Cuthcott said we were all losing—the love of simple, natural conditions. And then, *the* moment, when I stood with Derek at the end of the orchard, to say good-bye. The field below covered with those moony-white flowers, and the cows all dark and sleepy; the holy feeling down there was wonderful, and in the branches over our heads, too, and the velvety, starry sky, and the dewiness against one's face, and the great, broad silence—it was all worshipping something, and I was worshipping—worshipping happiness. I *was* happy, and I think *he* was. Perhaps I shall never be so happy again. When he kissed me I didn't think the whole world had so much happiness in it. I know now that I'm not cold a bit; I used to think I was. I believe I could go with him anywhere, and do anything he wanted. What would Dad think? Only the other day I was saying I wanted to know everything. One only knows through love. It's love that makes the world all beautiful—makes it like those pictures that seem to be wrapped in gold, makes it like a dream—no, not like a dream—like a wonderful tune. I suppose that's glamour—a goldeny, misty, lovely feeling, as if my soul were wandering about with his—not in my body at all. I want it to go on and on wandering—oh! I don't want it back in my body, all hard and inquisitive and aching! I shall never know anything so lovely as loving him and being loved. I don't want anything more—nothing! Stay with me, please—Happiness! Don't go away and leave me! . . . They frighten me, though; he frightens me—their idealism; wanting to do great things, and fight for justice. If only I'd been brought up more like that—but everything's been so different. It's their mother, I think, even more than themselves. I seem to have grown up just looking on at life as at a show; watching it, thinking about it, trying to understand—not living it at all. I must get over that; I will. I believe I can tell the very moment I began to love him. It was in the schoolroom the second evening. Sheila and I were sitting there just before dinner, and he came, in a rage, looking splendid. 'That footman put out everything just as if I were a baby—asked me for suspenders to fasten on my socks; hung the things on a chair in order, as if I couldn't find out for myself what to put on first; turned the tongues of my shoes out!—curled them over!' Then he looked at me and said: 'Do they do that for you?'—and poor old Gaunt, who's sixty-six and lame, has three shillings a week to buy him everything. Just think of that! If we had the pluck of flies—' And he clenched his fists. But Sheila got up, looked hard at me, and said: 'That'll do, Derek.' Then he put his hand on my arm and said: 'It's only Cousin Nedda!' I began to love him then; and I believe he saw it, because I couldn't take my eyes away. But it was when Sheila sang 'The Red Sarafan,' after dinner, that I knew for certain. 'The Red Sarafan'—it's a wonderful song, all space and yearning, and yet such calm—it's the song of the soul; and he was looking at me while she sang. How can he love me? I am nothing—no good for anything! Alan calls him a 'run-up kid, all legs and wings.' Sometimes I hate Alan; he's conventional and stodgy—the funny thing is that he admires Sheila. She'll wake him up; she'll stick pins into him. No, I don't want Alan hurt—I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

want every one in the world to be happy, happy—as I am. . . . The next day was the thunderstorm. I never saw lightning so near—and didn't care a bit. If he were struck I knew I should be; that made it all right. When you love, you don't care, if only the something must happen to you both. When it was over, and we came out from behind the stack and walked home through the fields, all the beasts looked at us as if we were new and had never been seen before; and the air was ever so sweet, and that long, red line of cloud low down in the purple, and the elm-trees so heavy and almost black. He put his arm round me, and I let him. . . . It seems an age to wait till they come to stay with us next week. If only Mother likes them, and I can go and stay at Joyfields. Will she like them? It's all so different to what it would be if they were ordinary. But if he were ordinary I shouldn't love him; it's because there's nobody like him. That isn't a loverish fancy—you only have to look at him against Alan or Uncle Stanley or even Dad. Everything he does is so different; the way he walks, and the way he stands drawn back into himself, like a stag, and looks out as if he were burning and smouldering inside; even the way he smiles. Dad asked me what I thought of him! That was only the second day. I thought he was too proud, then. And Dad said: 'He ought to be in a Highland regiment; pity—great pity!' He is a fighter, of course. I don't like fighting, and if I'm not ready to, he'll stop loving me, perhaps. I've got to learn. O Darkness out there, help me! And Stars, help me! O God, if you are Bravery, make me brave, and I will believe in you forever! If you are the spirit that grows in things in spite of everything, until they're like the flowers, so perfect that we laugh and sing at their beauty, grow in me, too; make me beautiful and brave; then I shall be fit for him, alive or dead; and that's all I want—O God! Every evening I shall stand in spirit with him at the end of that orchard in the darkness, under the trees above the white flowers and the sleepy cows, and perhaps, if God grows in me I shall feel him kiss me again. . . . I'm glad I saw that old man Gaunt; it makes what they feel more real to me. He showed me that poor laborer Tryst, too, the one who mustn't marry his wife's sister, or have her staying in the house without marrying her. Why should people interfere with others like that? It does make your blood boil! Derek and Sheila have been brought up to be in sympathy with the poor and oppressed. If they had lived in London they would have been even more furious, I expect. And it's no use my saying to myself 'I don't know the laborer, I don't know his hardships,' because he is really just the country half of what I do know and see, here in London, when I don't hide my eyes. One talk showed me how desperately they feel; at night, in Sheila's room, when we had gone up, just we four. Alan began it; they didn't want to, I could see; but he was criticising what some of those Bigwigs had said—the 'Varsity makes boys awfully conceited. It was such a lovely night; we were all in the big, long window. A little bat kept flying past; and behind the copper-beech the moon was shining on the lake. Derek sat in the window-sill, and when he moved he touched me. To be touched by him gives me a warm shiver all through. I could hear him gritting his teeth at what Alan said—frightfully sententious, just like a newspaper: 'We can't go into land reform from feeling, we must go into it from reason.' Then Derek broke out: 'Walk through this country as we've walked; see the pigsties the people live in; see the water they drink; see the tiny patches of ground they have; see the way their roofs let in the rain; see their peeky children; see their patience and their hopelessness; see them working day in and day out, and coming on the parish at the end! See all that, and then talk about reason! Reason! It's the coward's excuse, and the rich man's excuse, for doing nothing. It's the excuse of the man who takes jolly good care not to see for fear that he may come to feel! Reason never does anything, it's too reasonable. The thing is to act; then perhaps reason will be jolted into doing something.' But Sheila touched his arm, and he stopped very suddenly. She doesn't trust us. I shall always be being pushed away from him by her. He's just twenty, and I shall be eighteen in a week; couldn't we marry now at once? Then, whatever happened, I couldn't be cut off from him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If I could tell Dad, and ask him to help me! But I can't—it seems desecration to talk about it, even to Dad. All the way up in the train to-day, coming back home, I was struggling not to show anything; though it's hateful to keep things from Dad. Love alters everything; it melts up the whole world and makes it afresh. Love is the sun of our spirits, and it's the wind. Ah, and the rain, too! But I won't think of that! . . . I wonder if he's told Aunt Kirsteen! . . ."

(To be continued.)

THE BATTLESHIP REMARKS

By E. S. Martin

I AM the Indispensable,
The sea depends on me.
Without my aid there can't be trade,
Nor can a State be free.
Whoe'er would plough the heaving deep
And realize his will,
My help must have, my power must keep,
No matter what the bill.

My ribs are stark: in mighty course
Steel bands my entrails gird;
With power of twenty thousand horse
My whirling screws are stirred.
With weight of twenty thousand tons
On Ocean's tides I press.
From ten miles off my artful guns
The foeman can distress.

Nor bale nor box my bowels hide,
Except my needful stores.
With nice machines my whole inside
Is packed, and men by scores.
No gainful errand wins me toll,
My cruises yield no pelf,
And though my bunkers choke with coal
I burn it all myself.

I'm built to stand a lawful shock;
I don't mind being hit;
But when my bottom touches rock
It jars me quite a bit.
I hate—my bottom's none too thick—
Things not discerned till felt;
Torpedoes do a dirty trick—
They hit below the belt.

This is my day. It may not be
A long one, but it's mine.
It may go on for aught I see
Till Mars takes down his sign.
Men groan, and say I come too high;
Ha! ha! What's that to me?
The Indispensable am I,
And boss of all the sea.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright, Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

Air I. The Hunters.

On the edge of a thick wood, warm in the golden rays from the west, a party of primitive hunters are in the pursuit of game.

Copyright, Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

Water I. The Net.

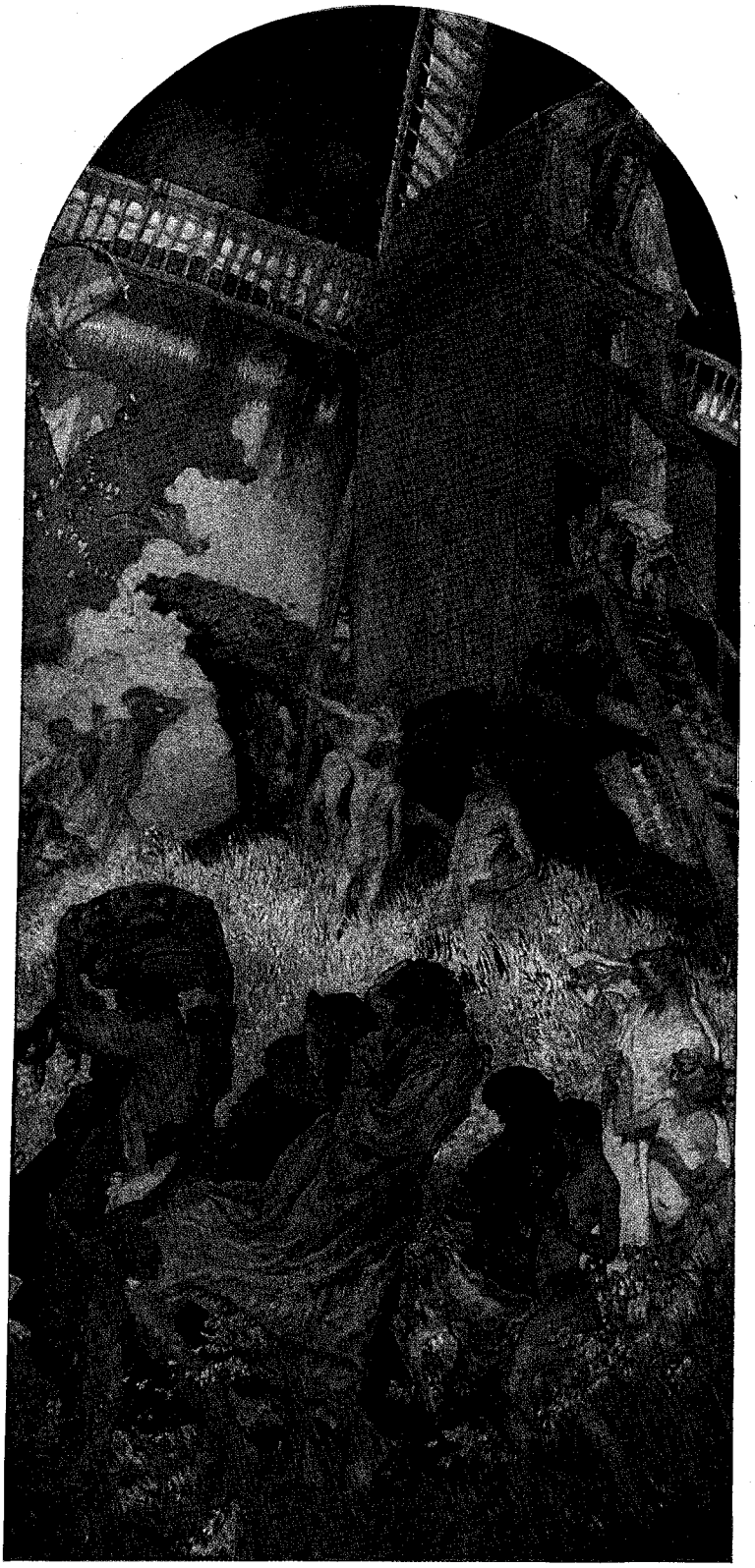
A group of fishermen hauling in the last net of the day.

EIGHT DECORATIONS BY FRANK BRANGWYN

FOR THE EAST COURT OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT SAN FRANCISCO

THE panels hang in an ambulatory that surrounds the open court, of which Louis Christian Mullgardt is the architect. They are placed in the four corners, one on each wall, where it makes the corner, and each measures twenty-five feet by twelve feet. The canvases reflect the spirit of humanity and of work. Mr. Brangwyn chose as subjects the four elements—Air, Earth, Fire, Water—each to be represented by two panels. With the exception of the general colors to be employed and the scale of the figures he had a free hand.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright, Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

Air II. The Windmill.

"The Windmill" is a living spirit, rising into the cobalt skies, where the gray storm-clouds quiver, reflecting in their midst a solar rainbow. The golden color of the wood that age and sun have brought is in delightful harmony with the deep, pure blues.

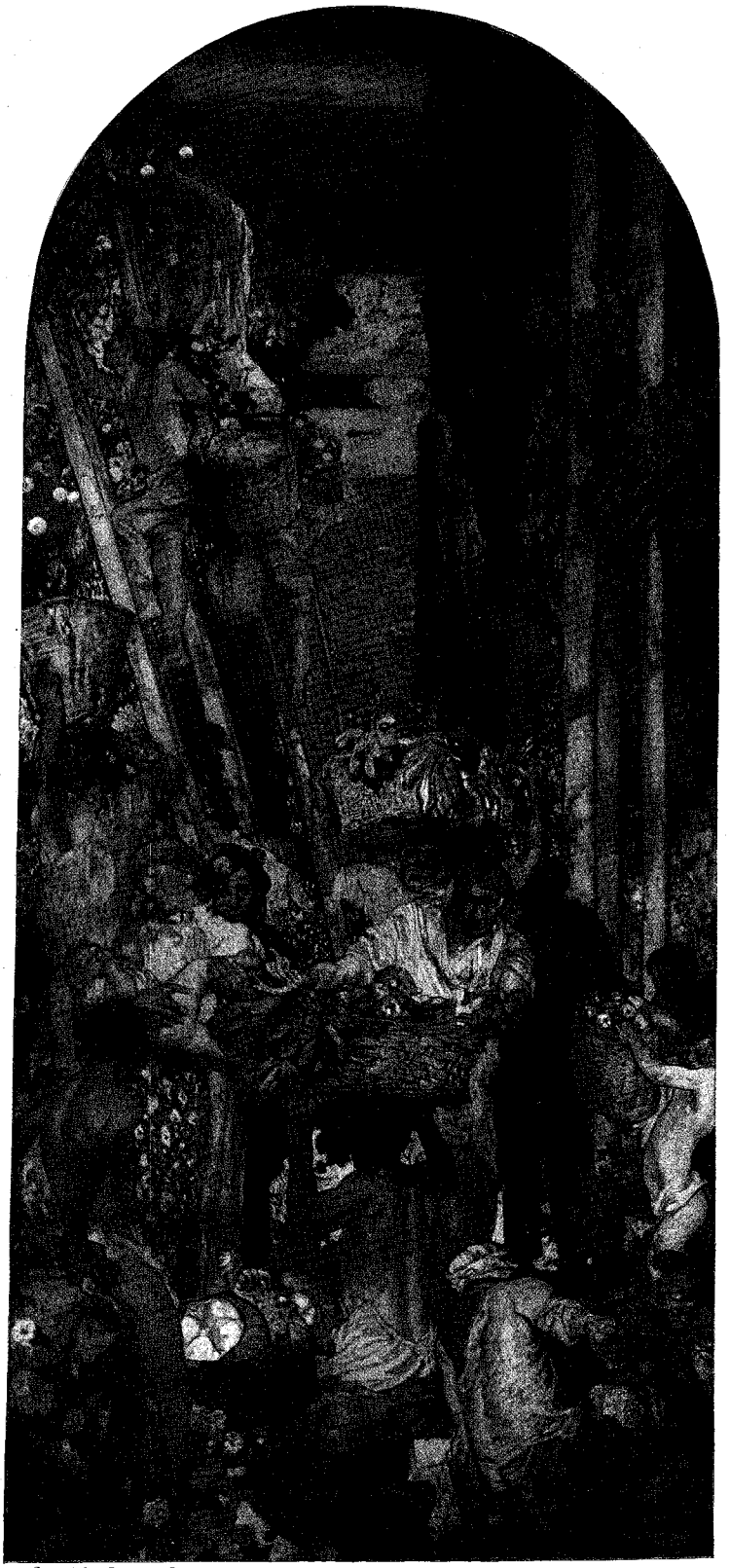
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright, Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

Earth I. Dancing the Grapes.

The grapes have been thrown into a great stone trough that is set in the soft shadows cast from the arbor of vines above; the dancers crush the wine-making juices from them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

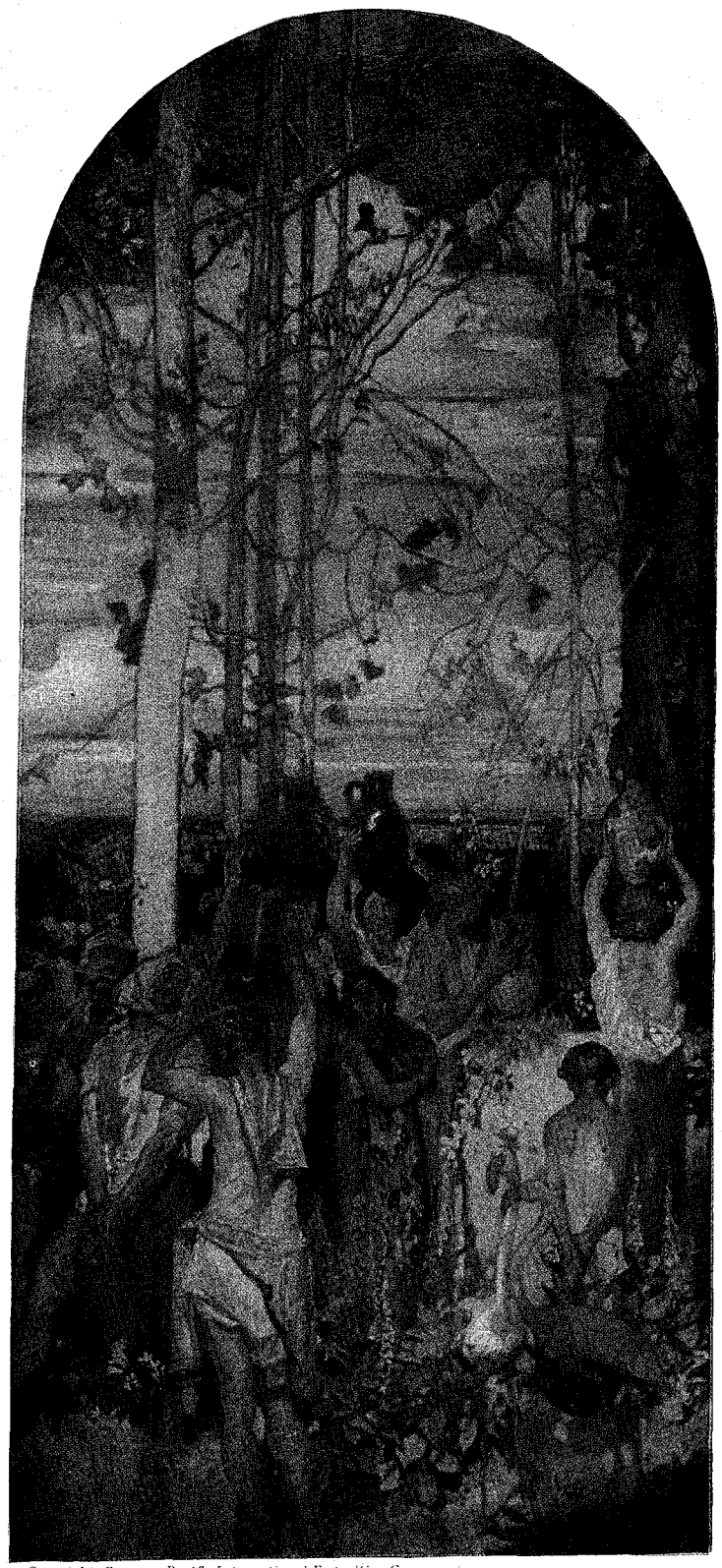


Copyright, Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

Earth II. The Fruit Pickers.

One of the charms of "The Fruit Pickers" is in the composition and grouping of the figures.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Copyright, Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

Water II. The Fountain.

At the fountain are grouped those who have come to fill their brilliant colored pots.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Copyright, Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

Fire I. Primitive Fire.

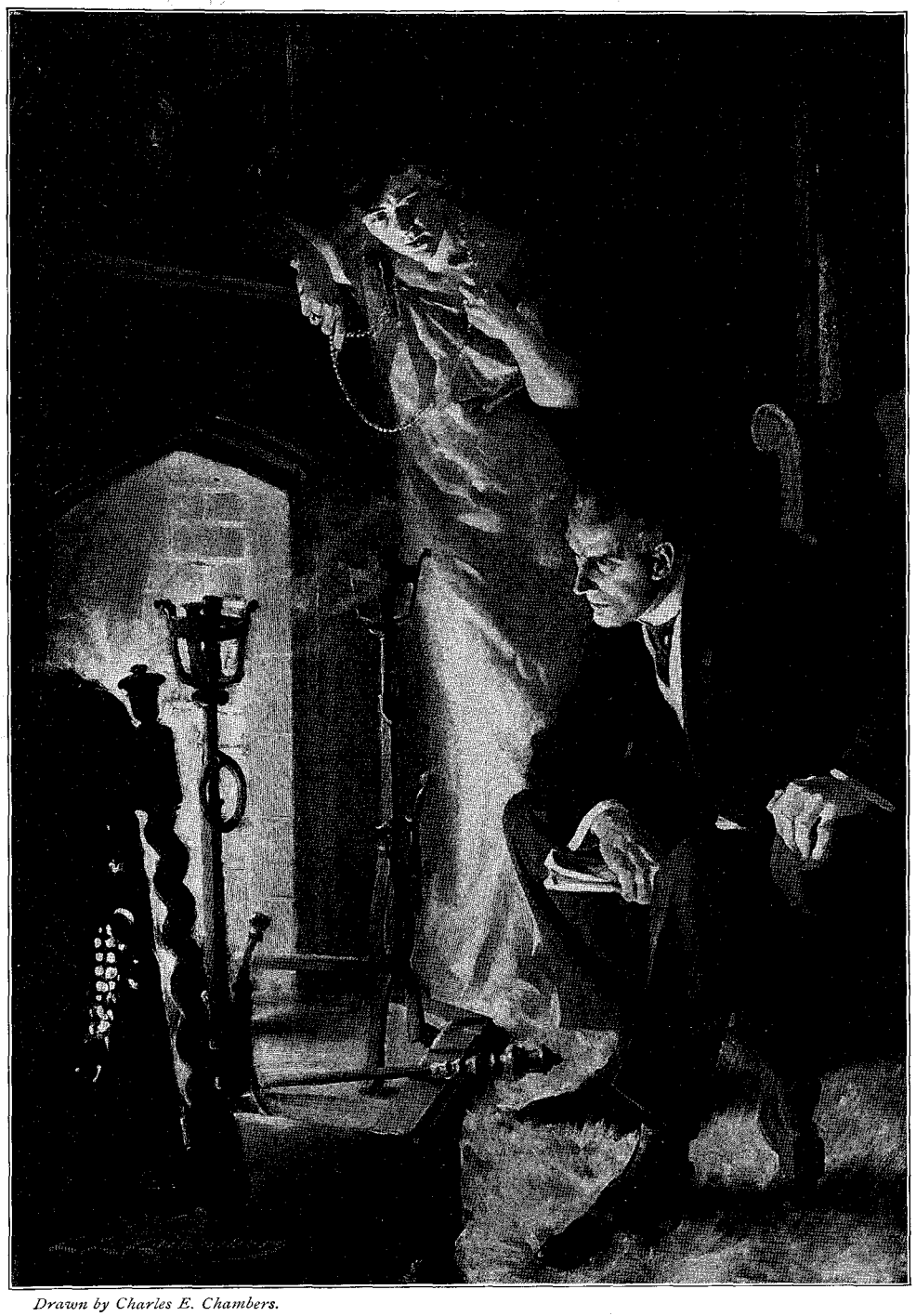
Copyright, Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

Fire II. Industrial Fire.

The dignified expression of this difficult subject of Fire is felt more, perhaps, than all of its other fine qualities. In the two panels we see how fire, restrained and nursed, is one of the greatest aids to man.

To view the series in their proper setting is to see how successfully Mr. Brangwyn has completed another one of his decorative schemes. Owing to the great reduction, these illustrations can but give at the best a general idea of the color and design. The spirit of the architecture he has placed in his paintings, giving them the charm and delicacy of the building, a feature that is the basis of good decoration. The subjects are not allegories drawn on classical lines, but expressions by a man who seeks among his brethren of this age, among their works and pleasures, for his inspirations, rendered not too boisterously, but in a manner that is pleasingly alive and straightforward. About the color and design that he has chosen to beautify these renderings (from the sunset hues and reflecting shadows to the fine orange-trees in the still-life groups that are in sympathy with Mr. Guérin's color scheme for the whole Exposition) there is that which is opulent and grand, harmoniously balanced, executed with masterly freedom. They hang as pure, wholesome art—fulfilling a purpose in that they decorate well and beautifully the fine East Court; having been conceived in a spirit of sympathetic understanding with the architect, executed in a grand style, they are another noteworthy addition to our decorative masterpieces.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Charles E. Chambers.

"What do you mean?" she demanded as she looked closely at him.—Page 181.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTHUR ORTON'S CAREER

By George Hibbard

Illustration by Charles E. Chambers

STANWOOD lowered the newspaper with a whimsical bending of his sensitive, shaven lip.

"He's coming here!"

The thoughts in his mind were so forceful that for an instant he feared he had muttered the words aloud, and he glanced rapidly about. Across the large club-room, with its luxury of furnishing, two members, deep in cavernous leather chairs, were reading sedately and undisturbedly. Therefore he had not attracted attention, and he turned back to the page of the old, conservative local evening paper.

What he had read was merely an announcement, with a heading of moderately large type, that the Honorable Arthur Orton was to "address" the political mass-meeting to be held that evening at the West Street Convention Hall. Though the fact was such a simple one, it aroused within him a feeling of unavoidable protest.

Stanwood's memory bore him back many years, as happened always with each recurrence of Arthur Orton as a fact and factor. He saw the drearily gaudy "parlor" of the small hotel of the obscure seaside place. There, after a more expensive month at Mount Barren, Mrs. Christopher Wynne had retreated with her daughter, and thither, as soon as he was able, he had hurried. With all the entrancement of Marian's witchery upon him, Stanwood, young as he was and in love as he was, felt himself forced to admit that Mrs. Wynne was indubitably a trying circumstance of a thoroughly regrettable nature. Invariably, when meeting Marian, pale and silent beside her florid and voluble parent, the world was in the habit of ascribing many merits to the late Christopher Wynne, assistant professor of archæology for many years at Harvale. Of distinguished Revolutionary ancestry—for General Roger Wynne was his great-great-grandfather, in praise of whose bravery Washington had sworn one of his historic oaths—Wynne had passed through life in a scholarly obscurity from which his pretty gift of after-dinner speaking alone had drawn him. That Mrs. Christopher Wynne undoubtedly possessed a rudimentary prettiness in her girlhood was always accepted as an explanation of such an incongruous alliance, though little credit was accorded her for any inheritance of beauty in the lily loveliness of her daughter.

"I call it a case of the maternal instinct rampant," said Mrs. Thurlow on the occasion often recalled by Stanwood, "and I suppose a great deal should be forgiven to that admirable but in this case exaggerated trait. The girl must be like her father." This was the statement always made in any discussion of Marian Wynne, however short. "Therefore," Mrs. Thurlow continued, with the brusqueness which her unassailable position and natural disposition led her to employ, "you won't be making much of a mistake in marrying her. You know, James, I was your mother's bridesmaid, so I naturally take an interest in you. Go ahead, I say, and bless you, my children. Marian is a dear, and with her really ideal beauty she will be snapped up before you know it. Indeed, her mother made no bones about the many chances she's had already. She gesticulated and positively wept, until I couldn't tell which were tears and which were beads on her bodice, at 'the child's'—as she called her—ridiculous indifference and criticalness. Why, she told me that at Mount Barren the most eligible men were positively running after her. Arthur Orton, for example, was perfectly mad about her."

"Arthur Orton?"

"Don't you know? He is that young man every one says has a career before him, is bound to be somebody great. He's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

just made a ridiculous amount of money in the West in some wonderfully clever fashion. He is in Congress, where, although he is one of the youngest members, he is already the chairman of some committee that usually it takes years to reach. Well, Mrs. Wynne assured me that he was positively at Marian's feet, and that he proposed again and again, but the 'child' would not have him." Mrs. Thurlow stopped short, and demanded with her usual directness: "When did you begin to make love to her?"

"In the spring at Vevey, just before they came back to this country," Stanwood responded, at once so disconcerted by the abrupt frontal attack as to be thrown into unresisting confusion in his answer.

"Well, you must have made an impression when your memory would lead her to throw away such a chance as Arthur Orton offered."

"Really—" Stanwood hesitated.

"Oh, Mrs. Wynne would not mind the fact that Marian could have married Arthur Orton being generally known. I rather think I was told for the express purpose of spreading it broadcast. You see, it increases interest in the girl and enhances her value, as her mother believes. It would help to bring you on. Mrs. Wynne is wildly anxious to have the girl married. I don't blame her, and if you are not a brilliant match you are a very fairly desirable *parti*."

No, as Stanwood readily realized, there was nothing which would appear coruscating in his availability as a husband in the eyes of a truly ambitious match-maker. The rental from the business property which he would inherit was large, as rental was accounted in the place where his family name was closely interwoven in local history. Mrs. Wynne, though, as a world-wanderer and European sojourner of many years, had metropolitan standards, and measured by these his fortune was inadequate. In time he would take his place in the long-established and well-considered law firm of Stanwood, Parker & Dent. The Stanwood dwelling on Mohegan Avenue, standing in old-fashioned, narrow-windowed simplicity, with the drive curving up to it from the gates in the heavy wooden fence, would be his. Was this sufficient in view of Marian's "chances"? However, with Mrs. Wynne's final wish, or in spite of it, his marriage with Marian had taken place, and in the succeeding years all had happened as had appeared probable. A fancy, moreover, entertained by Mrs. Wynne that the climate of lower California only enabled her to maintain a state of health which elsewhere would be delicate was not without advantage, as immediately after the wedding she had, with Stanwood's aid, comfortably established herself at Los Angeles. Thereafter her admonitions, together with her regrets in not seeing Marian, had only been conveyed to her by numerous letters, and Mrs. Wynne herself was not the frequent not to say permanent presence which Stanwood felt otherwise she would have been. That was twelve years past, and now——

The immediate disaster, as Stanwood perceived and confusedly admitted, lay in the fact that he was still in love with his wife. This, of course, was as it should be, and desirable even after twelve years. Still, something perhaps more of a matter of course would have been better, something requiring no more consideration or rendering itself no more assertive in every-day existence than the pattern of the breakfast china. As was the case, however, certain irrational moods were inevitable. Time and again he had experienced the same thing. Indeed, whenever Arthur Orton had "scored," the like haunting dread assailed him. Some unexpected encounter with the news would cause him to remember; and, if he were so forced to recollect, would not the same be true of Marian? For each time he saw Arthur Orton's name in print, would not she see it nearly as often? For every occasion that he heard it mentioned in office and club, must she not hear it in drawing-room and at dinner-table? What did Marian think? The contrast was unavoidable; the "deadly parallel" existed too clearly not to have often presented itself to her. She might have married Arthur Orton, and if she had— Each step of his phenomenal career would have been hers—all that his position and wealth could give she might have had as her own and in contradistinction— Stanwood considered himself often with discontent and hot humiliation. Would not a comparison between them be to his manifest disadvantage?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How many tidings of new triumphs for this man he had fallen upon in the last years. Always they had marked before the eyes of the world, and his, the advancement in a career which had presented an uninterrupted series of material successes. With each came to Stanwood the same shock, the same unescapable reflection, the petulant, satirical appraisal of the comedy and tragedy of the situation. Other men had actually opposing adversaries with which to contend. Others had demonstrable rivals whom they were striving to excel. Stanwood felt that for long he had struggled continually with some impossible ghostly opponent in a contest none the less exacting for this.

Assuredly, he had not been without successes of his own, but how meagre and slight they had been beside the important achievements of one whose name was national! Stanwood remembered that his argument made in the case of Ward *vs.* The Susquehanna Railway was highly praised by all his legal confrères, and with the fee he had given Marian the collar and rope of pearls. Orton, however, at once filled the newspapers for a month with the turmoil aroused merely by an interview on a topic of the day. The investment which Stanwood had made in outlying real estate had turned out excellently, and the portrait of Marian which he had ordered from the most famous of foreign portrait-painters in America for the winter had proved an artistic sensation. Almost immediately Arthur Orton, after some urgence, had been prevailed upon to accept the position of ambassador to Russia, and his success in the management of a difficult and important treaty had furnished more than a nine-times-nine-days' wonder. Stanwood, to his pride and satisfaction, had built for Marian the charming country house at Lake Ochica which she had so long wished to have. During the following winter Arthur Orton entered the cabinet, a prominent member of a brilliant administration, and the "Washington Correspondence" of every newspaper had been filled with accounts of the splendid entertainments which had followed one on the other at Arthur Orton's magnificent mansion at the capital. Such, Stanwood meditated, were examples of incidents of repeated occurrence. Again and again when he had won this or that small advantage for which he might justly claim Marian's admiration and praise, he discovered that he was eclipsed by the other. When the planning and labor of months had obtained some desired result, by some mere incidental by play, with the apparent ease of mastery, Orton had accomplished what had made his own achievements appear insignificant and of no consequence. In the juxtaposition there often seemed to Stanwood a mockery of Fate, and he experienced a consciousness of futile indignation at this continual defeat which he could not escape.

Stanwood had left the club and, dismissing the waiting automobile, set out on foot on his way home. He had always enjoyed the walk up Mohegan Avenue, at that time and hour. The late autumn afternoon was passing into evening. The soft haze, mingled with the twilight, gave richness and graciousness to a scene which was always pleasing in its quiet opulence. A line of motors stood along the curb awaiting members like himself on their way dinnerward. At the University Club at the other corner a like assemblage of cars was to be seen, their lights adding brilliancy to the prospect. The broad, tree-lined street lay in asphalt smoothness, with many vehicles moving along it, while on the walks the frequent pedestrians increased the sense of ordered animation. Through the windows of the big, massive houses might be caught glimpses of rich interiors where curtains were undrawn or were being drawn. As a part of it, as one for whom each of those houses held some agreeable memory, as one to whom there came from frequent passers cheerful words of greeting or cordial salutations given by substantial, important-looking men or well-arrayed women, and even pretty and modish maidens, Stanwood always experienced a consciousness of well-being. The world—his world—was certainly an excellent place. Yet on this evening he could not drive away the oppression of a certain dissatisfaction which had often beset him. It was the crumpled leaf in his comfortable if somewhat commonplace bed of roses, the one thistle in the clover in which his life had been passed.

During the days of their engagement long before, Marian had never spoken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Orton. This, Stanwood concluded, was only natural, for no girl, even to her betrothed, mentions voluntarily the suitor who has been rejected. As for himself, in his own immediate and unrealizable bliss, he had, for the most part, so broken away from all reality that any chance thought of what he had been told was momentarily lost in the haze of a scarcely present world somewhere below the empyrean in which he lived. Then, in the next few years, there had been nothing to recall Orton at all. When that personage began to take his place as a prominent actor in the unseen drama of Stanwood's existence, he himself had experienced a decided diffidence and natural disinclination in referring to him. Through the very consciousness of such enforced reticence, the predicament had received a new complexity, and from the knowledge that he strove to keep the fact in the background it obtained greater prominence.

Sometimes he was led to the belief that Marian experienced the same constraint. Once, when the morning's print which she held at the breakfast-table had contained particularly prominent mention of Orton, he had watched her as well as he could. He was aware that she was quite capable of appearing utterly unconcerned—as she did—for with all else, as he knew, she had exceeding social skill which she might well at that moment employ for domestic purposes. At least he could discover little in her apparently frank face and her ready directness of gaze. Would, however, the page which she read bring to her mind fancies of what might have been? When he had left the house, would she lose herself in regretful revery? Or might she not put the paper resolutely aside, which he felt must be as bad, striving to push it out of her sight as he strove to push the truth? Not that he had ever known reason to complain of Marian. As the world averred, the marriage had been an exceptionally happy one, and for once, as he knew, the world had been entirely right in its conclusions.

Certainly his case was not an isolated one. In married life the thought must sometimes arise of what would have happened if one or the other had willed otherwise. The wedding march means such an absolute turning from other ways that imagination with a husband or wife will exercise itself with the fancied vista of other courses. If ever the better is the enemy of the good, the assailment comes the most forcibly with those united by the conjugal yoke. For such arises with frequency the question in practical philosophy of how much less or greater are the evils one has than those one wots not of, and the temptation always exists, as he knew, to give exceeding value to conditions which may be so freely fancied. Rarely, though, was the conjuncture so directly presented as Stanwood feared that it must be for Marian. Seldom was a generally vague alternative brought so clearly forward. Was she sorry? Did she experience moments, hours, in which she wished that her decision had been different? There lay the point for Stanwood. This was what he felt driven continually to ask himself—what he did ask himself—the consequent doubt becoming the recurring disturbance of his day, the harassing uncertainty continually arising active and disquieting in his mind. That was the perplexity which had beset him since reading the newspaper at the club as in the same way he had many times before been beset. These perturbations accompanied him and involved him while he walked in an exacting self-argument in which beginning and end mingled without conclusion.

The dusk of the evening was deep enough to be undistinguishable from night when he turned into the walk which ran with the drive up to the *porte-cochère*. His mind was still occupied with the matter which had filled his consciousness when he admitted himself with his latch-key to the dimly lit hall where there was, however, enough light to display its discriminating sumptuousness. He went, after taking off his hat and overcoat, directly to the library in the new wing which also clearly evinced the prosperous status of the establishment. The rugs were good and unobtrusively valuable. The silver trappings of the writing-table were numerous and heavy. The number of magazines and books made it not only *de jure* but *de facto* a library. The apartment was unillumined save for the low light, just sufficient to make writing possible at a desk where a woman sat.

"I'm here."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"All right, Marian," he answered.

With the elaborate brass poker he broke up the fire. Observing that the ensuing blaze lit the room with a cheerful glow, he did not turn the button of the silk-hooded electric light. Standing before the grate, he waited, whistling softly.

"I was afraid that you might forget and not be on time," she began, with a measure of retrospective reproach as she arose and came toward him. The shadowed dimness in a degree hid her as she advanced, but even by the mild gleam of the flickering flames her beauty was made apparent. In the loose, lacy garment which she wore, almost Greek in its folding though not of Greek simplicity, she lost nothing in loveliness. Indeed, in all the glory of evening dress, in the full magnificence of ball gown, Stanwood considered that he had never seen her look better. She drew toward him rather like an amiable tragedy queen, as if Mrs. Siddons's portrait as the "Tragic Muse" had stepped out of Sir Joshua's canvas and approached for five-o'clock tea. Actually, she sat down on the arm of one of the large leather chairs and then, as she saw him more clearly, spoke quickly.

"Why, what is it, Jim?" she asked, with a solicitude which was unmistakably real and tender. "Has anything bad happened?"

"No—rather good," he answered deliberately. "That is," he immediately continued, with a doubtful wistfulness, "if my election as a director of the A. & M. Bank is good."

"Why, that's splendid," she indorsed heartily. "I am glad for you and I am glad for myself, for I am always glad when you are."

"Are you?" he demanded earnestly.

"Of course," she replied as if surprised. "When people have gone through as much of life together as we have, naturally they take an interest in each other," she laughed, "without—counting something else."

"Isn't it the something else that counts?"

"Certainly," she responded promptly, "when it's there."

"And we've had it there," he continued insistently.

"You know it," she returned. "Why do you ask that—at this late day?"

"I suppose," he went on absently, "just because it is a late day."

"Anyhow," she laughed, "you are a little late. Oh, you must go up-stairs to dress immediately. You know that we are dining at the Draytons'."

She paused, and began again suddenly: "Who—who do you suppose that we are to meet?"

"Who?" he asked indifferently.

"Orton," she replied. "He is so great now that no one says Mr. Orton or Arthur Orton any longer."

"Arthur Orton!" Stanwood exclaimed.

He sat down in a low armchair by the fire and gazed steadily at it.

"Yes," she continued. "It is an honor. It is one of the Draytons' very grandest dinners. He is to dine there, but has to go away at once to speak at this meeting."

"He is a great man, certainly," Stanwood declared constrainedly.

"Isn't he?" she responded while, taking up one of the volumes, she bore it to a bookcase. The darkness of the distant corner as well as the action which averted her face rendered Stanwood's scrutiny impossible. Unavoidably, he wondered how much her conduct had been planned in order to attain such a result.

"You—you have followed his career?"

"Of course," she announced, searching for the place of the straying volume. "I could hardly help it, with some new triumph to attract one's attention always."

Stanwood winced and, resting his hand on the arm of the chair, drummed noiselessly with his fingers.

"Oh—hang it," he said, and his voice, in which was not a little hopelessness, gave the mild expletive a startling significance.

With the association of years comes a marvellous knowledge of every spoken tone, of the meaning of each variation and inflection of utterance, so that she looked at him doubtfully, aware that he was unusually stirred.

"He is coming here and he is going to be at the dinner?"

"Yes—why not?" she said, coming back to the fire.

"There is no getting away from him."

"What do you mean?" she demanded as she looked closely at him.

"What's a man to do, Marian? I've done my best, and what's the use?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"In what way?" she asked slowly as she continued to study him curiously.

"I've kept still about it for a long time; always I've had a natural hesitation about speaking about it, but I can't help breaking out and down at last—with his coming here, with your going to see him to-night."

"Of course I shall see him, since we shall be at the dinner."

"I'd no idea of saying anything any more now than I have before, but there have been several last straws, and this is the last of the last. I've got to speak, if even in a way to defend myself."

"Defend yourself?" she repeated questioningly.

"Don't you imagine that I must have been thinking what you must have been thinking? Perhaps you did not know that I knew. I did. Long ago, just after we were engaged, Mrs. Thurlow told me."

"What?"

"What your mother told her. That Arthur Orton had wanted to marry you and that you had refused him."

"And that," she said slowly, "is what Mrs. Thurlow told you and that is what is troubling you?"

"Yes. This isn't the first time. I've had the trouble of it always. Remembering what he might have given you and what I haven't, and perhaps your regretting what you might have had."

She was about to speak but he went on before she could begin:

"A man must expect to have his poorer self compared with a possible better, even with an ideal best. However, there is a shadowy indefiniteness in that which is not so disturbing. The man flatters himself that there may be some mistake. But, hang it, Marian, to know that one is being tried in the balance continually against—something, somebody actual, and found wanting——"

He paused, making a gesture of despair which, however, in its very exaggeration betokened a consciousness of a quality of humor in the position.

"So," she said, speaking as if following her own thoughts and still watching him intently, "Mrs. Thurlow told you this—long ago—and—and you have been making yourself miserable with a kind of retrospective jealousy."

"Not retrospective at all," he maintained. "It was there, or the material for it plain and clear coming up in connection always with the very present. If you had married Orton you would have gone as ambassadress to Russia—would have had all his position and wealth. I can't help thinking of those things to-day, as I have of others on other days; and now that you are going to meet him again to-night——"

"I see," she answered, slowly nodding her head.

"I've been a slave to that fellow," Stanwood said feverishly. "I have tried year in and year out for your sake to keep up with him, but he's set such a devil of a pace with his career. As you know, there is no more successful man in the country. Where was I, a mere mortal with only the ordinary bits of what is creditable that fall to every-day industrious plodders? I've won what I thought would please you, and then he has come on with something which left me and my poor work snuffed out."

"Jim—Jim." She spoke softly, and putting out her hand held his for a moment.

"Don't think I have not recognized it," he went on excitedly. "You've been wonderful about it; not once have you let me see that you minded, that you thought me lacking, but I have felt it all none the less, and I have worked——"

"That is the reason you have been so—ambitious."

"No, I cannot say that. I should have been very much the same anyhow, I suppose. Still, it has counted. Away back in my mind unceasingly was the sense of what Arthur Orton was doing, of the way that he was building up his great reputation more and more, and the way you must be considering me."

"Would it," she asked slowly and gravely, yet with an inflection he could not understand, "be any comfort to you if I told you I have never in any of these years once thought of Arthur Orton?"

"Would it!" he exclaimed quickly. "Wouldn't it? I was afraid that you must be sorry that you married me."

"If I never have been sorry?" she asked with the same steadfastness, still with something of the same, almost mocking, accent.

That Marian had wonderful eyes was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

universally accepted as an established doctrine of the world in which they moved. Suddenly he realized the fact with greater force than ever before. Large and clear, with wide-open lids, they gazed at him in unfathomable darkness and with an inscrutable meaning which perplexed him.

"Never sorry?" he repeated in the manner of one hesitating to believe.

"Never, never," she cried as she bent her head, and her face was hidden on her hands clasped on the back of the heavy chair. At first he thought she was sobbing, but quickly he realized that instead she was gently, though almost hysterically, laughing. Then she stammered brokenly:

"Jim! Jim!"

"What is it?" he demanded in amazement.

"Jim!" she repeated, lifting her head, and he saw that, though she was still laughing, tears rose, welling on her eyelashes so that she winked them away and her mouth trembled. "It's—it's too grotesquely awful and—and too awfully funny. How can I tell you?"

He stood grimly silent.

"Jim," she broke forth, "can you forgive me—though I don't see that I am to blame. I never knew Arthur Orton."

"What?" he said in stupefaction, sharply taking a step forward.

"He was at Mount Barren that summer, but he was a very much preoccupied, industrious young man, already something of a personage. I don't say that he may not have cast sheep's-eyes at me momentarily from time to time, but he never asked to be presented to me and I have never spoken a word with him in my life."

"But then, what I was told——"

"I am afraid," Marian continued haltingly, "that mamma— You know her greatest desire always was to do what she considered the best she could for me. She was accustomed to make the most of all admiration I received, and I fear that immediately Arthur Orton's hesitating glances became a very different thing in her interpretation of them. I have known her to have a man dying of love for me only because he rushed forward to open a carriage door. When her version had received the augmentations and embellishment Mrs. Thurlow gave to everything, the tale, when it reached you, of course, was very different from reality. It was a very real game of Russian scandal."

"Marian," he spoke, standing beside her now and bending down placed his arm about her shoulder, "there has not been any Arthur Orton?"

"Not in the sense that he existed in any way for me."

"And," he said, with a sigh of immeasurable relief as he kissed her massed dark hair, "you don't feel that it has been so bad?"

"I am proud and happy, Jim; I have always been proud of you," she declared, and she reached up and put her arms about his neck. "You have made me happy."

Immediately she drew away, and he looked down at her, still resting on the arm of the chair.

"The only difficulty," he said at last, thoughtfully and with an air of puzzled diversion, "is that I can't help feeling that concealed somehow about the premises of the situation there is a moral somewhere which I can't quite discover."

"Why, Jim," she replied earnestly, "don't you see?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HOME OF HORACE

1912

By George Meason Whicher

The cold Licenza through the valley brawls;
  Unchanged the forest rustles on the hill;
The ploughman to his lagging oxen calls
  Amid the selfsame vines; and murmuring still
Adown the hollow rock the fountain falls
  To yield the wandering herd its welcome chill.
Each sound to him so long familiar grown
Even now the poet's loving ear had known,
  Could he but stand again within these walls
Which once the kindly gods made all his own.

Poor poet! who so dreaded lest his book
  Might come to be at last a schoolroom bore.
How would he mourn to see his cherished nook
  Laid bare, a prey for our myopic lore!
Sweet peace has fled, and prying eyes may look
  On crumbling step and tessellated floor.
Stripped to the garish light of common day,
The sheltering mould of ages torn away,
  Now lie the little rooms, where once he took
Long draughts of ease and let his fancy stray.

Languid Mæcenas left the roaring town
  To sip the Sabine in this friendly vale;
Here Vergil, white of soul, oft sat him down
  To hear old Cervius spin his moral tale;
Pert Davus, heedless of a growing frown,
  Plied here his argument without avail;
While each new moon would rustic Phidyle stand
To offer holy meal with pious hand,
  Pleasing her tiny gods with rosemary crown
To bless the increase of her master's land.

O! that far hence, in some dim Sabine glade,
  These stones, half buried in the kindly loam,—
Unnoted, undiscovered, unsurveyed,—
  Might but afford the owl a darkling home!
There might the thrush still warble undismayed,
  And timid woodland creatures boldly roam
Through broken arch and plundered portico
Which heard the poet's footstep long ago;
  That so no pang might touch thee, gentle Shade,
This worse than ruined house of thine to know!

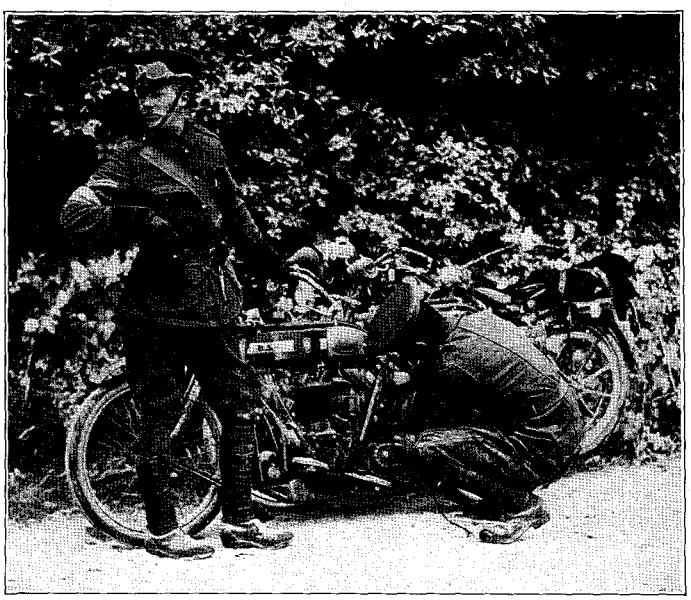
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MOTOR IN WARFARE

POWER AND SPEED IN THE GREAT EUROPEAN CONFLICT

BY CHARLES LINCOLN FREESTON

Member of the General Committee of the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland; Founder Member of the Royal Aero Club; author of "The High Roads of the Alps," etc.



From a photograph by the Record Press, London.

English motor-cyclist in France.

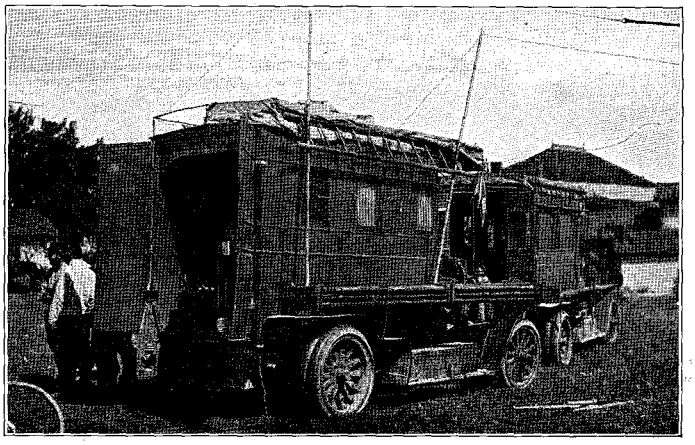
The place of the galloping orderly has been taken by the motor-cyclist.

"THIS is not a war of men. It is a war of machines." Such was the dictum of a distinguished officer when the great European war had been eight weeks in progress and it had become evident that the quick-firer and the machine-gun were the most potent weapons of offence on either side.

But the war is also one of "machines" in a totally different sense; and whereas quick-firers and Maxims, though more liberally employed than in any previous campaign, are no new things of themselves, the feature which is new and paramount alike is the use of the "petrol" motor in its every shape and form. Without it, indeed, history might conceivably have had to record another Thirty Years' War. With millions of men drawn up in battle array at one and the same time, to handle them effectively by old-time methods would have been impossible. Even before the opposing fronts were extended to their fullest degree in France alone, they were officially declared to have attained a length of three hundred miles, and one of two hundred and seventy miles in the east—figures which not only convey some indication of the stupendous size of the engaging forces, but even more emphatically suggest the tremendous responsibilities of the commanders-in-chief.

Nevertheless, although they have to deal with millions instead of tens of thousands, the commanders concerned have never had their forces so completely under

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph by "Topical" War Service.

Motor-wagons used in the French field telegraph service.

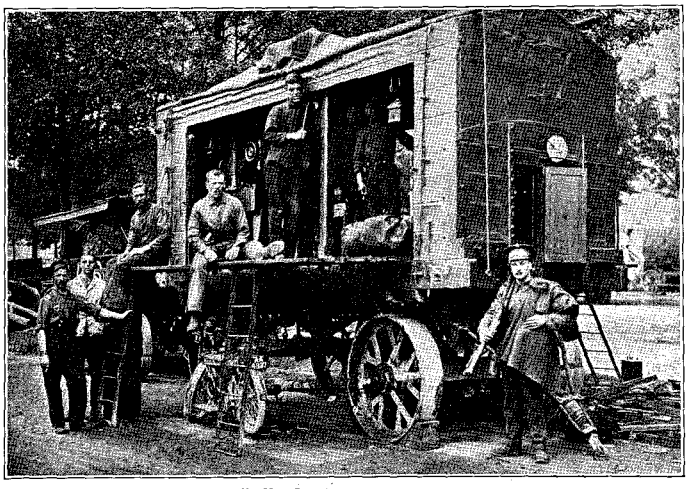
The British and French armies alike employ motor-vehicles in connection with the field telephone and telegraph service, and also for the purposes of wireless telegraphy.

versal presentment of the motor's utility at the seat of war to be viewed with aught but pride and satisfaction by the automobilists of the whole world. For years, in their respective countries, they have impressed upon the military and other authorities the indispensability of mechanical locomotion for war purposes as well as those of peace; and, though they have gradually gained more and more ground, it needed the war itself to demonstrate the truth of their contentions to the full.

But what a demonstration! Every preparation that had been made was instantly justified; everything that had been left undone became an immediate necessity for fulfilment. In England, for example, as soon as the British expeditionary force, with an immense motoring equipment, had been safely transported across the channel the War Office placed orders with fourteen different firms for

control; in every phase of the warfare, whether of transport, attack, defence, or supply, the keynote of the operations *passim* has been effectiveness of the completest kind. The motor, in short, has "speeded up" the war in a way that could never have been dreamed of by former generations. Never have the movements of troops been so rapid; for, instead of men having to wait for ammunition and food-supplies, these have been conveyed by motor-wagons which can travel, if need be, much faster than the armies themselves. Never, too, have the firing-lines been kept so continuously in action, for motor-lorries have brought up ammunition in constant relays; they have been driven right up to the very front, and shells and cartridges have been served out as fast as they were required.

Though of purely subsidiary interest, of course, to the vital issues concerned, it is impossible for this uni-



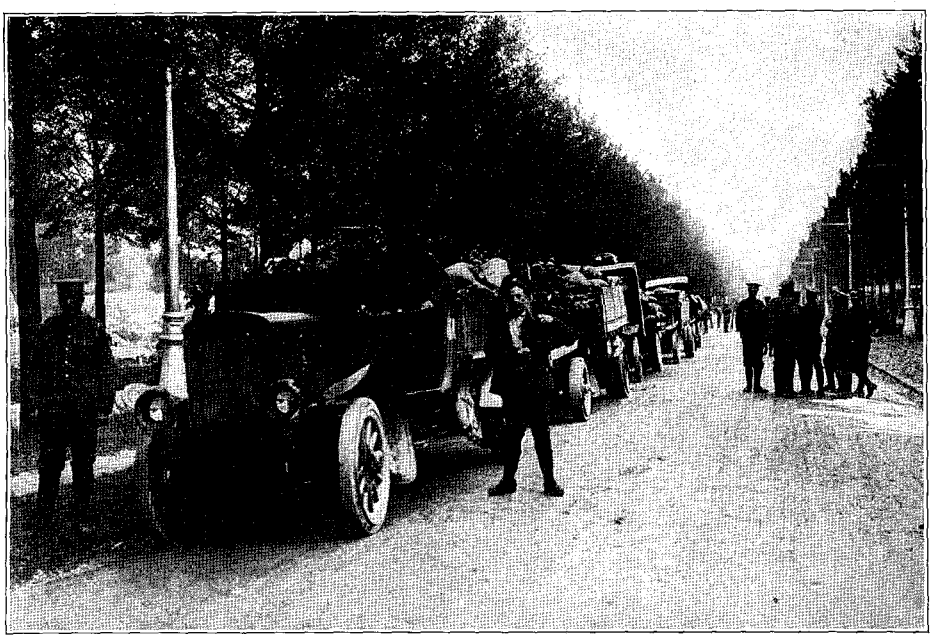
From a photograph by "Topical" War Service.

A British motor travelling workshop in France.

Travelling workshops . . . accompany the British motor-lorries, and have thereby contributed to the efficiency of the transport service.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the whole of their motor-lorry output for the next fifty weeks! In other words, new vehicles of this type have been issuing from the factories and shipped to the front at the rate of a round hundred a week. Before essaying, indeed, an analysis of the ways in which the motor has made its presence felt, in one form or another, I make bold to say that, out of all the attempts that have been made by novelists of late years to depict the thaumaturgic factors of the "next great war," there has been hardly any flight of imagination that has not been exceeded by reality itself in the present campaign, and the fact that "truth is stranger than fiction" has once again been indubitably confirmed.



From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

A train of commissariat's motor-lorries with the British army in France.

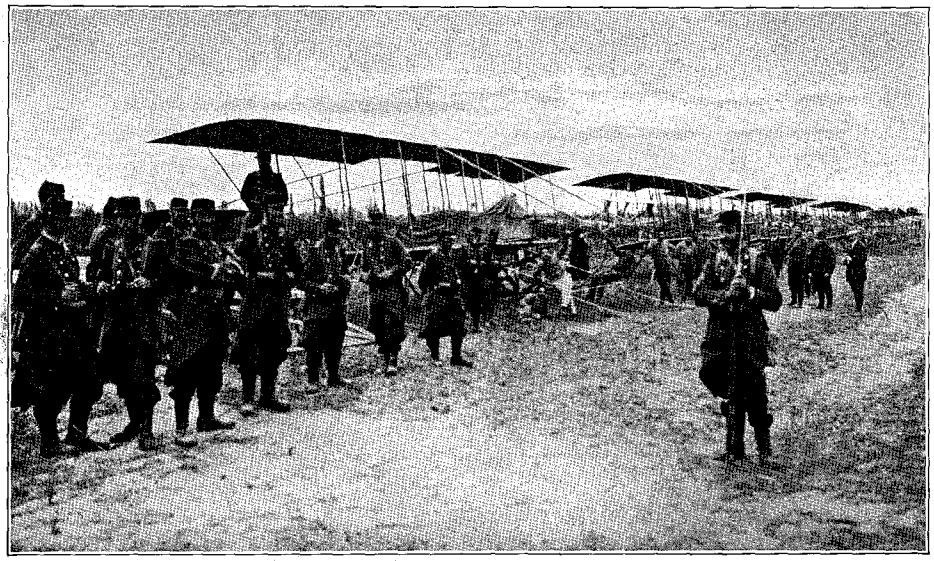
The commissariat has never failed on the British side, and "Tommy Atkins" has rarely been without food.

It is true, of course, that each and all of the contesting armies has pressed the motor into its service, and that its benefits have been of all-round application; but that is no more a reason for disputing the advantages of motoring equipments, on the ground of mutual cancellation, than for suggesting that a naval battle with submarines and dreadnoughts on both sides marks no advance upon the days of Trafalgar and wooden frigates.

Let us consider, therefore, the various ways in which the motor has been employed in this gigantic "petrol war," as it is already known in England. It is not too much to say that practically the entire control of the tactics on both sides has been carried out by means of motors, including those of aeroplanes, and the armies could no more have gone into the field without gasolene than without ammunition for the guns and victuals for the men.

In the first place, there is the ordinary motor-car of touring type. Among staff-officers it has been in universal use. In an hour a commander-in-chief, if he wished, could bring his generals up for consultation from points forty or even fifty miles away on either side of his headquarters, for on Napoleonic roads all things are possible. I have myself often attained speeds of over seventy miles an hour in France, and averaged sixty for long distances at a time; and, as a matter of fact, General Sir John French is using a similar type of car to the one on which I drove several thousand miles last June through Austria, Italy, and France. There is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

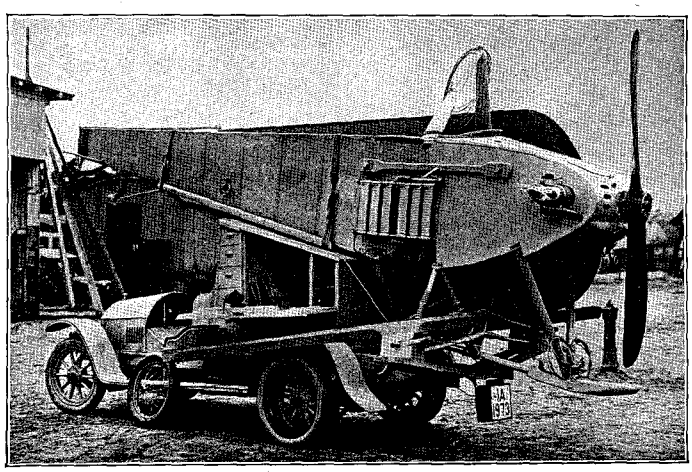


From a photograph, copyright by M. Branger.

A company of French military aviators.

nothing to prevent a commander-in-chief from visiting his whole line, if need be, from end to end; and, unprecedented as is the length of the opposing forces, the modern car has put the respective commanders in a more favorable position in that respect than in the ante-motoring days, when armies were relatively insignificant in size. How much to-and-fro movement the chiefs have found actually necessary it is impossible to say; but I do know that General Joffre covered over four hundred miles by road on the first day of the war, and on another occasion he was so near the fighting zone that his car narrowly escaped destruction. A group of shells fell all around the vehicle, and a fragment of one struck the bonnet, but the driver opened wide the throttle, dashed on at full speed, and both the general and himself escaped uninjured.

Cars, too, have been in ceaseless use in maintaining communications between Paris and the front, while Lord Dalmeny, on a Rolls-Royce, has made repeated journeys from the fighting-lines to the coast, en route for England, with official despatches for the King. The men who volunteered their cars and their own services at the outbreak of the war comprised the very flower of British motoring, and many well-known names, too, have appeared in the same capacity on the French side. Volumes might be



From a photograph by the Record Press, London.

Specially constructed chassis for carrying aeroplanes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

written of their adventures and achievements, but for the present the world must be content to wait, for no newspaper correspondents are allowed at the front, and countless deeds of daring go unchronicled.

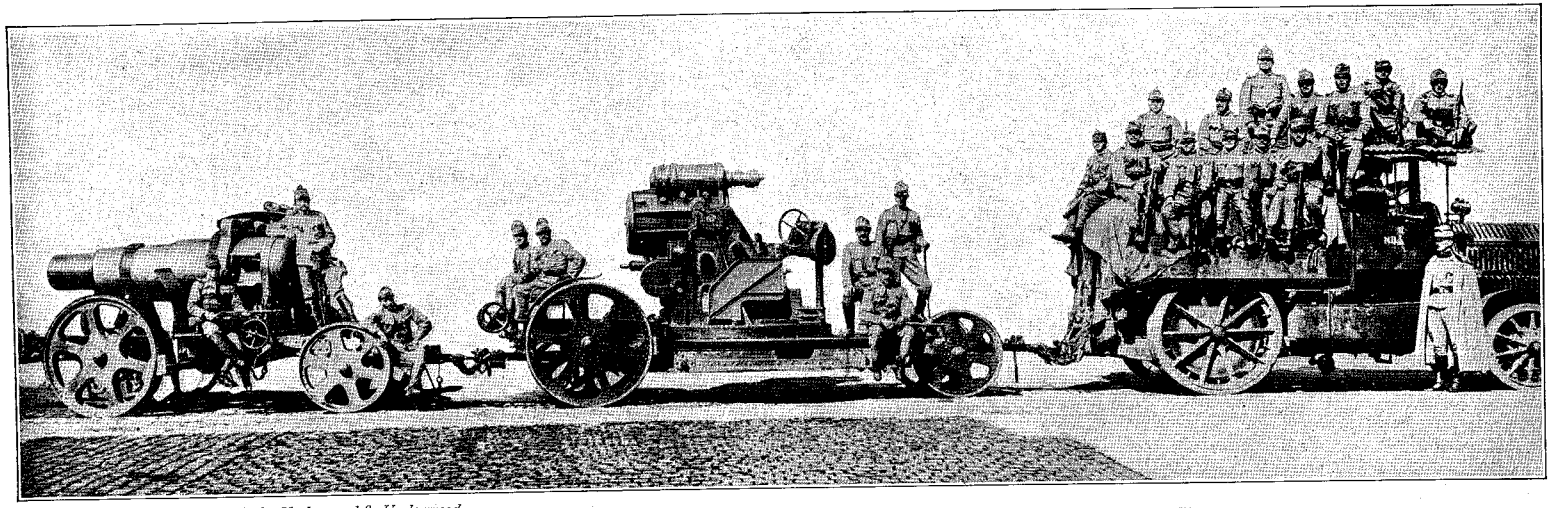
Especially significant of this titanic war is the total disappearance of the galloping

The commander of the Fourth Flying Squadron, British, receiving a report from an airman.

orderly; his place has been taken by the motor-cyclist. Among British officers, particularly, the motor-bicycle has long been popular, and, in addition to what the army could supply in the first instance on its own account, a large number of riders, many of them from the universities, and specially chosen as despatch-bearers for their skill and linguistic abilities, have been recruited from the volunteer element and sent out as required, the first contingent being a thousand strong, with a second thousand in reserve. Theirs has been the most active, daring, and dangerous work of any units of the forces, for they have had to carry instructions from point to point, often under fire, and generally under conditions of great risk. As the speed of their machines, however, is five times as great as that of a horse, and their distance capacities virtually without limit, it follows that their sphere of usefulness has been as vast as their services have been priceless.

Again and again have officers paid testimony to the extreme military value of the work of these plucky riders, who have enabled the allied commanders to maintain constant communication along the vast front from Belgium to Alsace-Lorraine. Individual acts of the highest bravery have been countless, but I may mention two as typical. A despatch-bearer ran right into a party of fourteen Uhlans. He braved them single-handed, drew his revolver, and shot down an officer and a private. The others turned and fled, and the motor-cyclist was able to deliver his despatch, which informed the corps commander that the Germans were in the vicinity, and thus prevented what might have been a disagreeable surprise. In another case, an intrenched British company observed in the distance a French regiment marching right up to a spot which concealed German artillery. The Frenchmen's fate was sealed unless they could be warned. Out jumped a cyclist, but he was promptly shot down. Another followed, and he, too, fell immediately. Then a third dashed out, bending low over his machine, and managed to pass through a hail of bullets unharmed and reach the approaching regiment just in time. The commanding officer immediately detached a decoration from his own breast and pinned it to that of the intrepid rider.

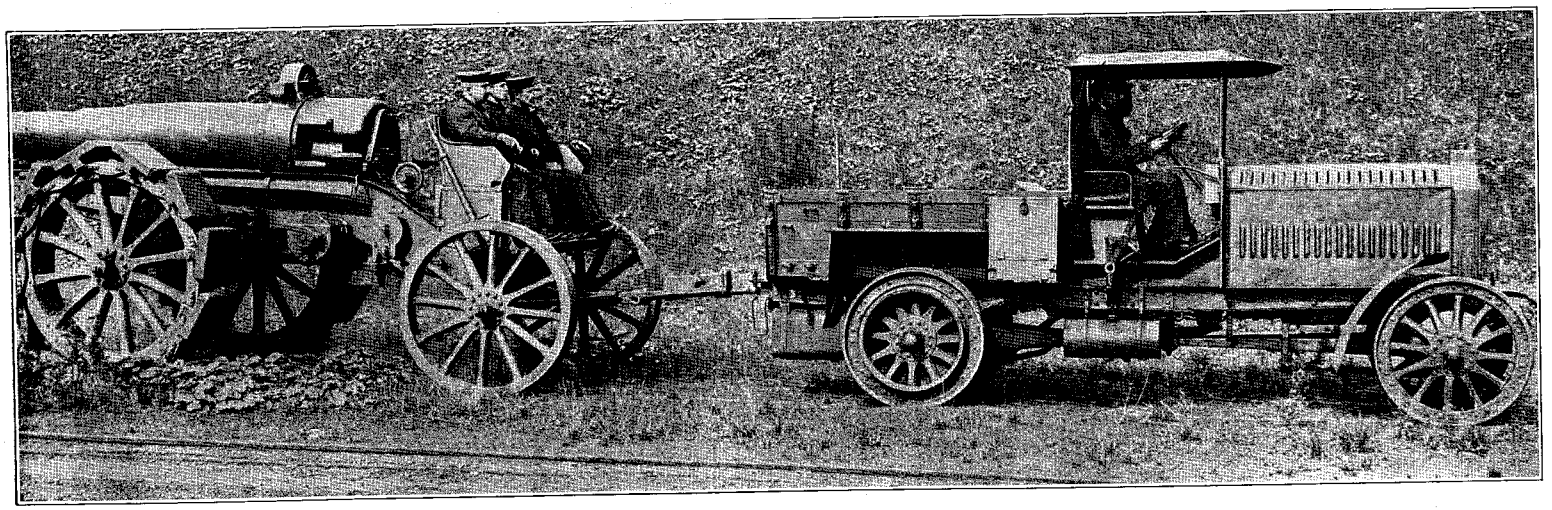
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

An Austrian twelve-inch howitzer.

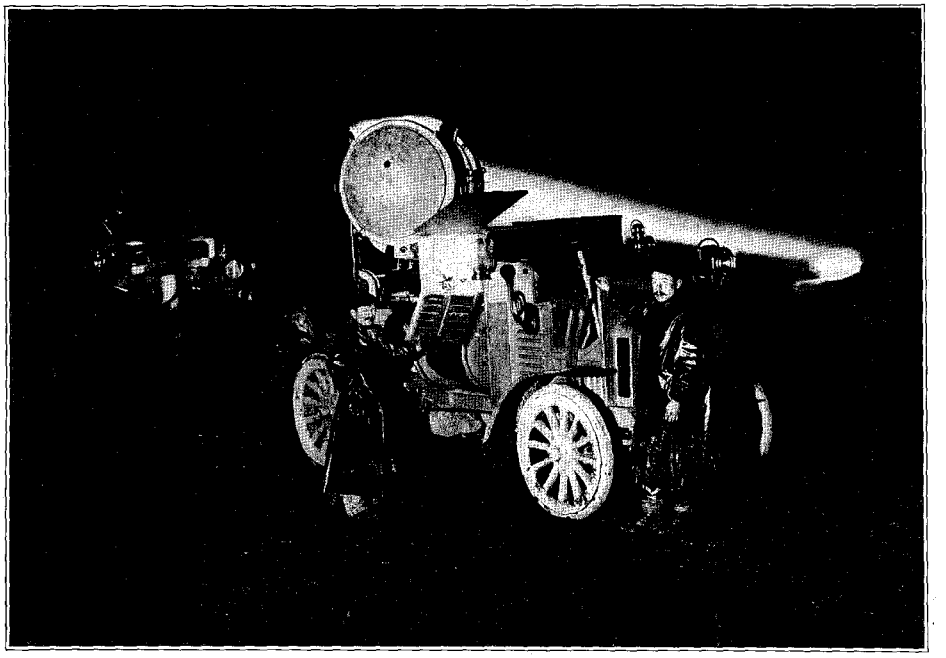
The turntable and sleeve and recoil cylinder and the gun-barrel are mounted separately and drawn by the tractor, upon which the gun detachment rides.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The motor-bicycle, indeed, is a vehicle of such remarkable efficiency, economy, and speed that personally I believe its use in warfare is capable of infinite extension. Just as the tendency of recent times has been to convert cavalry into mounted infantry, there seems no reason why brigades of motor-cyclist infantry should not be established for purposes of attack. Fighting is not all done on open plains nor in intrenchments, and, in view of the oft-repeated seizures of roadside villages by the Germans in Belgium and France, there must have been many occasions in which a swiftly moving company of armed motor-cyclists could have carried the position and put the enemy to flight. If attacked by cavalry, moreover, they could throw down their machines, over which it would be impossible for horses to charge without being thrown into confusion, during which their riders could be picked off. This, as a matter of fact, has actually been accomplished in the case of ordinary cycles.

Motor-cyclists have also been largely used as escorts for the supply-trains; and here, too, they have incurred considerable risk. One of them, the son of a well-known British peer, Lord Cowdray, ran into a troop of Germans, and, along with a companion, was pushed into the enemy's trenches. There they were treated with great brutality and in the thick of an engagement attempted to escape. Lord Cowdray's son was shot down and killed, but his friend succeeded in getting clear and eventually reached the British lines.



Portable search-light conveyed on an eighteen-horse-power chassis.

The illustration shows the cable on a drum behind the driver's seat so that the search-light can be operated a considerable distance from the vehicle.

And now we come to the vital question of ammunition and food-supply, without which no army could live a week. Imagination reels at the prospect of what would have happened to the opposing armies, operating in millions over such extended fronts, if they had not been able to count upon mechanical locomotion from the very opening of the campaign. It was this factor which enabled the Germans to make so rapid an onslaught through Belgium and France, until they received their historic check almost at the gates of Paris; it was this factor which enabled the allied forces to sustain the rigors of the initial retreat from Mons. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British equipment was magnificent. In addition to its own normal supply of four-ton lorries, of a special War-Office type, it had commandeered large numbers of five-ton and three-ton vehicles. The first-named naturally proved the most serviceable, a number of the hastily acquired wagons, which had already undergone heavy commercial use at home, breaking down from one cause or another in the first two or three weeks of the war. They were speedily replaced by newer vehicles, however, and it may be said at once that the commissariat has never failed on the British side, and "Tommy Atkins" has rarely been without good food in plenty. That an army "fights on its stomach" is a well-known military axiom; it was certainly adequately fulfilled in the case of the British troops, and what particularly impressed the French was the self-contained way in which they moved throughout, carrying complete supplies and seldom needing to requisition from the towns through which they passed.

From a photograph by "Topical" War Service.

Pegoud, the famous French aviator, in his military uniform as one of the French Flying Corps.

There is no reason for supposing that the French lines were not equally well served by their motor-lorry trains. Even greater secrecy has been observed as to the equipment of General Joffre's army than in the case of the British, and French papers have been all but barren of information throughout the war; but from sundry stray allusions in the English papers there is ground for believing that the French *piou-piou* has been well fed, and has fought in good spirits accordingly. The Germans could tell a different tale. Their initial motoring equipment was colossal in itself, but the whole scheme of supply failed by reason of the frustration of their scheme of stalking through Belgium and reaching Paris within a fortnight. The "quick decisive blow" was never realized, and, as the comfort of their "cannon fodder" was the last thing that Prussian autocrats had thought about, the German army suffered the pangs of hunger for days at a time. The Kaiser himself, however, had a fleet of fifty cars for his immediate entourage, including a travelling kitchen of special design.

From a photograph by the Record Press, London.

Sharpshooters attached to the Belgian Flying Corps.

Not by any means the least interesting feature of the "heavy-motor" equipment of the allied armies is the way in which vehicles designed for peace purposes have performed invaluable service. The British commercial wagons already mentioned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

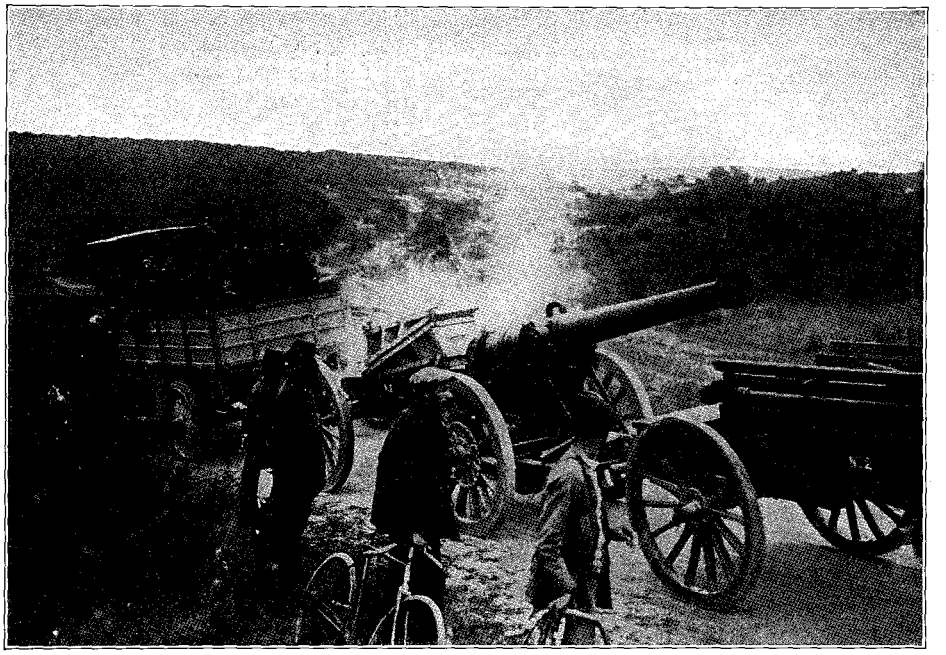
include railway companies' vans still bearing on their flanks the bright-hued advertisements of some seaside resort; while many others came from well-known dry-goods stores, brewers, and famous manufacturers. Most conspicuous of all, however, has been the part played by the motor-'bus. Several thousand employees of the London General Omnibus Company alone are serving at the front, and great is the variety of ways in which the 'buses themselves have been employed, whether in their original form or converted into motor-wagons. They have carried now troops, now ammunition, now food, and even wounded men, while in the bombardment of Antwerp they were instrumental in aiding the retreat. As for the French army, it has used large numbers of single-deckers recruited from the Paris streets.

From a photograph by Photopress, London.

British armored motor-car by the cathedral in Antwerp.

No less striking than the inestimable services rendered by these essentially unwarlike vehicles is the way in which it has been proved that civilian drivers, with no military training, can adapt themselves to the sternest exigencies of battle. They do not receive mention in the despatches, but private letters from the front afford innumerable evidences of the highest bravery. One British soldier, for example, testifies to the fact that food is regularly driven right into the firing-line and served out under a hail of shells. Another, describing a violent artillery engagement, states that the drivers of the motor-lorries worked untiringly, and undoubtedly saved many a wounded man who otherwise would never have got away. Nor have opportunities for valor been confined to the actual firing-line; even on the highroad there have been numerous displays of heroism. A lieutenant of the British Army Motor Transport, in charge of twenty motor-wagons, suddenly found himself confronted by a large party of Germans, whose chief officer stepped forward and demanded the surrender of the group. "Certainly not!" was the lieutenant's reply. The German officer retired and the British officer stood up, faced the long line of vans, and called on the drivers to make a dash for it. Every one of them, only a short time before, had been driving a motor-'bus on the London streets; but without a moment's hesitation they answered to the call and

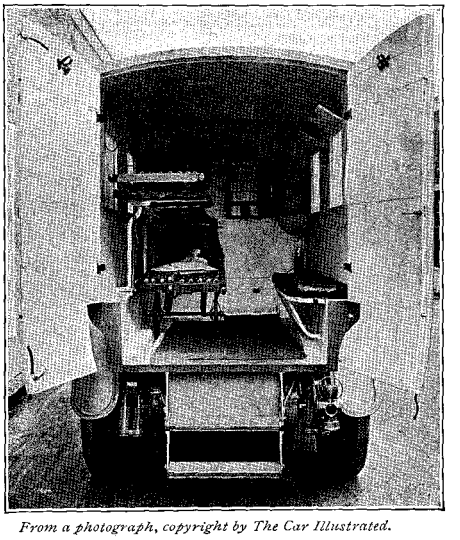
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A big gun, crew, ammunition, and food-supply hauled by a French motor covering ground in nineteen and a half hours that formerly took five and a half days.

went straight through the Germans, who were scattered right and left, and only succeeded in capturing the last wagon in the line.

A dramatic incident may also be described in connection with a group of half a dozen French motor-'buses, though in this case they were each packed with fifty soldiers. Just as they reached the head of a long descent a large body of Uhlans was seen ahead. The officer on the leading 'bus gave the order to charge, and the driver, opening his throttle to the full, sent the six-ton mass hurtling down the hillside, while the troopers opened fire from the windows. "Horses were hit and bowled over," the narrative proceeds; "the 'bus swayed ominously, its violent skidding doing almost as much damage as the rifle-fire from the interior. This daring act of the leader had broken the resistance. Spitting fire from the windows, the other vehicles followed with practically a clear course, for after an attempt to bring down the drivers and the officers the enemy fled across country, leaving several men and horses on the field."



From a photograph, copyright by The Car Illustrated.

Interior view of a British motor-ambulance.

Yet another department in which the motor-car has been supreme, and absolutely indispensable, in view of the numbers of the troops engaged, is that of rescuing the wounded. In this respect the equipment of the British forces has far exceeded that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of any of the other armies in the field. Although a continental war had been quite unexpected in England, a large equipment of motor-ambulances was provided at the first outbreak, and urgent measures were taken to augment the supply from week to week. Not only were ambulances required, of course, at the front, but large numbers were provided for conveying British and Belgian wounded to hospitals on arrival in England. When it was supposed that the service was complete, there came the news that the French troops were insufficiently supplied, despite the generous help of the American community, and further ambulances were despatched to Paris, to meet the pressing need of conveying wounded from the field-hospitals to the more elaborate establishments in the French capital itself. Great suffering had been endured, meanwhile, by wounded men lying on the floors of vans, condemned to many weary hours of jolting in trains on congested lines; in fact, it was said that the trains took from ten to twenty hours to do journeys which could be done in two or three by motor-cars. According to a correspondent, however, of a Paris daily, the British ambulances represented the "last word in comfort," and I know that many were not only specially built as regards the bodies, including six to the order of the American Women's War Relief Fund, but were attached to chassis of the most expensive type. A volunteer corps was also raised in England, pledged to work on the firing-line itself and rescue wounded who might otherwise have been left to die upon the field of battle.

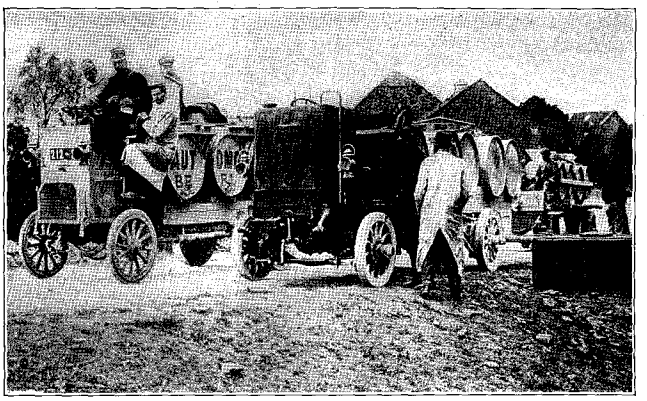
From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Motor-'buses with the French army which were formerly used on the streets of Paris.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the invaluable work rendered by the motor-ambulances and the brave men and women of the Red Cross service, for never before have they had to work under similar conditions. There is overwhelming evidence of the fact that not only have the Germans never scrupled to fire upon the wounded, and upon doctors and nurses actually engaged in succor—a whole ambulance company was blown to pieces while crossing the Aisne—but they have even abused the Red Cross to the extent of arming their own ambulance corps, killing wounded men, and disguising officers as doctors with the object of obtaining access to the enemy's lines and carrying back useful information to their own.

So far we have considered the forms

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



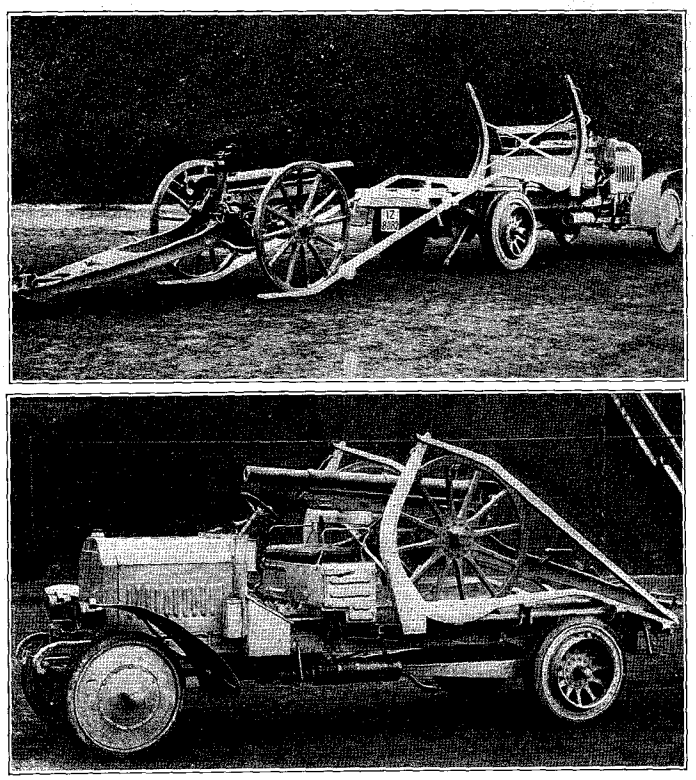
From a photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

Motor-driven trucks, which follow in the wake of the French army, carrying tanks of pure drinking-water.

in which motor-vehicles have been employed in considerable numbers, but various other directions may be indicated in which the gasolene motor has played its part. Travelling workshops, for example, accompany the British motor-lorries, and have thereby materially contributed to the efficiency of the transport service. The French army has for several years past made a feature at its annual manœuvres of the use of portable search-lights conveyed on eighteen-horse-power chassis. Each of these carries a long length of cable on a drum behind the driver's seat, so that the search-light can be put into operation a considerable distance away from the vehicle itself. The French started the war, therefore, with a serviceable equipment of these useful combinations, and a large number were subsequently ordered for the British and Belgian forces also.

The British and French armies alike employ motor-vehicles in connection with the field telephone and telegraph service, and also for the purposes of wireless telegraphy.

A type of machine of which the use is confined to the German army is the motor-plough, designed for trench-cutting purposes. There are no means of ascertaining as to what extent this has been employed, but I know definitely that the machine exists as a type, for a friend of my own, who was in Germany not long before the war broke out, saw a number of these mechanical ploughs in a large automobile manufactory, and noted that they were fitted with engines of no less than two hun-

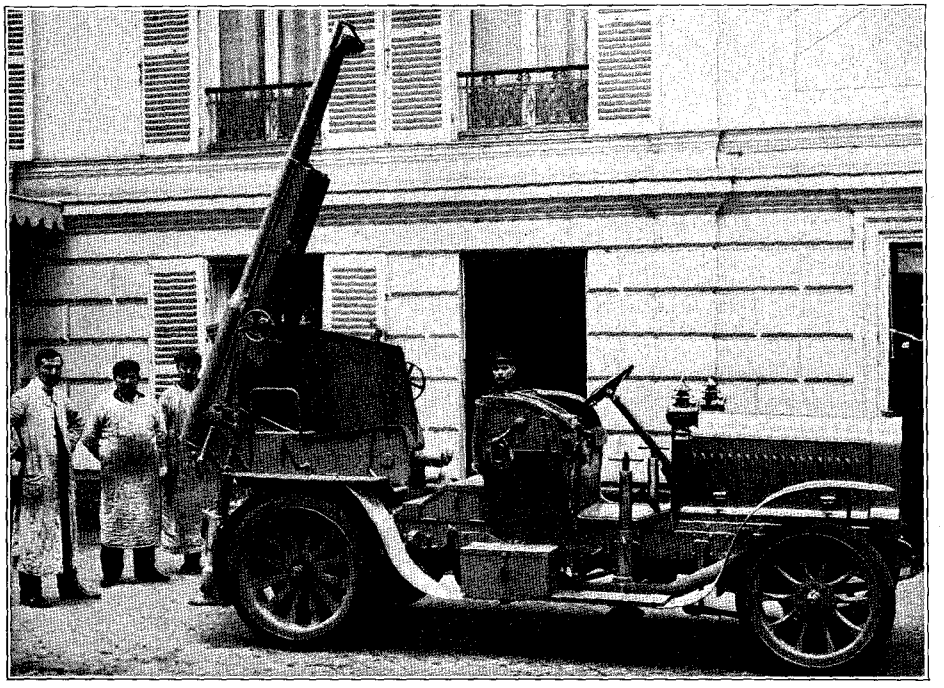


From photographs by the Record Press, London.

A Krupp gun, showing the method of dismounting and carriage.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dred horse-power. They are capable of cutting a trench four feet wide by four feet deep, and can even be used for the grewsome purpose of burying the dead! The German military motor-cars are also specially equipped with wire-cutters, consisting of a framework of light steel which protects the lamps and extends over the heads of the occupants themselves. If wires are stretched across the road at night, at a height which would otherwise decapitate the driver, they are caught up by the apparatus in question and severed by a cutting edge.



The famous French seventy-five-millimetre breech-loader, high-angle gun.
The gun can be elevated to an angle of seventy degrees with the horizon. It is mounted upon a twenty-five horse-power De Dion chassis.

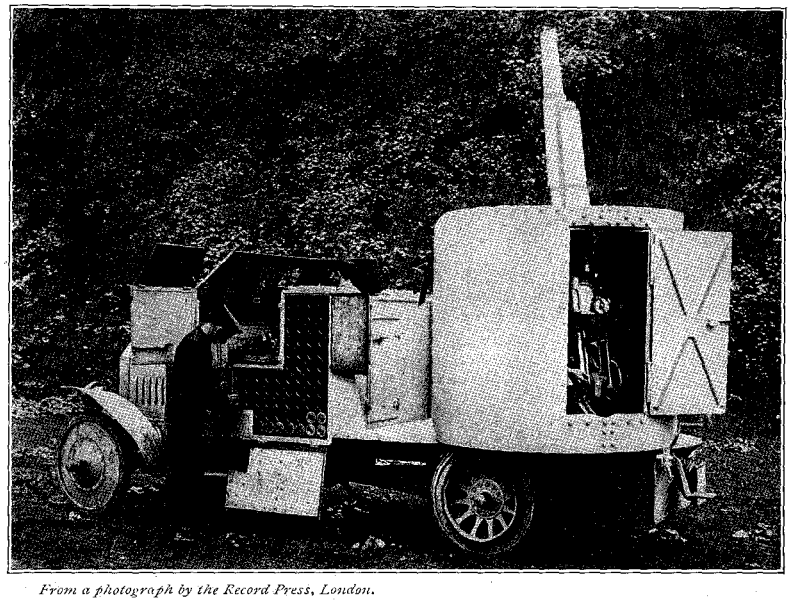
The use of the motor-car for offensive purposes has been more limited, on the whole, than might have been expected. The Germans have done some amount of gun-hauling by car, while their famous 16.4 siege-guns are divided into four sections, each of which is drawn by three traction-engines, usually of British make. The French have used motor-wagons to some extent for the combined purpose of gun-hauling and transport.

French and Germans alike have a certain number of high-angle guns, mounted on automobile chassis, for use against aircraft. A typical French example is shown on this page. The gun is one of the famous seventy-five-millimetre breech-loaders, and can be elevated to an angle of seventy degrees with the horizon. It is mounted upon a twenty-five horse-power De Dion chassis. The German aircraft-guns are mounted on armored chassis, the ammunition being stored in a large receptacle behind the front seat.

What the war has taught us more than anything else, perhaps, is the value of the fast-moving armored car with light guns. The Germans had provided themselves with large numbers of these before they invaded Belgium, and invariably sent them along the road as an advance-guard, effectually terrorizing the inhabitants and clearing the way for cavalry and troops. Belgium had nothing at first to withstand these raids, but set to work to build armored cars of its own, on native and American chassis, and these were increasing rapidly in number before the final laying

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

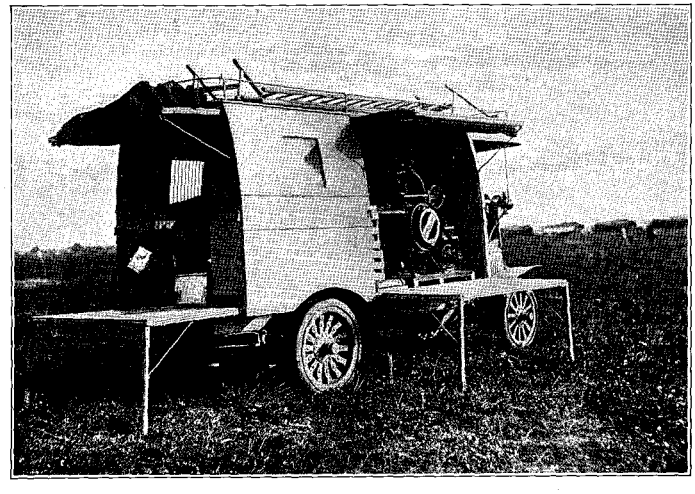
waste of that unhappy country. When the Germans came to grips with the allied armies in France they used their armored cars for the purpose of stealing along the roads at night until they located the trenches, and then, by the flashing of electric torches, directed the fire of their own artillery.



From a photograph by the Record Press, London.

A German motor-car showing a high-angle gun in position with ammunition-cases open on the side.

The French equipment has only included a few armored cars, while the English army started with none. An interesting development, however, was forthcoming a few weeks after the war broke out, when the British Admiralty was found to have provided the Royal Naval Division, working with the naval wing of the Royal Flying Corps, with a fleet of sixty armored cars of a new and very powerful type. At the time when these were despatched to the Continent there were many more of the same kind on order. Most of them were fitted with three machine-guns, capable of firing six hundred rounds a minute, and carried eight men per car; but even with this load they could exceed forty miles an hour. Although little or nothing has been reported of their achievements, I know that these cars have done deadly execution, their drivers thinking nothing of



An aeroplane repair-shop.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scattering whole columns of German troops, and one of them dashed through the line of fire and rescued three airmen whose aeroplanes had been brought down.

Sundry faults of construction, however, were disclosed in the first batch, as the result of experiences in the Antwerp region, and the later patterns built to the Admiralty's order have been less heavily loaded with armor. The frames, too, have been stiffened and twin-wheels have been fitted to the rear, while the tires employed are neither pneumatic nor ordinary solids, but of the rubber-filled type. With a single machine-gun weighing two hundred pounds, and about one thousand eight hundred pounds of armor-plating, the total weight is not beyond the capacity of a touring chassis, duly reinforced, to support, and the Admiralty policy of associating high speed with the power of attack will, I believe, be justified in the long run.

The British War Office made a move, at a later date, in favor of armored cars, but of a very different type. They are more heavily protected than the Admiralty vehicles, and motor-lorry chassis are employed accordingly, with solid tires. Inevitably, they are not capable of the same degree of dash which their Admiralty rivals can display, but even a motor-lorry is twice as speedy as a horse and could easily outpace cavalry. It is not difficult to imagine situations, of course, in which the robuster form of armored car will score over the faster and lighter vehicle, but it will be none the less instructive, when the great war is over, to learn which type has placed the greater number of successes to its credit.

From a photograph, copyright by Brown Brothers.

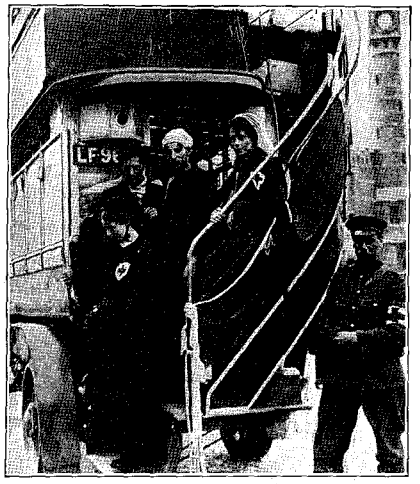
A German motor-car with a gun designed for the destruction of air-ships.

It might be interesting, from the statistical point of view, if one could give in precise figures the total motoring equipment of the respective armies, but this is entirely impossible. All alike are using the automobile wherever and whenever possible; even the Russian army set off with a motoring equipment, to the astonishment of an Austrian attaché who inquired, just before he left Petrograd, why, considering that the roads of Russia were mostly bad, it was thought that the cars would be of any use. His query was met with the rejoinder: "Yes, but yours are good!" Since then the Russian Government has ordered large numbers of both cars and motor-bicycles from English factories. At a very moderate estimate I should put the total number of motor-vehicles now in service at something like a hundred thousand; but, whatever the exact figure may be, it is daily on the up-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grade, for the continued supplies of new vehicles are far in excess of those which are put out of action from time to time.

A final word must be accorded to that form of motor which is represented by the aeroplane. The subject could only be dealt with adequately in a separate article, but I may say here that the use of air-craft has exceeded, in its results, the most sanguine expectations of early enthusiasts, among whom, as a founder member of the Royal Aero Club of Great Britain, I may include myself. Everywhere the airman has been supreme, and the British Flying Corps alone has made reconnaissances equivalent in mileage to many circuits of the globe. No hostile army has been able to make a sudden or unexpected change of position without its movement being detected from afar, and secret operations, unless very remote from the front, have proved impossible; gun-fire has been the more effectual because aviators have located the enemy's concealed artillery and signalled directions to their own; and, in short, in proportion to their numbers, the flying men have carried off the premier honors of the war on both sides alike. What with automobiles of every shape on *terra firma*, and aeroplanes hovering constantly in the empyrean, warfare has been revolutionized at every point. Even thus the great European conflict may seem to be resolving itself all too slowly; but, without the motor, no one, in the face of these teeming millions, could have dared to antedate the finish.

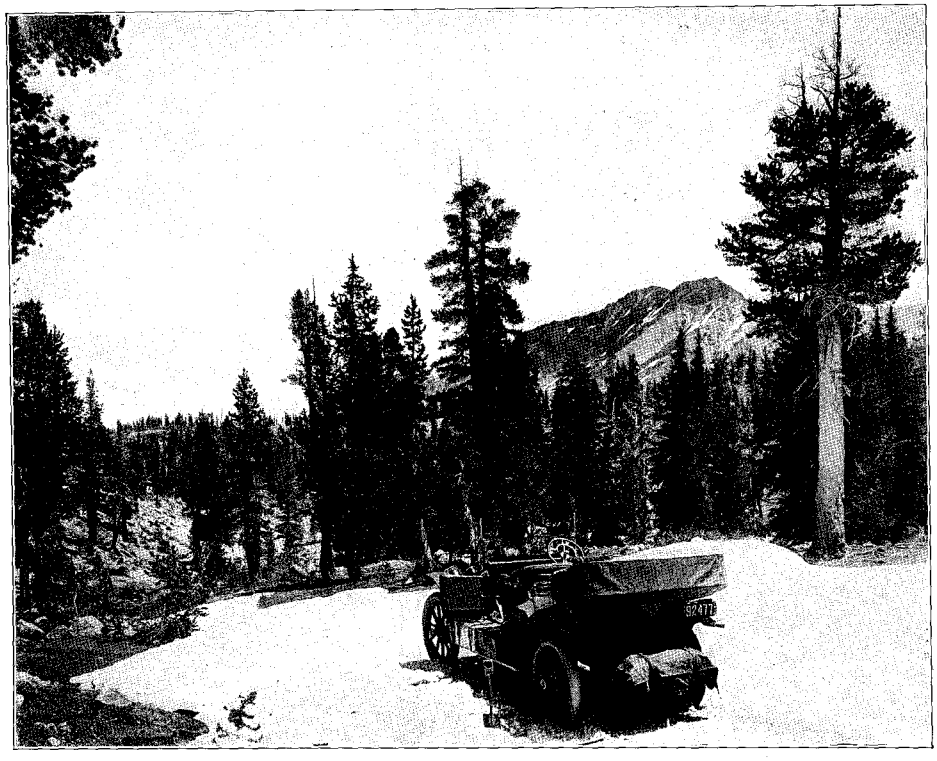


London motor-'bus with wounded from Antwerp arrives at Ghent.

From a photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

During the bombardment of Antwerp the London motor-'buses were used in the retreat.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Snow-drifts in the higher altitudes sometimes block the motorist's way.

MOTORING IN THE HIGH SIERRAS

By Charles J. Belden

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

"Out beyond the high Sierras, where the world is big and free,
My thoughts do often wander, and 'tis there I long to be,
For the stately pines do whisper and the rugged peaks they call
When the sun sinks down behind them in a blood-red fiery ball."

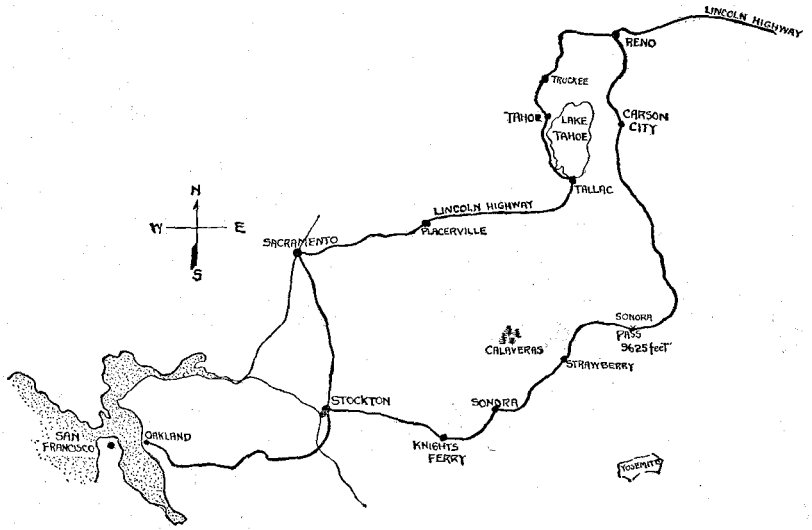
TO the motorist with pioneering instinct who delights in exploring the unbeaten paths of the wilds, the great chain of the snow-capped Sierran cordilleras of our western coast offers untold possibilities. The high passes of the Swiss and Italian Alps have long since become familiar touring-grounds, and every season witnesses the passage of thousands of motor-cars over the Simplon, the St. Gothard, the Mont Cenis, and other of the well-known Alpine roads.

The Stelvio Pass of the Austrian Tyrol has always held an undisputed supremacy in Europe as regards altitude and difficulty of ascent, and, notwithstanding the high degree of reliability of present-day machines, many motorists hesitate before crossing this pass. The Stelvio reaches an altitude of 9,041 feet above sea-level, and even in midsummer the traveller may expect to encounter snow-storms on the summit. This altitude, however, is surpassed in America by a comparatively unknown pass in the Sierra Nevada Mountains called Sonora Pass, located about midway between Lake Tahoe and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yosemite Valley. The route that crosses the mountains at this point is known as the Mono State Highway and attains an altitude of 9,625 feet above sea-level (U. S. G. S.). In point of grandeur and superb

Sonora Pass is approached from San Francisco, on the west, over wide, smoothly oiled boulevards to Stockton, the metropolis of the San Joaquin delta. From here the road leads to the sleepy



Route over Sonora Pass.

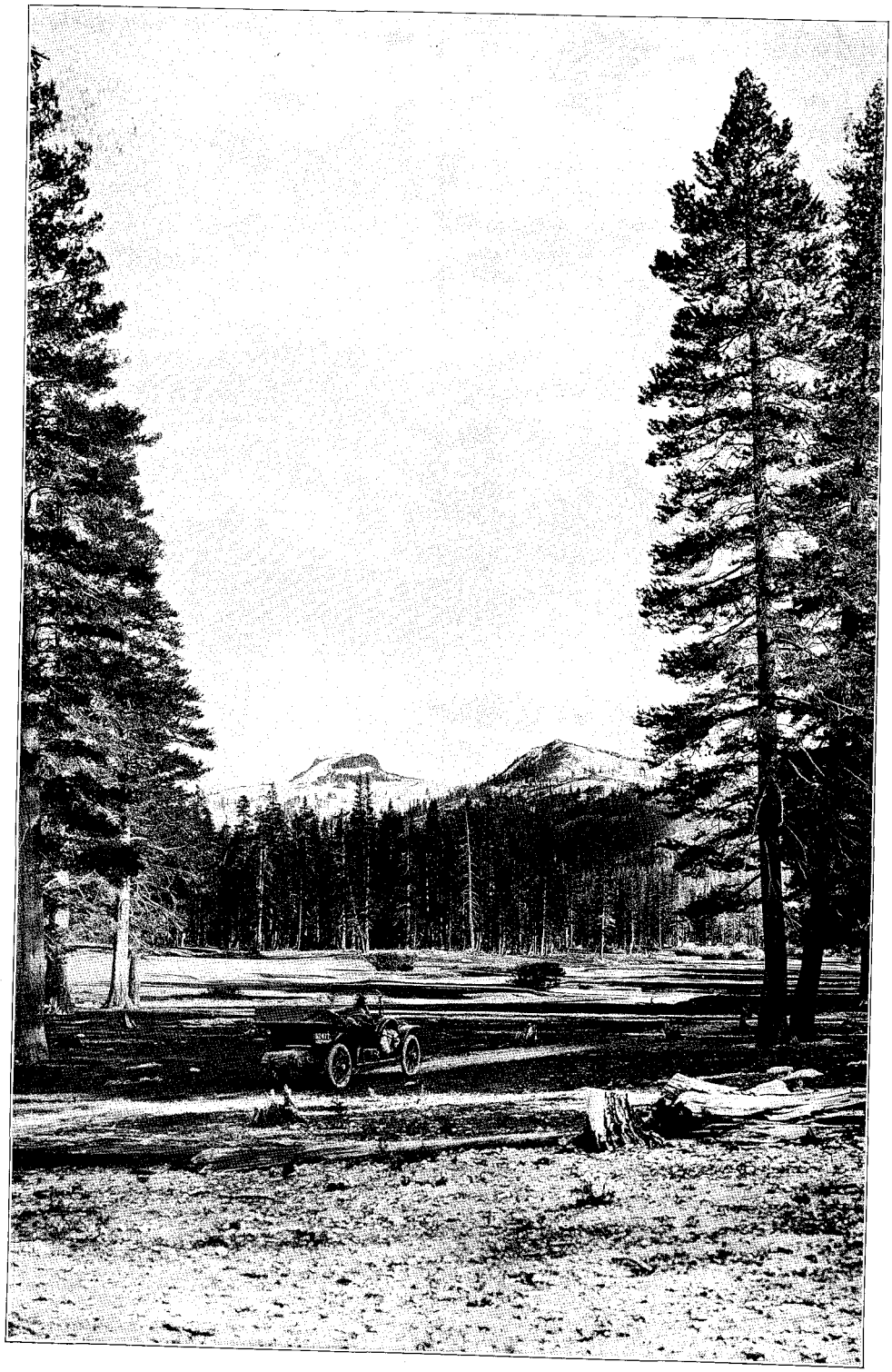
scenery, this region is equal to that of the Stelvio or any other of the more travelled Alpine routes of Europe, and in addition possesses a variety of features which are to be found in no other part of the world. A writer, in describing various localities of the world, most suited for motion-picture production, recently said: "California is, indeed, an adaptable place, scenically speaking. On a moment's notice it can be made to resemble any one of the known countries of the civilized globe and some that aren't known or civilized."

The Sierras combine at once, on the western slope, a vegetation of the mightiest trees of the earth; on the east, a massive wall of granite that rises from a shimmering desert below the level of the sea; and between the two, a magnificent line of snow-capped peaks thrusting their jagged summits far into the eternal blue of the sky. These mountains are distinctively hospitable. In the summer there are no storms to drive the traveller from the summits, no avalanches to be feared, and, except for an occasional afternoon thundershower, the sun shines every day through a crystal atmosphere.

town of Sonora through the region once inhabited by Bret Harte's picturesque characters. Many of the relics of the gold days are still in evidence, but the booted miner and the sallow-faced gambler have disappeared, and the old-timers who can recall the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Tennessee's Partner," and other stories of '49 are hard to find. After leaving Sonora the road passes up through the brown foot-hills scantily clothed with oaks, maples, California laurel, and with occasional digger and piñon pines to remind one of the cool forests of magnificent conifers beyond. A short distance to the north of this route lies the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees, one of the noblest of all the groups of *Sequoia gigantea*. Forty miles to the southeast as the crow flies is the wonderful Yosemite Valley; which, to the good fortune of the motorist, is open to automobile travel during the summer months.

Perhaps the most inspiring feature of the beauty of these mountains is to be found in the granite gorges and canyons that cleave the western slopes to depths of three and four thousand feet. These can-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A Sierra meadow guarded by snow-capped peaks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The jagged summits of the Sierras.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A glimpse of Yosemite Valley.

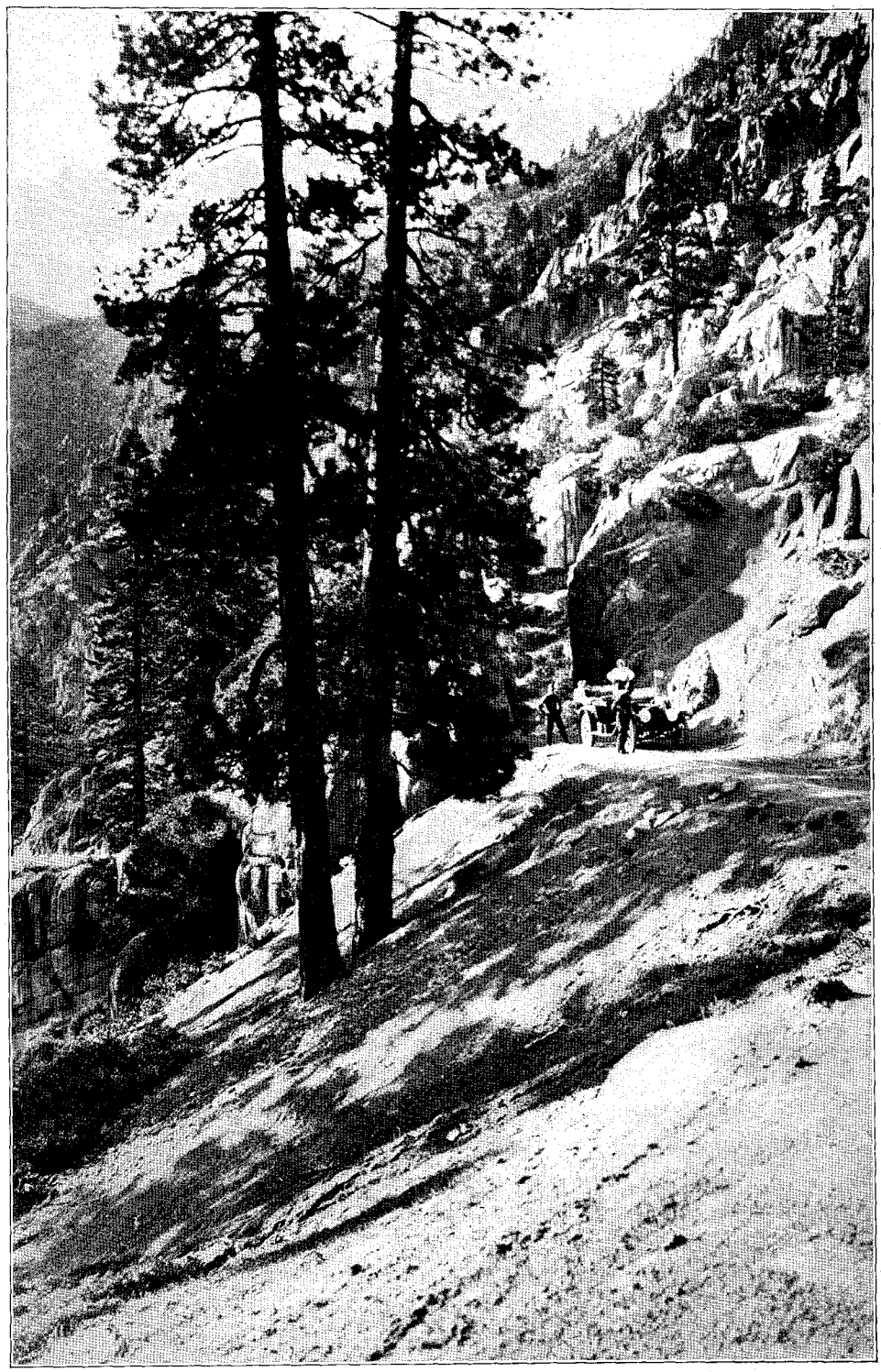
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A thousand sculptures of stone . . . storm-tinted at summit, and dark where . . . rocks plunge over canyon walls into blue, silent gulfs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

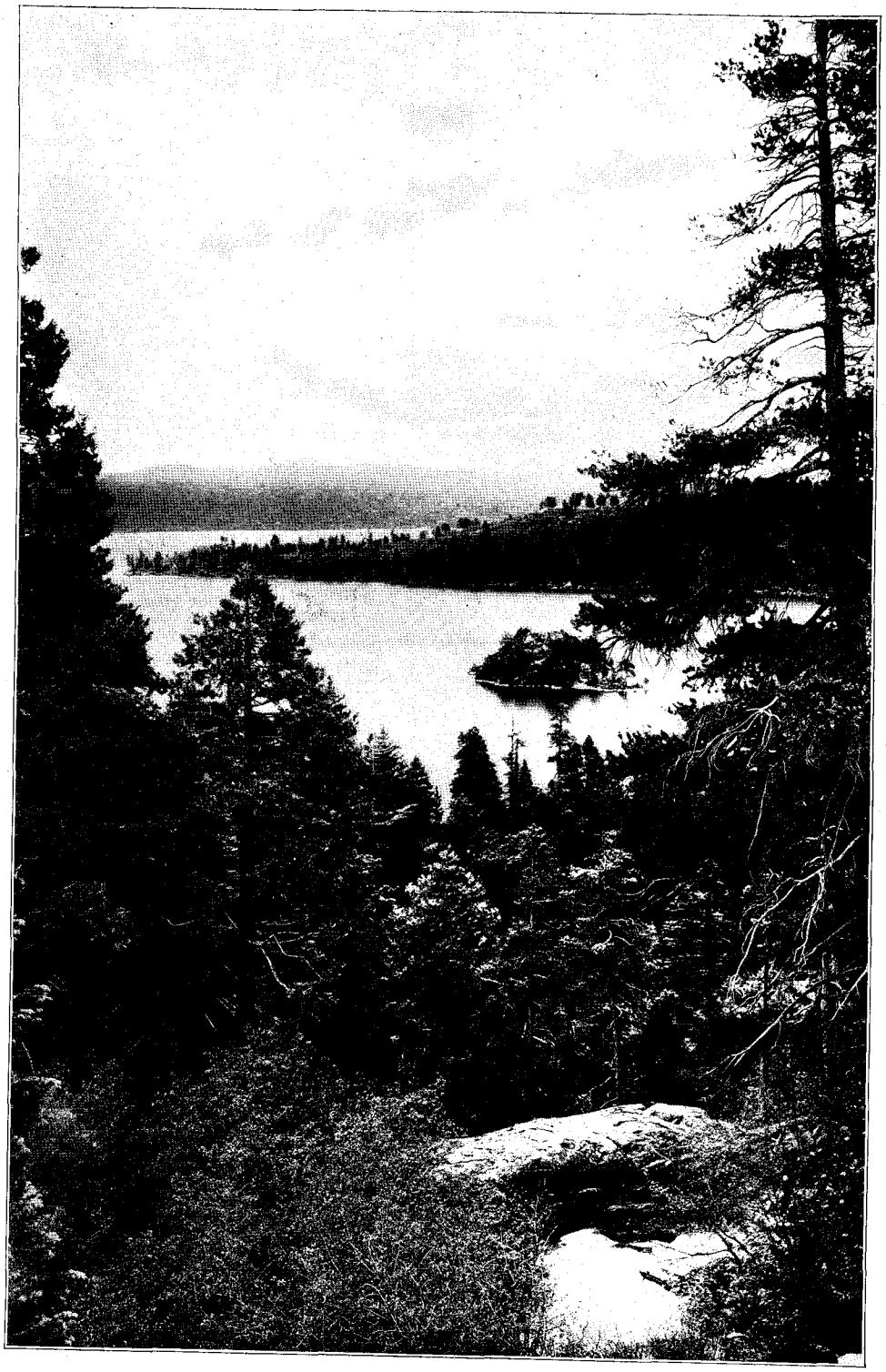
An alpine lake bordered by a struggling growth of pine and shrubs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The struggle between trees and granite begins at an elevation of 7,000 to 8,000 feet.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An island-studded inlet of Lake Tahoe strongly reminiscent of its Italian sister Lake Maggiore.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A granite bowlful of cobalt-blue water transparent and unrippled.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yons, of which Yosemite is the most beautiful and most widely visited, are thought to be the result of violent earth cataclysms and subsequent erosion by ice and water. Sheer walls of granite thousands of feet high, that have been smoothed and polished by mighty rivers of ice, cannot help but impress one with the tremendous dynamic forces of nature.

Continuing up through the foot-hills, the grass beside the road gradually becomes greener and flowing streams replace dry creek-beds. Tall, stately pines and sequoias begin to appear, and an exuberant vegetation supplants the dry, sparse growth of the lower country. For a distance of five or six miles the road follows along the top of a ridge fifteen hundred feet above the North Fork of the Tuolumne River, finally climbing over the divide and dropping down on the other side to the South Fork of the Stanislaus. This river is crossed at a small mountain settlement named Strawberry, and from this point there is a stiff climb to the top of the next ridge; but the view from the summit looking down two thousand feet into a deep granite gorge, with a tumbling stream at the bottom, well repays the effort of ascent. There is now a restful glide of three or four miles down to the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus, which is crossed at Brightman's Flat and whose banks are closely followed to one of those beautiful mountain garden spots known in this case as Kennedy's Meadows.

This point is six thousand two hundred feet above sea-level and marks the beginning of the last climb to the summit of the pass. The grade rises very steeply and at the end of the first mile the river has been left almost a thousand feet below. The steepest pitch is, by measurement, twenty-seven per cent at a point called the "Q-de-Porka." This place is a narrow defile through the solid rock, a hundred feet in length, forty feet deep, and just wide enough to allow a machine to pass. With an underpowered machine "Q-de-Porka" would present serious difficulties.

The scenery now becomes more rugged; the large trees begin to disappear and are replaced by gnarled and twisted specimens entirely lacking in the symmetry and rich foliage of their lower neighbors. The road leads steadily upward, and as one gazes at the serrated outline of the peaks towering above, it seems as though the road could go no farther and that it must momentarily come to an abrupt end against a granite wall. Just as this is about to happen, however, a narrow canyon opens up on one side and a steep rise half a mile in length brings the summit into view. The motorist is now above perpetual snow-line, and if it is early in the season snow-drifts may block the way. By the first or middle of July, however, the road has usually been opened to ordinary travel by the California State Highway Commission and may be relied upon as being in passable condition. A glorious run on high gear through beautiful alpine meadows, covered with succulent grass and spring wild flowers, brings one to the foot of the last ascent, which is rather abrupt but fortunately only a few hundred feet in length. On all sides rugged granite peaks rise into the impenetrable vault of hollow space above, and the silence and desolation of this inferno of rock and ice are broken only by the hum of the motor. As the last rise is surmounted at good speed on second gear, both hand and foot brakes are suddenly applied and the startled passenger in the tonneau is brought to his feet by the yawning chasm in front. The summit has been gained and the crest is so narrow that the water from the overflow of the grumbling radiator trickles away to the east while the rear wheels are still resting on the western slope. The scene that falls away under the traveller's feet is almost terrifying in its aspect and gives one the familiar sensation experienced in a rapidly descending elevator. The words of that genial and beloved mountaineer Clarence King are recalled and describe the view with the fidelity of the genius he possessed:

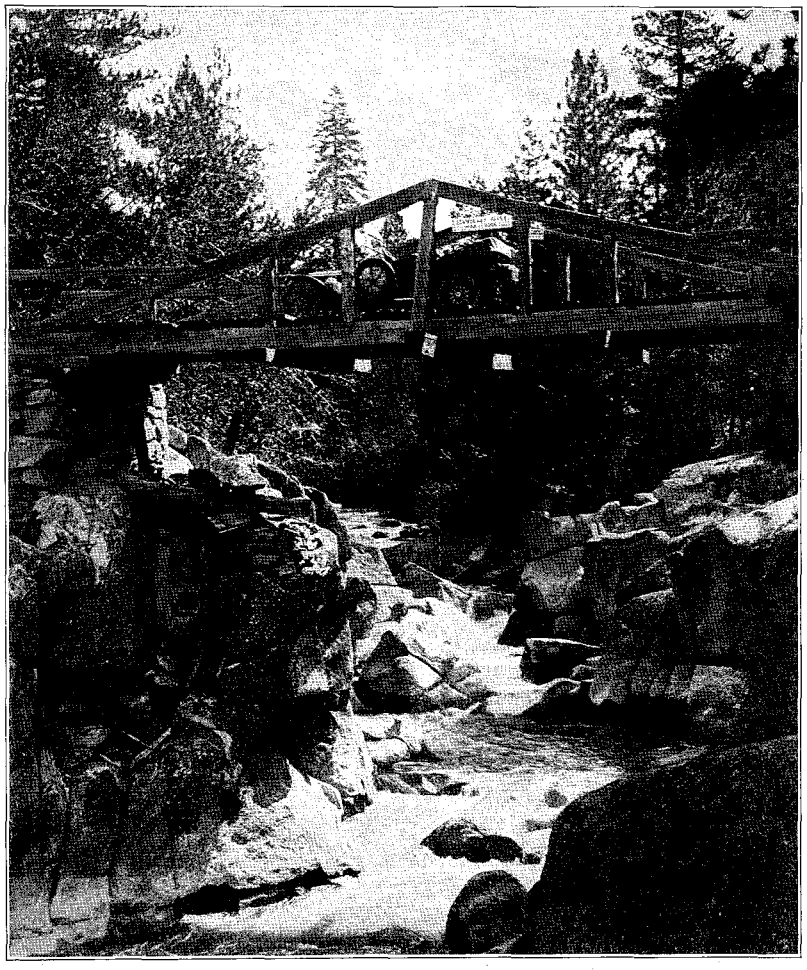
"East the whole range fell in sharp, hurrying abruptness to the desert, where, ten thousand feet below, lay a vast expanse of arid plain intersected by low parallel ranges traced from north to south. Upon the one side a thousand sculptures of stone, hard, sharp, shattered by cold into infiniteness of fractures and rift, springing up, mutely severe, into the dark, austere blue of heaven; scarred and marked, except where snow and ice, spiked down by ragged granite bolts, shields with its pale armor these rough mountain shoulders,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

storm-tinted at summit, and dark where, swooping down from ragged cliff, the rocks plunge over canyon walls into blue, silent gulfs."

Behind stood "the West chain, a great mural ridge watched over by heights . . . defining against the western sky a multitude of peaks and spires. Bold buttresses jut out through fields of ice and reach down stone arms among snow and débris. North and south of us the higher, or eastern, summit stretched on in miles and miles of snow-peaks, the farthest horizon still crowded with their white points.

"The two halves of this view, both in sight at once, express the highest, the most acute, aspects of desolation—inanimate forms out of which something living has gone forever. From the desert have been dried up and blown away its seas. Their shores and white, salt-strewn bottoms lie there in the eloquence of death. Sharp, white light glances from all the mountain walls, where in marks and polishings has been written the epitaph of glaciers now melted and vanished into air. Vacant canyons lie open to the sun, bare, treeless, half-shrouded with snow, cumbered with loads of broken débris, still as graves, except when flights of rocks rush down some chasm's throat, startling the mountains with harsh, dry rattle, their fainter echoes from below followed too quickly by dense silence."



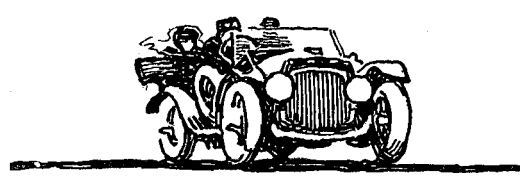
A crude mountain bridge spanning the Middle Fork of the Stanislaus.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This country is in striking contrast to that which has been left behind. The fertile valleys and well-watered fields of the western base of the mountains are replaced on the east by a succession of barren, rocky arroyos, alkaline wastes, and dry plains covered with the pungent sage-brush. The descent into this desert country is more abrupt than the long, sweeping slope that has just been ascended, and it is not long before the cool mountain heights are left behind and the odor of hot sage begins to fill one's nostrils. Just before emerging onto the desert there is a delightful, cool meadow known as Leavitt's Meadow which affords an ideal resting-place. The Upper Walker River, which meanders through its soft green turf, dotted here and there with groves of cottonwoods, affords ample sport for the disciples of Izaak Walton. At a point just below the meadow the road forks. The branch to the south leads past Mono Lake, down through the Owens River Valley and Death Valley to join the Santa Fé trail. The branch to the north follows through the canyon of the Walker River and, hugging close under the massive wall of the Sierras, joins the great Lincoln Highway at Reno.

The canyons that cut through the eastern flank of the mountain bear mute evidence of one of the results of the rejection in 1873 of silver as a monetary standard. This region was formerly settled by thriving silver-mining towns, whose relative degree of importance used to be judged by the number of saloons they boasted; but the Demonetization Act of 1873 reduced the value of silver to such an extent that the mines were shut down. There were no other means of livelihood in these rocky Sierra gorges, and the settlements were consequently abandoned to the mercies of winter storms and spring floods. All that remains of Silver Mountain, once a prosperous town of forty saloons and six thousand people, is the stone jail with its iron-barred windows. The forty saloons undoubtedly accounted for the solid construction of this building. To an inquiry as to the present population of a one-time "city" that still lingers in a dejected state, the "oldest inhabitant" replied in a drawl: "Wal, I reckon it's about sixty-five or sixty-seven; I ain't quite sure which."

From Reno the ascent to that wonderful gem of all Sierra lakes, Tahoe, is a matter of a few hours over a well-travelled route. The new State road that leads for twenty-five miles around the western shore offers views over this magnificent body of prussian-blue water that are unrivalled even by the Axenstrasse and Lake Lucerne, or the more subdued beauty of the Italian lakes. The road at times follows the very shore of the lake, enabling the traveller to peer down through the transparent depths. At times sheer rock faces descend to the water's edge and the road circles upward along ledges cut from the solid granite. At one point the road-bed traverses the face of a cliff five hundred feet above Tahoe's surface and presents an outlook over an island-studded inlet strongly reminiscent of its Italian sister Lake Maggiore. Passing under the snow-capped mass of Mount Tallac, a wide and well-graded route leads down beside the rushing torrent of the American River, out, through the foot-hills, to the well-oiled boulevards of the Sacramento Valley.

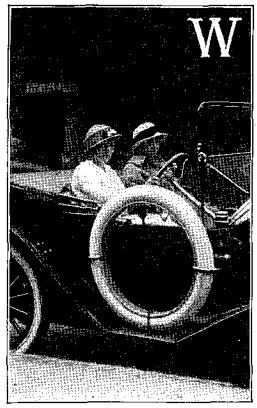


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WOMAN AT THE WHEEL

By Herbert Ladd Towle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. WERNER, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



WHAT changes a dozen years have wrought in motoring! Men no longer buy cars for the fun of discovering why they won't go, but wholly in the prosaic expectation that they will. Little do the beginners of to-day know of the stern joys of conquest which once made every mile a triumph! To-day a man must drive his car to death to have anything more serious than arrest happen to him. And now we see women driving motor-cars for all the world as if they belonged at the wheel!

Young girls, most of them, hardly out of their teens—they meet you everywhere, garbed in duster and gauntlets, manipulating gears and brakes with the assurance of veterans. Not always in little ladylike cars, either. If you visited last summer a resort blessed with good roads, whether East or West, you saw "sixes" of patrician fame and railroad speed, with Big Sister sitting coolly at the wheel, pausing at the post-office on their way for a country spin. And you wondered if the callow youth seated beside the competent pilot would ever have the gumption to handle a real car himself!

An amazing change, even from the view-point of only three years ago! Have the women suddenly gained courage, or have motor-cars altogether lost their formidable mien?

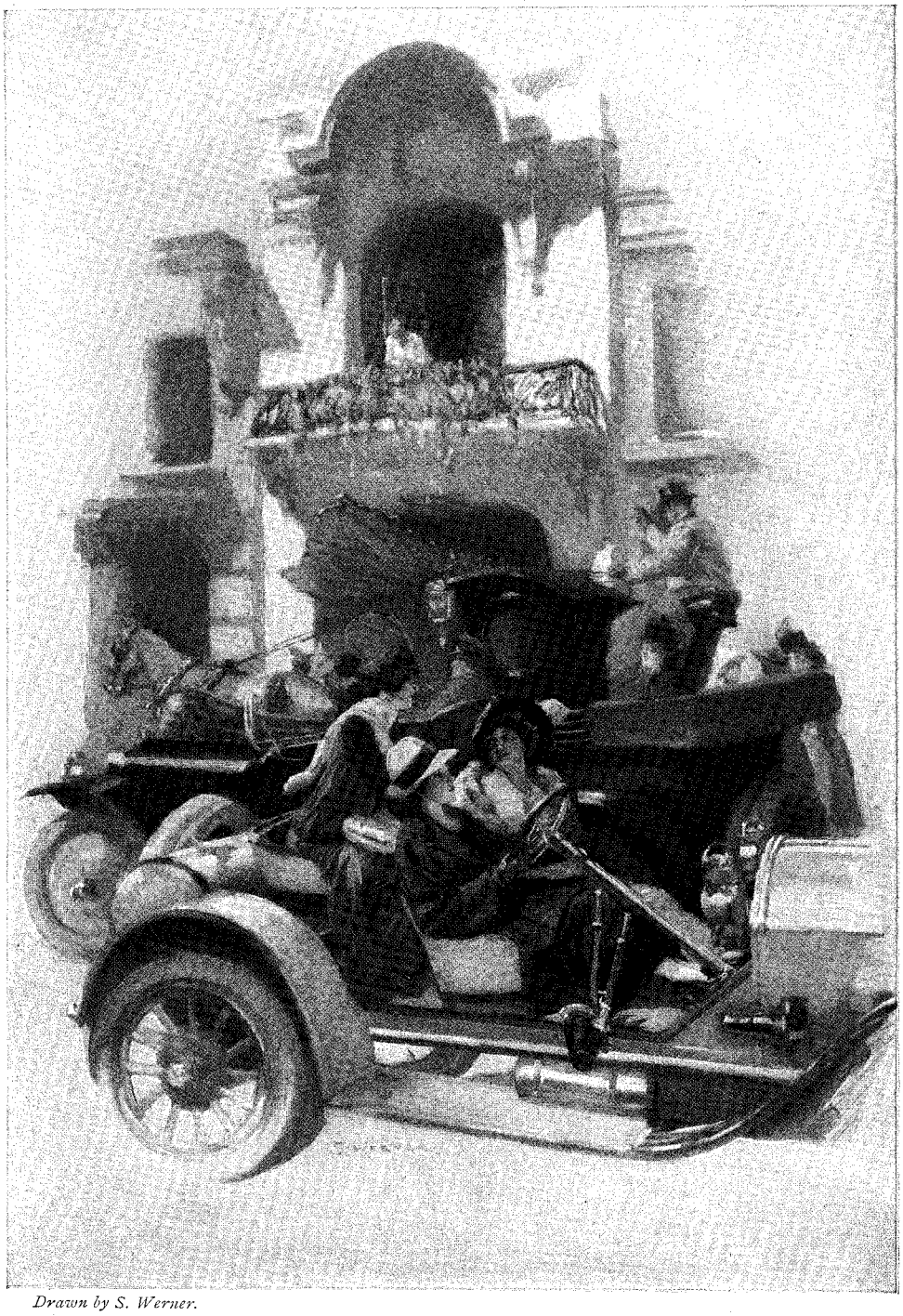
Something of both, no doubt, but especially something of the latter. Cars are being perfected, not merely in delicacy of control, but in the total elimination of certain demands for strength and skill. Engine-starters—now next to universal, save on the lightest cars—are the most notable instance. You no longer whirl a crank or dexterously "snap her over"; you merely press a foot-plunger and an electric (or sometimes pneumatic) motor spins the engine merrily till the explosions start. A storage-battery furnishes current for both starter and lamps and a little dynamo mounted on the engine keeps the battery charged. It isn't a toy, that starting-motor; some kinds are powerful enough to propel the whole car while briskly turning the engine!

Cranking-up is not the only task that the woman driver may now avoid. Gear-shifting, in the larger cars, demands real strength as well as knack. Some progress has been made of late in developing electric gear-shifts, operated by buttons on the wheel. You press the proper button at leisure; then at the right moment you unclutch for the briefest instant—and the gears shift automatically.

A control feature that requires no strength but lots of "knowing how" is the spark advance. Many persons who handle the wheel well, but have only a vague idea of what is under the hood, never acquire that difficult art. A "spark knock" means nothing to them; they are deaf alike to the piteous pleadings of their cylinders and to the rumblings that tell of late ignition and a heated engine. For these chronic amateurs the automatic spark advance, to be found on a number of cars this year, is an unalloyed boon; and even to the seasoned driver it is a benefit, as meaning one less control to think about.

The tire problem, it must be admitted, remains in an unsatisfactory state. Power-pumps there are, but simply getting the tire on and off is no light task. With practice a woman can manage a small tire, say up to $32 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Some can handle larger ones; but, as a rule, if even a medium-sized tire goes flat a woman must have masculine help, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

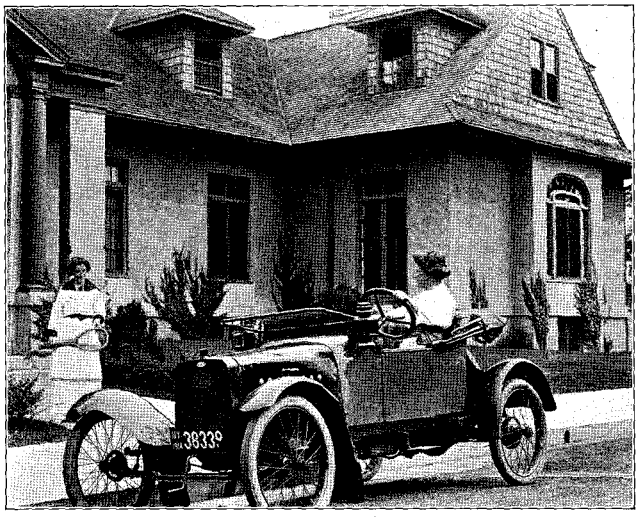


Drawn by S. Werner.

A Woman at the Wheel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



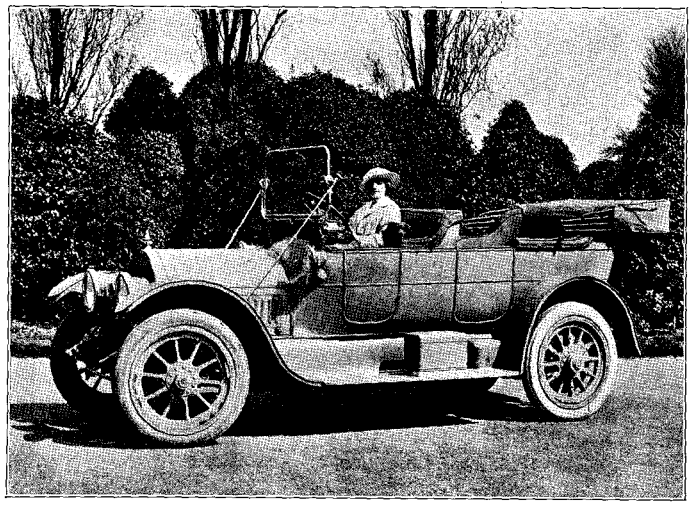
Suburban life is enhanced by the use of small cars which easily connect the home and country club.

if the gallant rescuer isn't at hand she must wait till he appears.

However, it is quite practicable to avoid almost all tire trouble by the use of suitable protectors. These, if properly made, can stay on as long as desired without injuring the tires or seriously reducing speed. They prevent punctures and cuts, and in wet weather they prevent skidding without need of special non-skid attachments. They are scarcely suited to fast going, and they must be judiciously selected, as not all types are beneficial; but for women, at least, the tire insurance they can give is much more useful than speed.

Engine-starters—electric gear-shift—automatic spark advance—power air-pump or tire protectors—an engine running more smoothly and tractably than ever before—cars better built and garages more numerous: is it a wonder that so many women are driving?

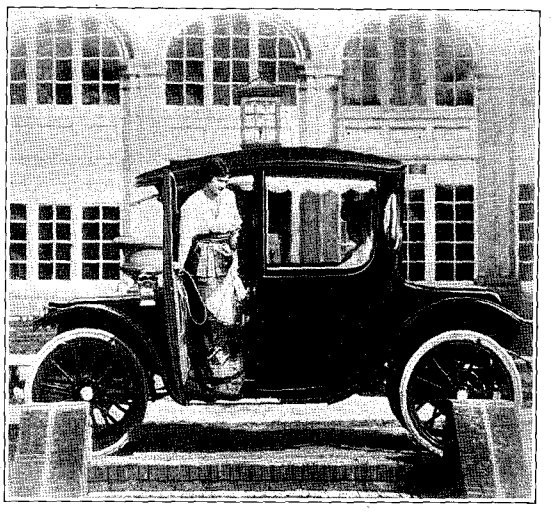
I lately asked several representative car manufacturers what proportion of their sales are for women's use. One, building a car above the average in both power and price, replied that in Detroit sixteen per cent of his sales were of that character, and he thought the same proportion would hold good elsewhere. Another, building enormous numbers of a light car peculiarly suited to women's use, reported estimates from various branches ranging from one per cent in Fargo and two per cent in San Francisco to twenty-five per cent in Columbus and Minneapolis and thirty-one per cent in Oklahoma City. The average was better than ten per cent. A third, building a popular small runabout, estimates that twenty-five per cent of his sales are for women.



A Liverpool (England) woman in an American car in which she competed in the Austrian Alpine trials of 1914.

In some localities the percentage of women drivers is even greater. In Lenox, Mass., for example, a census of thirty-four car-owning families shows sixteen women drivers, of whom seven drive medium to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



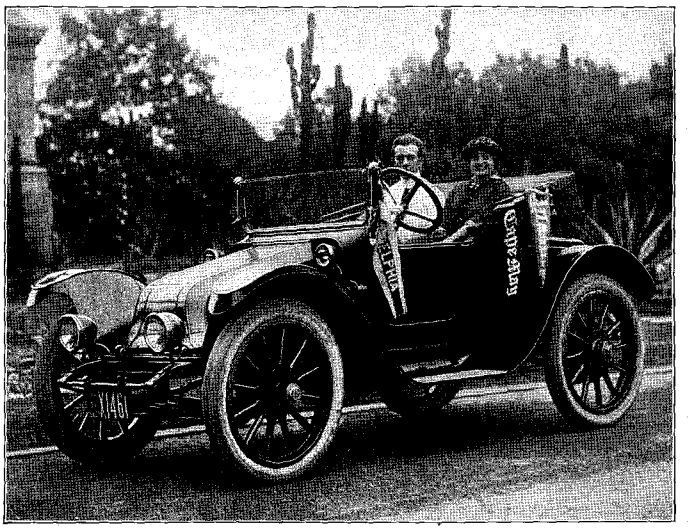
The luxurious closed electric.

high-power cars. In Stockbridge, near by, six car-owning families number—mothers and daughters—eleven feminine drivers, six of whom are above the small-car class!

What then? Are we who have safely outgrown the mania of haste to see it run a yet more scintillant course in our better halves? In truth, the idea of a speeding career for mother and the girls does not appeal to us. Motor speeding is essentially a man's sport, like polo, yachting, and ice-boating. All are trials of strength and nerve as well as of skill. The only reason that women drive cars at all is that they may do so without courting the joys and risks of speed; and if they sometimes drive fast, it is only because the demand for strength and nerve is less than in purely masculine sports.

In reality there is less feminine speeding than might be supposed. The average woman has small taste for mechanics; she pushes this lever and pulls that with only a vague knowledge of how the final result is produced; and she is well aware that if anything goes wrong she will have to wait for masculine succor. It is really the exceptional woman, not the average one, who ventures much beyond the safe-and-sane limit of twenty-five miles an hour.

So we may look to see the majority of women content with small cars. Even the speed fever is not incurable; one good scare will go far to heal it, and, in any case, it is bound to run its course. Excitement will in time be eliminated as a motif for women's driving, save in the case of a few young girls. There remain two other motifs: the pleasure of country driving (apart from unusual speed) and plain utility work, as in shopping and visiting. Are these also transitory?



An electric roadster of touring possibilities.

This car has made frequent trips of sixty to ninety miles on one charge.

What of touring? Rural innkeepers are complaining even now of the falling off in cross-country patronage; there is little doubt that, despite the greatly increased number of cars, there is less actual touring than there was. Again it is the spur of novelty that is gone; but here it is only the novelty of speed. Few among us can devote so much time to pleasure as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to exhaust the touring routes within our reach. And, with all the novelty of driving gone, there will yet be a delight in visiting new fields, in climbing new heights to survey the vistas beyond, in finding new beauty spots by lake and river and ocean, in communing afresh with the venerable woods, and in brightening old memories of perfect days by revisiting their scenes. These things uplift the spirit.

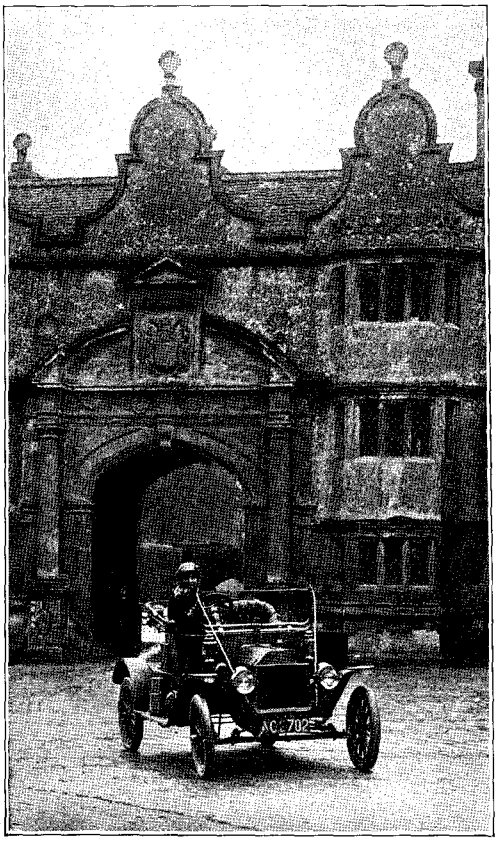
Most tours are family affairs, and I fancy that the average woman will gladly yield the responsibility to stronger hands. However self-reliant when alone, she "likes to be taken care of" when she may. And touring, even with all the mechanical aids I have named, is real work; the heavier the car and the rougher and hillier the road, the more strenuous it is. A White Mountain or even Pennsylvania tour keeps one very busy indeed, and a hundred and fifty miles of it in a day will tire any one. Hence, I fancy that, while tours will always be enjoyed, the woman's part in them will have to do with the hampers and personal belongings rather than with the actual management of the car.

Let us turn to every-day matters —to the life of the average woman in suburb or country. Here we find a big and vital need which, if satisfied, will make hundreds of thousands of women motorists.

The suburban man, going to business in the city, has unlimited transportation for his needs. To him his country home is a "sweet inne from care and wearisome turmoyle." But his wife and daughters don't go to the city. They must visit the butcher, the post-office, and their neighbors on foot, adding the labor of walking to that of keeping house; and for lack of time and strength they stay at home when they can. The green, open spaces about them are to their scanty powers more like prison bars than a charter of liberty!

The very limitations which deter most women from motoring for sport cry out for aid in their common duties. Unless the average woman can get about in the country both easily and freely, she will continue to prefer the near neighborhood of railroad and trolley, as she does to-day. And as she elects, you and I will follow.

Oh, yes, women can drive! But how many of them feel really at home with gasolene cars, even the simplest? How many, after the newness is gone, would not prefer to drive a horse if he were only faster? No matter how facile the clutch and transmission, they are there. The ideal woman's car must demand nothing of her but pushing a lever and steering; and it must be said that the gasolene car gives but a vague promise of realizing that ideal.



Reproduced by courtesy of "Motor."

An American car in England.

The Gateway, designed by Inigo Jones, is at the entrance of Stanway House, seat of Lord and Lady Elcho.

The electric, then? Observe the thousands of women in all our cities and towns who are using electrics to-day—using them for visiting, shopping, the theatre, with every sign of entire content. Note the comfort, the silent running, the clean

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

floors and cushions, the ideally simple control, the ability to travel as fast as city conditions demand. Reflect that these vehicles can travel, under favorable conditions, as much as eighty or ninety miles on a single charge, with a substantial increase from an hour's "boost" at noon. From Boston to Providence, from Philadelphia to Cape May are within the one-day capabilities of present electric vehicles. Observe further that the charging is a comparatively simple matter—one can even do it at home by the aid of a modern charging set with automatic devices to prevent overcharge.

For the city woman, at least, who can afford such a car, the electric is frankly ideal. It answers every possible requirement of her personal use, and at least nine tenths of all the electrics sold are primarily for women to drive. So handy are they, indeed, that the men are not slow to borrow them.

Of the actual number of electrics in use, it is impossible to get figures. Pennsylvania has about eleven thousand; Cleveland is estimated to have one thousand five hundred electrics, and its near-by suburbs five hundred more. With recent improvements in batteries and construction generally, the number of these vehicles is certain to increase largely.

Are we then to conclude that the electric offers the future solution of the woman's problem generally? Mr. Edison and Doctor Charles P. Steinmetz have gone further, and declare that the electric is destined to be the universal car. And if it is half as well suited to suburban and rural use as to urban, their prophecy may come true. But is it?

Mr. Edison, I believe, looks forward to a time when, by aid of universal charging or exchanging stations, electrics will be used for touring, to the exclusion of gasolene cars. Doctor Steinmetz holds that the attraction of touring, like that of the old "century runs" of cycle clubs, is merely its novelty. In a few years its charm will have worn off; and, with the fashionable pacemakers abandoning the sport, the public will presently do likewise. A million or more handy little electric runabouts, of thirty-mile radius and costing five hundred dollars or less, will take the place of the present fussy and costly gasolene cars, and everybody will run all his errands in them. As for touring, that will be done by railway, as in the good old days.

Delectable visions, indeed! Not quite consistent, to be sure, since Mr. Edison is still willing to let us tour by automobile, provided we use electric cars. One is tempted to wonder, however, whether the

If the gallant rescuer isn't at hand, she must wait till he appears.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Fifth Avenue group, showing two miniatures and an electric.

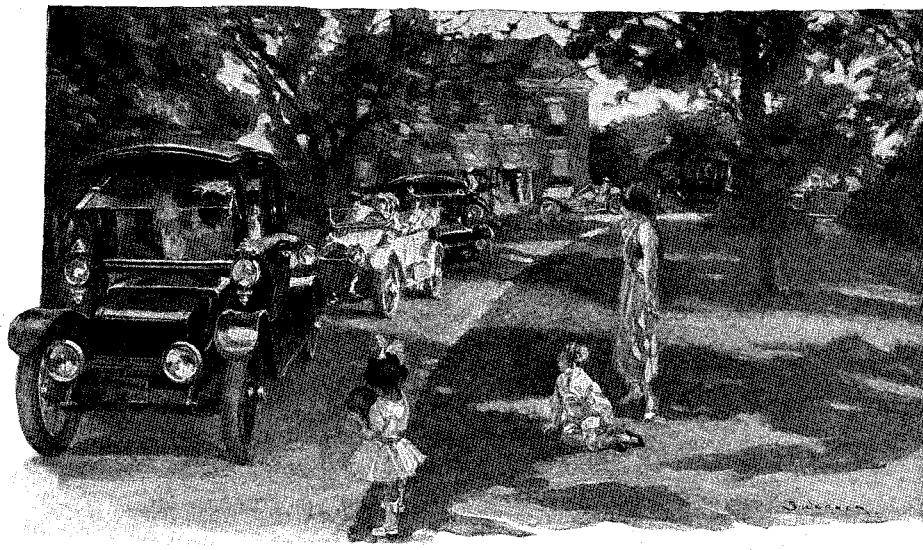
social disfavor and impatience of bother foreseen by Doctor Steinmetz are more likely to give touring its *coup de grâce* than the invincible leisureliness of Mr. Edison's favorite vehicle.

The real trouble with electric touring is the high cost of combining speed with mileage. The vehicles able to go one hundred miles on a charge weigh four thousand pounds and cost nearly three thousand dollars. One may get a gasolene car, weighing one thousand five hundred pounds and costing seven hundred and fifty dollars or less, which will go both farther and faster on a tankful of gasolene. The owner of an electric must shape his route, willy-nilly, with an eye to charging-stations and good roads. The gasolene-car owner may start in the morning, ride all day in any direction, and find gasolene and oil wherever he happens to be at night. And who of us, on an open road, or a little behind his schedule, is willing to give up that seldom-used but invaluable reserve of speed?

No; I fear that, with all its admirable qualities—qualities that have made it the city vehicle *par excellence* for those who can afford it—you and I will not live to see the electric car a popular favorite for touring, save, perhaps, among elderly persons well blessed with time and money and wishing to avoid all semblance of excitement.

What, then, of the utility runabout predicted by Doctor Steinmetz? Surely a million or two of these will not be too many to satisfy an eager public! Yet if you propound this idea to a maker of electric vehicles he will reply with a tinge of sarcasm that he already has more than enough of just such vehicles—not new, to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The departure of guests, most of them driving their own cars.

be sure, but in excellent order, the same being his own earlier models taken in trade for the later eighty to ninety mile vehicles, and scarcely salable to-day for the price of the tires. With a million like them the industry would be bankrupt! If the public really wanted that sort of vehicle it could have it to-morrow. But the demand simply does not exist. The public insists on reserve mileage and a fair speed, even though weight, tire cost, and charging expense must be piled high to secure them.

In view of the total lack of public interest at present in the light utility electric, the question whether the public's taste may change ten years from now seems rather academic. However, it seems a safe prediction that if the car of Doctor Steinmetz's vision becomes a reality it will be only as a specialized type, very useful to those who want that type, but by no means elbowing other types off the map in order to gain its place in the sun. For those who want it will be the city and suburban dwellers who can afford it *in addition to* the gasolene touring car—not in place of the latter.

As its up-keep and charging expense will be small, the small electric can replace the touring car for local use with real economy. To be sure, the best opinion places its probable cost at much nearer eight hundred dollars than five hundred dollars, since its chief elements of cost—copper, lead or nickel, hard rubber, and tires—are irreducible regardless of quantity manufacture. Nevertheless, the family that can afford a fifteen-hundred-dollar touring car will probably spend less, rather than more, by adding an eight-hundred-dollar electric.

Recent improvements in motors and batteries will make the future small electric somewhat faster than its early prototypes; it will have the weather protection which the other certainly lacked, and in appearance it will be much less like a buggy and more like a real car.

So it seems that we may see the woman's problem actually solved, as regards that class of families living in cities or suburbs and able to spend a certain minimum on their automobiles. True, thirty miles is a very small radius when we reduce it still further by bad roads and weather, but still it is doubtless enough for the strictly local uses we have described, and, with a gasolene car available for longer runs, the handicaps of the electric will not be felt.

Before leaving the subject, mention should be made of a novel method of combining a gasolene engine with electric transmission, thereby eliminating both the clutch and the usual gears. It is too technical to describe here, and cars embodying it are not yet on the market; but it has the important features of weighing, power for power, but little more than ordinary gear transmission and of wasting

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little more energy in transmission than is lost in sliding gears. Against these slightly greater losses are to be set some remarkable gains in control. An electric switch takes the place of both clutch and gear shift; one can reverse by electricity, go up a grade at any speed from a crawl, stop, start again, and back down simply by manipulating the switch—nothing else. Speeding or slowing the engine automatically speeds or slows the car. With the switch properly set, speeding the engine gives the necessary pull for a slow climb up-hill. Only for extreme demands is a special low gear provided.

Such a car would, indeed, solve the problem for the woman driver! I don't know what it will cost, though I don't see how it can ever be cheap. But add that to six cylinders, a self-starting engine, automatic spark advance, electric lights, and punctureless tires, and tell me what more is needed to make motoring luxury!

But what of the families that cannot afford fifteen-hundred-dollar cars with electrics added? And what of the farmers' wives and daughters, for whom electrics are clearly impractical? Each of these classes is much larger than that just mentioned. Is there an ideal car for them, too?

The answer for the present must be "No." But we need not despair, for few ideals are ever quite realized, and most of us have to get along with the best substitute we can find. There is a substitute already on the way here, in the shape of the miniature gasolene runabout, which bids fair to afford at least a workable solution of the problem.

Dubbed in some of its forms a cycle-car, touted with mistaken zeal as a pocket-edition man's car, and still undergoing changes in design with kaleidoscopic rapidity and variety, this miniature type of car yet holds the germ of a great possibility as a woman's utility runabout. Even with the standard forms of clutch, transmission, and control, the very lightness of all the parts makes operation little more difficult than that of a motor sewing-machine—certainly not harder than, say, running a small motor-boat.

At present it must be said few of these machines have reached such a stage of perfection as to promise good results in unskilled hands. Some of them are shockingly crude, and even the best have not been in use long enough to have their weak points eliminated. But the logic of the demand is too strong to be gainsaid. I believe the next few years will see many thousands of these machines used by women with as much satisfaction as can be had from anything short of the electric. And as their cost will be but half that of the smallest practical electric, a small touring car can be kept with them at a total first cost which need not exceed one thousand two hundred dollars. Not impossibly this will ultimately be the plan adopted by the greatest number of car-owning families.

Still other thousands of women, after learning to drive for fun, will find the small gasolene family car sufficiently drivable for daily use, and the one machine will then serve all purposes—as, indeed, it does to-day in thousands of families that cannot afford to have two cars. The necessary compromise here is a car serving both uses as nearly as may be and costing not over, say, eight hundred dollars. In this class of owners will no doubt be found the majority of farming families, not always from motives of economy, but because farming women take to driving more readily than their urban sisters.

The fact that the present trend is setting so strongly toward small cars is significant of the time to come when women will feel much more generally at home in them than is to-day the case; and for the present we may well be content with this, without crying too insistently for an ideal woman's car not yet in sight. We know, at any rate, that a million and three quarters pleasure cars are in use in this country, and it is a safe guess that two hundred thousand women are managing very well with the cars they have. That is surely a good beginning, and a pleasant augury of the time when the automobile's liberating mission will be fulfilled. For of one thing we are already sure—be it ideal or only near-ideal, the woman's motor-car will have a vital place in the social economy of the future. It will supply the one link till lately missing in the chain making for a saner distribution of population and a more wholesome environment for our children. And as such we welcome it with thankful hearts.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LEDA AND THE SWAN

By Katharine Fullerton Gerould

THE doctor had been no more disheartening than usual; but it was disheartening enough to know that he would have to come and come, and that there would never be any good news for him to bring. Marie Farrant had learned both to welcome and to dread his firm tread across the floor of their little sitting-room. She welcomed any break: any hint in her husband's sick-room that such sick-rooms were not the whole of life, that there were people who came and went, in health if not in leisure. At the same time, she dreaded each day's confirmation of the fact that her husband would never get well. The doctor's firm tread seemed to reiterate Leo's doom: the six steps across the sitting-room to the bedroom had always the same cadence, were like one grave sentence daily repeated, in precisely the same words. And you paid, too, for the repeated phrase: paid, relatively if not absolutely, as if it had been a famous aria of a famous tenor, rising nightly behind footlights. It was over-familiar; there was never a new word, though apparently the case was so bad that the old ones had to be said often; it was all a part of the technique of slow dying. Leo Farrant himself had no hope. Even before this last malady had come upon him he had had none. Hope had forsaken the middle-aged painter, with the accident that had lost him his right hand and arm. Thanks to a frightened horse, a precious limb had gone to the scrap-heap: as precious, Marie Farrant had thought, as any saint's bones hoarded in a jewelled reliquary. Only, Farrant's hand, cut off from the guidance of his brain and eye, could, naturally, work no miracles. He had begun to die, she often thought, back there, when it all happened. What with the nervous breakdown after the accident, there hadn't been any life in him, to call life, for five years; though even now he was, as periods are estimated, in a noble prime.

With Farrant's fame increasing, and his pictures selling better and better, there had been no need for them to save money—and they hadn't saved. They had ridden the crest of their wave: perhaps because they knew the ways of waves, perhaps because they fancied that it was something bigger than a wave—a tide, a sea—that carried them so lightly and triumphantly onward. Mrs. Farrant's first act, after the operation, had been to liquidate all debts—precisely as if he had died. They had been paid, as the future bills were to be, from her own little capital. Now, towards the end, she could only wonder if her balance would hold out until he died. There was nothing she could do to earn money; she could only hypothetically save it by nursing him herself, day and night. He didn't know how close they were to nothing at all; and she thanked God their friends didn't. She had paid without questioning bills that had been incurred in their tempestuous and lavish period—even bills that might have been challenged; she had hunted up every last scrap of an indebtedness and discharged it fantastically—literally, in one or two cases, compounding the interest on an old loan of ten pounds in impoverished bachelor days. She had tracked and snared, she believed, the last and least of them. Now there was nothing left—so little, at least, that the phrase which the doctor's firm tread reiterated for her sounded often like the mere naming of his fee. She added up his visits, in naked figures, on her calendar; she did all her purchasing on a cash basis; she paid their landlady weekly. Marie Farrant believed there would be enough to see Leo through the six months the doctor thought he might live; but she could not have borne it not to know, each night, where they stood financially. To have been vague about the smallest account would have given her a nervous chill.

To-day the doctor had prescribed an expensive drug; and when she could leave Leo for a moment, she took out her cheque-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

book and calculated. She hated to withdraw one penny before interest-day. Not that it mattered—the interest on that dwindling principal; yet she had a superstition to the effect that if she neglected one contrivance, one expedient, of poverty, disaster would somehow be justified. She knew that nothing was more probable than disaster; but she didn't want to tax herself, in stricken future days, with having lifted a finger to invite it. One superstition, finally, got the better of the other: she would let the druggist "charge" it, and after the 1st she would pay him. She put up the cheque-book and went back to Leo.

Any one seeing Leo Farrant high against his pillows would have noted that he was very handsome, very keen, and very ill. His chestnut hair was dusted over with silver; his lean brown face had paled lifelessly in long confinement; he was wasted with his malady. Yet none of the old signs had gone; and, looking at him for the first time, you could have guessed all that he had been. His wife, tired though she was, glowed to her finger-tips with the sense of his rarity. It had been to keep that sense undefiled that she had paid off so munificently everything that could conceivably constitute a claim on him; that she now slaved over their mean little accounts so that no one should ever have to know how hard up Leo Farrant was. When, after the accident, he had wondered, before her, if there weren't something he could "do," she had cried out against the notion. He had done one thing supremely well; if Heaven had taken away his means of doing that, it wasn't his duty to cast about for lesser ways of serving Heaven. They had given up their house, sold most of their possessions, and, after a vain interval at a sanatorium, had come to Mrs. Bleeker's to live in two rooms with an attic above them for storage. They had been meek enough for righteousness; she wasn't going to be meeker than that! She had been rewarded by being able to keep the sense of him as a creature afflicted from without but unconsumed from within. He was as magnificent as ever, bar what the gods had done to him. No one should remember him—she clutched the determination to her heart afresh—as anything but what he really was. He should go down grandly to the tomb, aware of what he was good for, and disdaining to try anything else.

"I have to go out and get this prescription for you, Leo. Can you spare me for twenty minutes? The bell is just by your hand."

"Spare you? Yes, my dear, always, if I have to." Then he looked at her—diffidently, if a creature of his mold could be diffident. "I say, Marie, that stuff—what's its name?—is very dear, isn't it?"

She smiled. "What in the world should have set you to counting pence? I count them; and you can count on me. We can afford anything you need. Certainly, if we had got to the point where you couldn't have medicines, I think you'd see it in my face."

He smoothed the counterpane with his deft fingers—fingers that had matched so well, for beauty, the fingers they could not match for skill. "Well, if you insist on it, I think I do see it in your face. The lines are as beautiful as ever, but—you've aged. There are two gray hairs over your right temple. I wish you'd give me some notion of how much we have left. His damned medicine won't do me any *good*, you know."

"Did he tell you that?"

"The doctor? He never tells me anything, of course. He's perfectly good form."

"He told me it might help."

"In what sense?"

"My dear"—she looked him straight in the eyes—"you know there's only one sense I think of: the sense of making you more comfortable."

"You mean there isn't any ultimate hope?"

"What is the hope any living creature has except the hope of being comfortable a little longer instead of a little shorter time?" She asked it very gravely; and he was wise enough not to mistake it for an evasion.

"You're a brick, Marie: I'll say that for you, any day. Of course, we know, both of us, that there isn't much hope. If a miracle turns up, we'll meet it standing, in perfectly good order. We won't crane our necks for it, will we, any more than we do for the other thing? But, all the same, how much have we got?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marie Farrant smiled again at her husband. "Leo, why did you give me a power of attorney four years ago?"

"Because I couldn't stand the look of my left-handed scrawl."

"Not a bit of it. You gave it to me because you knew that I should manage better than you could. Well, I've done it: I've managed marvellously. We can afford quarts of this medicine if it's necessary. Of course, it's obvious that, if we were rich, we shouldn't be living as we are. But we shall do very well, if you won't worry. We don't owe any one a penny. Does that satisfy you?"

"Not quite." He shifted himself on his pillows, with a sudden involuntary muscular contraction. Pain, of course—she knew it. Mrs. Farrant laid the prescription on a table, and sat down in a chair beside the bed. "You don't need that until night, anyhow. I won't go out now. We'll lay this little fretful ghost."

The stab of pain had gone as suddenly as it came, leaving an exquisite sensation of relief. Mrs. Farrant knew, from the slight motion of his features, as well as if she were bearing it herself. She took his hand in hers. "What is it, dear?"

He was weaker and whiter, for an instant, than he had been before; but his voice was fairly strong.

"It's only that I let everything go after this happened. As we both know, I wasn't fit for anything. I didn't attempt to straighten things out, really. I haven't an idea how my debts and assets finally came out. Then you took everything over, and we've gone along swimmingly. Only—I've been afraid, for months, that we were living on your money. I haven't liked to speak of it; but it's so evident I shan't last much longer that I'd like to talk it over once with you."

"Well: even if we had been living on what you call my money, what difference would that make?"

"The difference, dear, that I shouldn't have the luxury of feeling at peace about your future."

"Do you mean that, if you knew I had a sufficient income, you would feel at peace about my future?"

He could not, with those eyes looking firmly into his, descend to brutal conventionalities. "You know what I mean, dear. At peace, in the sense that I should know you could afford to hide your hurt wherever you liked."

"I give you my word of honor that, if you do leave me, I shall be able to do that."

He smiled at her, visibly relieved. Then he saw what sense might be read into her words. "I don't mean that, Marie. Why, even I don't want to die."

She stirred a little. "That is magnificent of you. Or do you mean only that you don't want to leave me by myself?"

"That, above all. But I mean it otherwise, too. I don't want to turn my back on beauty."

They had never shirked analysis. "Ah, my dear, for all the beauty you see nowadays!" She looked round the sick-room.

"I don't mean that. My eyes have seen enough in their time—too much, I sometimes think; for I can remember the individual sneer of every damned Gothic gargoyle I ever saw—and the hand is gone." He glanced involuntarily at the limp sleeve of his pajama jacket.

"You wouldn't have touched a Gothic gargoyle, even to caricature it, and you well know it," she broke in.

"Humph—yes. Forgive my splenetic illustration. I only intended to say that I could lie here and remember, with my eyes shut, enough beauty to keep me going until I was ninety. What I meant by beauty is something quite different."

"Love?"

"Love? Oh, love, my dear. How many people have really known it since the world began? Love's a special case. No, I mean the sheer beauty of consciousness—the miracle of human intelligence, pure and simple. That is the loveliest phenomenon of the cosmos. What luck to have had it for a little while! To feel oneself think—even pain can't utterly destroy the good of that. I'd rather think as a lunatic than not think at all. One hates to turn one's back on it—to put down the cup for good and all."

"You know I don't agree with you about that, Leo."

"No—I know. You keep a religion going somewhere. I suppose the reason why it has never made any difference between us is that, if you're right, why, I'm

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in unexpected luck; and if I'm right—bless your heart, you'll never even know it, so you won't mind." He was silent for a moment. "Is there anything left in the studio that one could sell?"

She shook her head. "I don't think so."

"I wish I could get up there and see." He frowned slightly. "I've never been there, you know; and I don't know just what there is."

"Ah, my dear—for all it is! An attic with a skylight, full of old boxes. There are some sketches, but I don't think a salable thing. Besides—aren't you going to let me keep anything?"

"You have 'Leda and the Swan.' How I'd like to see it again! That, in the nature of things, can't be sold."

"I couldn't bring it down, dear, very well."

"No. . . . Two men could, I suppose."

She set her lips firmly. "If you want to see it so much as that——"

"Oh, I don't. I don't. But I've never done anything better—thanks to you. What shall you do with it—afterward?"

"What could I do with it—afterward—except just to keep it for the pure pleasure of knowing that Farrant's masterpiece is all my own? Kings would be jealous of me. It will be my one pride."

"Thank you. I'm not so big as all that, my dear——"

"Oh, yes, you are!" she broke in.

"—but as I remember it, it was my high-water mark. It had a touch of the first-rate, anyhow."

"It's a wonder, Leo. I wish, for your sake, it weren't I."

"Why for my sake?"

"Because you could sell it for nearly anything, and you would know that it hung in some place of honor."

"Thank you. If it hadn't been you, it would never have been. Do you suppose I could have got Leda from any model I ever saw? I needed your face as much as I needed your figure, remember. And any place you hang it will be the place of highest honor. Of course, after you die——"

"What then?"

"Would you mind"—he did not apologize for asking her so tremendous a question—"its going to the Museum?"

Marie Farrant considered (or affected to consider) the matter slowly, without a blush, with a beautiful little judicial air. "Leo, if your name weren't made; if you weren't already admittedly first-rate; if the world had to be shown what you are—" She broke off.

"All right. I see. You wouldn't want it."

"It might be a photograph." She smiled painfully.

"Oh, no, it mightn't. Don't insult me. It might be a Giorgione—if there were any." He spoke listlessly, without pride. "But it's you—you all over."

"Yes, it's I all over."

"And you're afraid——"

"I'm afraid of nothing!" She denied it with energy. "But can't we be just as magnificent as that?"

"As what?"

"As to let one of your best pictures——"

"My very best," he amended.

"—have been for us alone—a luxury that no one else will ever have had? Mayn't we keep one shred of your genius in the most beautiful place of all—just closed away forever with our love? The 'Leda' seems to me as intimate as—as whatever we've ever had that was most intimate." She dropped, in sight of her metaphor.

"Your father would have called you squeamish, Marie." He did not often invoke the unhappy genius in whose studio they had met, chaperoned by the whole Greek pantheon in clay.

"If you can't see it's something other than squeamishness, I'll leave it to any one you say."

"I can see. You mustn't blame me too much. It was only an idea thrown out. What is up there, then?"

"There are the Tuscan sketches."

"Um—yes. I haven't seen them for years. You might let Mannheimer have a look at them, if you don't mind. My salad days and all, but there's this about losing your working arm: it gives you the market value of death. If you'd rather ask Showalter to look at them first——"

"I'd much rather not. We've kept any of your friends from knowing we needed money. And, in that sense, we don't."

"You mean my time is very short? But, even so, we need every penny we

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can scrape together. I'm sure of that. There's you, after all, my dear."

"I don't come into it. Besides, there's quite enough. If you want Mannheimer to look at them, I'll send for him. But I'd rather not take Mr. Showalter up."

"You're confoundedly proud, Marie."

"You've made me so, then."

"All right—all right." His eyes were closed. "I'm pretty tired. It is more tiring to talk than to think. It used not to be so. I must be going fast."

Mrs. Farrant rose. "I'll call Minnie to sit in the next room, while I go for your prescription. Mrs. Bleeker is always glad to let her. I'll be back soon." She put on her hat, kissed him, and left the room.

Leo Farrant, that night, in spite of the precious drug, had a turn for the worse. The doctor was summoned before dawn, and when, in the middle of the morning, he came again, he brought a nurse with him. "Sorry to do this without your permission, Mrs. Farrant," he said briskly; "but I am going, for twenty-four hours, to try a treatment that you couldn't possibly give."

She bowed her head. There was nothing else to do. But while Leo slept briefly, with the nurse beside him, she went softly up-stairs to the big attic with the skylight which they had, from pathetic instinct (though Leo Farrant had never seen it) called the "studio." She got out the Tuscan sketches, propped them against the eaves, and stared at them. They weren't things meant to show, to sell. They had been done in happy honeymoon days, when she was by his side, to keep his hand in. To see them there called up the dresses she had worn, the rocks on which she had sat, the very taste of the local wine they had drunk together after his morning's work. She knew that never before this had Leo thought of them as marketable; she even, herself, fancied now that they weren't. But they might be, for all she positively knew; and, if so, Mannheimer ought to be sent for. Not Showalter—never. She had hitherto kept Leo's friends from well-meant ministrations, and she would, still, to the end. Leo Farrant's name should never figure on the long list of unrewarded talents held up periodically for an admonition to the philistine public. She herself was too much bone of that public's bone, flesh of its flesh, to endure the idea. She wanted, for Leo, peace with honor; though well aware that it does not lie with genius to have both. Oh, she would send for Mannheimer—not for Showalter, kind, gifted, eminent as he was—and she would find the right words to put him off while she welcomed him. She would open no loophole to Mannheimer's keen Semitic eye for tragic fact. Besides, Mannheimer, she was pretty sure, didn't gossip; was capable of holding his tongue with a sæcular reticence. And if he liked the things at all, he would make it out to purchasers that his acquisition had been, not charity, but inimitable luck—and *flair*. She knew her Mannheimer as well as Leo.

A little appeased, for the moment—for how could the sketches look so beautiful to her and not be beautiful for others?—she sat down on a trunk, and let her tense, tired limbs relax. Slight as it was, it was the first freedom—with Leo asleep and a nurse beside him—that she had known for months. It had been long indeed since she had consulted her comfort unconsciously, like any other person. She had never wanted to leave her husband; she had kept so close to him that most people probably thought them elsewhere—anywhere except in town still, at Mrs. Bleeker's. Showalter was supposed to know; but he himself was here, there, and everywhere, painting the portraits that it amused him to paint. And Showalter tired Leo: they had, good friends as they were, such different points of view. Showalter was all with the moderns; and Leo all with the far-off, time-tested classics, with luminous Italy and splendid, twilit Spain. Their world wasn't his world; though once, before that accursed horse plunged, he had obviously hoped to make theirs his. Now the tumult and the shouting were all for Showalter. Well, what did they want with the tumult and the shouting? Weren't they "free among the dead"?

Her moment of rest—of liberty rather than of real rest, for the trunk wasn't over-comfortable—spurred afresh the willing courage in her, and drove her to a new adventure. She would, quietly there alone, look once more at the "Leda" for which she had posed to her husband: the picture that he considered his masterpiece.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She rose and went to the farther side of the room, the light falling rustily on her golden head through the dirty skylight. There it was, in its wrappings. She unfolded them, unswathed it, and sat down on the rough board floor to look at it.

"Has it been so long since I have seen a picture?" That was what she murmured to herself at last, to explain away her tears. "Was I ever so lovely?" came the whisper. "Oh, no, I never was; it is Leo, Leo. Nothing but his lost hand could ever have made me so beautiful. Yet it's I—not the shadow of a hope that it could be taken for any one else." She shook the tears from her eyes and bent nearer the canvas.

She recalled, with a sudden, synthetic mental gesture, all the history of its creation: how strange it had seemed to her, though used from infancy to models as part of the business of life, to pose, herself; how oddly impersonal Leo had been about it, criticising each attitude (she had tried so long before she got that listless droop of the head as she gazed across the green turf at the approaching swan); and yet how sometimes he had broken off to come and kiss her hand most gently, and beg her to rest. He had accused her at first of being Elsa rather than Leda; but even Leo could find nothing Gothic—term of superlative reproach!—in her beauty; and, in the end, with her, not in spite of her, he had worked out his idea. Loveliness caught in a doom of which it is a little careless; passionless acceptance of the passions of the most high gods; passivity that will not compromise itself by any fear, or flight, or lamentation—he had flung the legend to the winds for the sake of his symbol. She remembered it all—all. It had never been hung; though in his old studio it had always been at hand, like this, behind its wrappings, enclosed in its sumptuous Venetian frame. No one had ever seen it: there would never be any critic to confirm or confute Leo's judgment of it. It was hers—done for her, with her, by her. Couldn't Leo see what that meant to her? It had nothing to do with his art—save that it insisted, not without malice, on being a masterpiece.

Then she heard herself called by Mrs. Bleeker's voice from below; and closing and locking the door quickly, she ran down-stairs. The nurse awaited her on the threshold—a stiff white creature for whose services she prayed inwardly Mannheimer would presently pay. Farrant had waked; and Miss Dall wanted the doctor sent for. Mrs. Farrant went down-stairs to telephone; but the doctor was not in, and she had to leave a message for him. While Farrant dropped off again later into a troubled sleep, she wrote to Mannheimer; and then, with a docility born of long discipline, ate her luncheon, which tasted like nothing, and which she did not want.

By mid-afternoon the doctor came; and this time it seemed to her that his firm tread was more nervous. When he came out of the bedroom and closed the door, after whispering to Miss Dall on the threshold, she faced him squarely.

"Well?"

The physician shrugged his shoulders patiently. "Mrs. Farrant, I don't see any real hope for him at all. It is kinder to tell you. There is just one chance." He studied her face. "Windisch—the biggest specialist in the world, you know, for this sort of thing—is still in New York. He came over to operate on James L. Gillenton's daughter."

She nodded; she read the paper to Leo every morning while he breakfasted.

"Well: there's just the hundredth chance that Windisch, if he could see your husband, could do something for him. Of course, Windisch gets a bigger fee than—" He smiled at her kindly and ruefully.

"How much?"

"I don't know. He might be approached—if there is time before he sails. I could perhaps get at him through Doctor Melcher, who knows him. But even if he made it nominal, it would run into the hundreds. And if Windisch thought he could do anything, it would mean an operation and a very long convalescence in a hospital. I couldn't in the least say, Mrs. Farrant."

"Thousands." She murmured it to herself.

"Before you got through with it, yes. And of course, only a chance. I think, all things considered, even Windisch probably wouldn't operate." He seemed to be trying to let her down easily.

Marie Farrant closed her eyes. Fan-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tastic sums in addition seemed to be traced on the inner lids; she could see, with shut eyes, nothing but black figures on a yellowish background. Presently she looked at the doctor again. "If you can possibly get Windisch to come—I think I can manage it. Provided, that is, his fee is what you call nominal. I couldn't pay Gillenton prices—well, no matter what happened."

"Perhaps I can manage it. I'll go and see Melcher myself. And—if you could get a little rest while he sleeps. For he will sleep now—I've seen to that. You're a sensible woman: lie down and relax a little, if you can't do more." He shook hands with her, and went out.

The rest of the day dragged on as best it could for Mrs. Farrant. She sat with Leo while the nurse rested; she withdrew patiently when the nurse told her to. There were a few practical things that she could do: fetching and carrying, and sterilizing absurd little objects. All inanimate objects seemed absurd to her; though, inasmuch as Leo needed them in mysterious ways, they were sacred. When there were not practical things to do, she lay helplessly on her sofa, shut her eyes, and contemplated the black figures on the yellow background. She would almost have sent for Showalter, if she hadn't seen, in a morning paper, that he had sailed for Europe. Towards evening the doctor came again—another visit to write down on her calendar. He was softly jubilant. He had told Melcher all about the case; Melcher had arranged it for him; Windisch would come in the morning. The fee, he hoped, would be as small as—Farrant not being of the medical profession—could humanly be expected. She could not but see, across her bitter anxiety, that the doctor was elated at the undreamed-of chance of consulting with Windisch. He might have waited years for such a coincidence: Windisch's presence, and a case precisely in Windisch's line. To such uses had Leo Farrant come! "He'll sleep now," the doctor had said again, as he left. "The afternoon has worn him out. You must remember, Mrs. Farrant," he went on, "that the pain, though it's bad when it comes, isn't constant. Miss Dall will be there, in any case. So I think I'll prescribe for you, now." He held his hypodermic syringe lightly between his fingers.

"Oh, no!" she protested. "If she wanted me and I shouldn't wake!"

"She'll wake you fast enough if she does want you. Only an eighth of a grain—so that you'll be fresh for Windisch in the morning. He may want to ask you a lot of questions." Then, as she shook her head: "My dear lady, I know what I'm about. I know just the symptoms for which this stuff is good and those for which it isn't. Just at this moment you need it more than you need anything else. You'll be fit as a fiddle to-morrow—and you'll need to be. I know you pretty well, and I know the kind of night you would have if you didn't do this."

Still she demurred. "What time is Doctor Windisch coming?"

"Eleven sharp."

Mannheimer, if he got her note, would come at ten-thirty. She bared her arm obediently.

Leo Farrant braced himself admirably, the next morning, to meet the great specialist. Miss Dall, accustomed to every manifestation of the impulse to live, took it for hope. Marie Farrant knew better. Leo was merely counting on the luxury of being pulled to pieces by a first-rate intelligence: he was supremely interested. He had not expected anything so exciting to happen to him again—ever. They were very cheerful, the three, together; with that strange spontaneous gayety which often bursts into sudden flower in a sick-room. Waiting for Windisch gave them all respite; until he came there was no need to think. It was hardest, for every reason, on Mrs. Farrant; not least because she had Mannheimer to face at half past ten. She could not tell Leo about the appointment. She was glad that she didn't have to; though it stabbed her to see him so helpless that one could keep things from him. She managed to get a word in her sitting-room with Miss Dall when Mannheimer's card came up—enough to make sure that her retreat to the attic with the dealer would be skilfully covered for her. How she loathed these evasions—just as she had loathed, for months, the secret, sordid tragedy of her dwindling bank-account. What was left in life when husband or wife had to conceal from the other the other's own affairs?

She made some explanation to Mann-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heimer below, then led him up, past Leo's very door, to the "studio." Once there, she made him, in all the nonchalant phrases she had so carefully prepared, the offer of the Tuscan sketches. Her preliminary chatter took longer than she had realized it would; Mannheimer had been late; and he had still not committed himself when she heard unmistakable sounds below. Windisch was there. She turned to the dealer. "The specialist I spoke of has come. I am afraid I must go down for a little. But it's natural that you should want some time to look them over."

"Quite so. I'll wait. I do want to look them over." He pursed his lips judicially, looked about for a seat, found one, and sat down heavily as she left the room.

It did not take Windisch long to make his examination. Marie Farrant watched the minute-hand of her clock creep interminably on through the brief period. Miss Dall looked loyally out of the window all the while, save that once or twice she cast a keen, sidelong glance at the woman who sat there, hands folded and eyes fixed on the clock. She thought Mrs. Farrant beautiful, but she suspected that her looks would go suddenly and very soon.

Eventually the great man came out. The doctor beckoned to the nurse, and together they went into Farrant's bedroom. Mrs. Farrant was left face to face with Windisch. She rose. "Well?"

He looked at her kindly. How she feared their kindness! It so infallibly meant that there was some special reason for being kind.

He spoke, in the careful academic English of the educated foreigner. "I think, Mrs. Farrant, that there is very little chance. The only hope for your husband would be a grave operation; and it will be only just to say to you that I should greatly fear the result of that. The operation would—how do you say?—either kill or cure. I do not believe that it would cure. But there is a slight possibility that it would—one possibility, I might say, out of one hundred."

"What do you advise?"

His brilliant blue eyes raked the little sitting-room—as if to diagnose it—before he answered slowly: "I cannot, in such a case, advise. You, madam, must decide for yourself. I tell you the facts as I see them."

"May I have a few hours to make up my mind? I must see my husband."

He took out his watch. "At four o'clock you may telephone to Doctor Melcher. I would operate to-morrow. I sail to Europe on Saturday."

"I will telephone. Thank you." She shook hands with him, as the doctor came out of Leo's room.

"Well?" he asked, as he crossed the threshold.

"Doctor Windisch will tell you. May I go in now?"

"Not for ten minutes, please. Miss Dall will call you."

Windisch bowed, and the two physicians went out. Ten minutes gave her time to return to Mannheimer, and she crept up-stairs.

The dealer shook his head at her as soon as she entered the store-room. "Did Mr. Farrant tell you I would want these?"

"He thought it very unlikely. But he did say it might be worth your looking at them. He hasn't seen them for years. Of course they are only sketches."

"Oh, they're clever, but they must have been done very young."

"They were." "As long ago as the Garden of Eden," she might have added, but she did not.

"Frankly, Mrs. Farrant, in spite of the great respect I have personally for everything Mr. Farrant ever touched, I don't believe they're marketable. I'll keep an eye out, and let you know, but— Only a very acute critic would know they were Farrants; and critics aren't so acute as that about living artists. It doesn't pay them to be. No—I don't see my way."

He gave his refusal very lightly, she thought. In an instant, she saw why. Mannheimer waved his hand to the opposite wall, and as she turned she saw the "Leda" stripped of the covering that, the night before, she had hastily flung over it.

"Now, for that, Mrs. Farrant, I'll write you a cheque on the spot, to any tune you like—within reason. And 'within reason' leaves you a big margin, too." He smiled.

She had a sharp sensation of cold about her heart; as if, just in that spot, the blood had chilled.

"That isn't for sale."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He bent forward, palms thrust out. "I'll give you now, on the spot, as much as you would ever get for it. It pretty nearly knocked me over when I saw it—and I'm fairly used to pictures, too."

Mrs. Farrant was silent. Already the figures had crowded back into her brain, and if she closed her eyes for the merest flutter, she could see the amount of Windisch's fee (which Doctor Hynes, by prearrangement with her, had murmured in her ear as he went out) subtracted from her bank balance. She could see the sharp line drawn beneath, and the three figures of the remainder.

"I don't need to tell you," Mannheimer's voice went on, "that that picture ought to hang in the finest collection in the country."

"No, you don't need to tell me that."

He drew out his cheque-book. "Say when, Mrs. Farrant. Unless you have to consult your husband further about it." Then, as she did not answer: "I hope he is not seriously ill."

"Very seriously, Mr. Mannheimer."

"I am exceedingly sorry. America has no one living who can touch him, in my opinion."

"I must go to him now." She flung the covering back over the picture, then walked to the door and opened it for Mannheimer to pass out. He followed her, and she locked the door behind her.

"You don't trust me?" He laughed.

"I don't trust any one with that. I'll let you know if I think of selling."

He shook his head. "Any price you like, Mrs. Farrant. I shan't haggle with you. It honestly won't pay you anything to wait. I tell you frankly, Gillenton would take it to-morrow—at *my* price."

She parted from him on the threshold of her sitting-room. "I'll write, if I decide."

Mannheimer paused an instant, leaning on the stair-rail. Then he looked up at her and whispered hoarsely: "I'll take the sketches, if you'll let me have the big one now."

Mrs. Farrant nodded. "I'll let you know," she repeated. Then she went into the room and closed the door.

"Well, dear?" Leo Farrant greeted her with a smile. Miss Dall went out, and Marie Farrant bent to kiss her husband.

"Well, dear."

"He told you I was no good, didn't he?"

"Are you sure you ought to talk?"

"Oh, yes, they've done with me for a time. The pain isn't bad now. Good Heavens, I must talk while I can!"

"He said there was, with an operation, one chance in a hundred."

"What idiots they are!" he murmured softly.

"Why?"

"To think one will take their hundredth chance. The ninety-nine chances are that I should die of it, aren't they?"

She nodded.

"'A pox upon them!' as one would have said in a sturdier day. And how much did he stick you for saying that?"

She told him.

"Good Lord, my dear, we can't afford it!"

"Oh, yes, we can."

"Has some one left you money?"

"No; but we can afford anything that's necessary."

"Did you send for Mannheimer?"

"Yes. He came running." She patted his pillow.

"And did he want the stuff?"

Mrs. Farrant rose and pulled down the window-shade a few inches. "He's to send me a cheque to-night."

"How much?"

She pushed the shade up again, but Leo did not notice her gesture.

"The cheque hasn't come. But, according to what he said, I may trust him to do very well by us. So you see we can afford anything that is likely to do us any good."

"I'm very glad." He smiled at her, as she sat down again beside him. "I haven't seen them since the beginning of time, but honestly I didn't think there was much hope. They weren't much, as I remember the lot. You kept getting in the way, you know." His hand covered hers. "And besides, I hardly knew anything then."

She frowned slightly. "That's Mannheimer's affair, I think. So you will try the operation?"

He laughed weakly. Sensations that were the precursors of pain were coming upon him. "I should think not! I've

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never wanted to go out under ether. And that is what it would really amount to. Their talk of my 'chance'! No, indeed. If there had been a real chance, he'd have carried me off bodily—he wouldn't have hemmed and hawed to you."

"How do you know what he did?"

"I know every line of your face, my dear."

"But, Leo darling——"

"It's all right. I've always been ready to get out when my time came. If there were one chance in a million to give me back my arm—well, that would be a sporting proposition. We'd see."

"You don't care just to be well—with me? Remember, there's all the Mannheimer money coming in."

"No, thanks. Remember, he couldn't be enthusiastic, even for the sake of doing a little sleight of hand among my vital organs. And they love doing it, you know, just as I loved to paint. No, I'm content as I am. I should feel a fool—a fool." His voice died away in a murmur, and he closed his eyes. "I'm just glad," he whispered, "that you'll have something to go on with. Awfully glad of that, Marie. I always liked Mannheimer, you know—not like most of them." The pain had come, and she summoned the nurse.

Doctor Hynes could not say, when he returned that afternoon, that he considered Farrant's decision unwise. "I won't force him to the operating-table against his will," she explained, "unless you or Windisch can give me more hope than he gave me this morning. I should feel that I had killed him, when he didn't want to be killed."

"Oh, I don't think Windisch really wants to operate, you know." The doctor, fingering a tiny square of brocade, did not look at her. "But he wouldn't have considered it honest to say that there was no hope—if you measure hope as they do radium. It lies with you entirely. Of course, it would be a very great expense."

"There is plenty of money," she broke in. "We can perfectly afford the operation *if* that hope is worth looking at."

He was silent. "I see you don't think it is," she said. "Then how can I violate my husband's will in the matter? For he would only consent, for my sake, because he couldn't refuse me if I seriously asked it."

Doctor Hynes still fingered the brocade.

"You've told me, yourself, everything I want to know," said Mrs. Farrant.

Then he turned. "No, indeed, I haven't. I've only said—as Windisch himself did—that I couldn't advise."

"In another case, you'd advise quickly enough." She smiled. "I don't ask you for another word. I don't hold you responsible in any sense. And now—you said you would be good enough to see that Doctor Windisch's cheque reached him." She went to her desk, wrote the cheque firmly, and handed it to him. "Thank you. One thing I should like to know. How long is he going to live, on this basis?"

He looked at her gravely, kindly, as so often he had done. "Not more than a month or two, Mrs. Farrant—with the turn things have taken in forty-eight hours. And the nursing is going to be hard. You had better keep Miss Dall."

"Is there going to be anything to do for him that I can't do? Anything technical, I mean?"

"Nothing that you couldn't learn to do—except perhaps occasionally. But it would be the height of unwisdom for you to do it. It would mean—and I can speak quite positively about that—a complete breakdown for you: years in a sanatorium, perhaps. You are pretty well worn out already."

"I'll chance the sanatorium. It won't in the least matter—afterward. The only thing I care about is being with my husband every minute now until the end. I should be jealous, you see"—she expounded carefully—"of any one else who did things for him."

"I see how you feel, Mrs. Farrant. But I'm not asking you to leave him. I'm only asking you to take enough care of yourself so that, while he does live, you can be a constant comfort to him—so that you'll be at your best for him, all the time. And I should be sorry to have you let Miss Dall go, and later have to fall back on some one else, for she's an exceptionally nice woman. Most nurses would be much more in your way."

"You think I can't put it through?"

"Not to the end."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah, but I can! You don't know the whole of it, Doctor Hynes."

He looked at her keenly. "Since it isn't a question of expense——"

"It's a question of something very different from mere expense. I'm afraid I shall have to have my own way about this."

He stepped into the hall, then turned, with his hand on the door-knob. "I shall have my way in the end, Mrs. Farrant."

"Oh, *in the end*"—she emphasized the words slightly—"you may do anything you like with me."

She paused a moment in the hall, while the doctor went down-stairs; then softly, furtively, climbed the steps to the "studio." Once inside, she turned the key, and sat down where Mannheimer had seated himself in the morning. She was very, very tired, but her nerves had lifted her to the complicated strain of the day, and she must take advantage of whatever strength she had before she was let heavily, helplessly down to the lower levels of power. She did not dare close her eyes; for, if she did, that relentless arithmetical vision would swim beneath her eyelids and confront her. Only three figures: and the doctor, and Miss Dall, and two more months of life, perhaps, for Leo. If she could have been sure of herself, to the end, she would not have lifted her hand. She could trust herself now; but there was no telling what she might do later, with her heavy task upon her, half-crazed with weariness and strain. Mannheimer, waving a beneficent cheque, might, then, induce her to anything. She must do it now, while she could—before Mannheimer, returning and returning to the charge, should wear her out and drag consent from her.

She looked about the store-room for something to achieve her purpose with. She didn't want to ask Mrs. Bleeker for anything. In a dusty corner she found a screw-driver, and she seized it with a little gasp of relief. That would do. Lifting the covering from the picture, she gazed at it a moment. Her tears blinded her; presently, she knew, she would feel like some nameless vandal. Grasping the screw-driver, she drew her hand back, and pierced the canvas with one straight stroke. Then she closed her eyes—as if she expected to be sickened with the sight of blood. The black figures on the yellowish ground were no longer there; instead, she saw Mannheimer's smile. Then, blindly, she dragged the implanted screw-driver down, in a firm diagonal. When she looked again, her work was done: a jagged rent passed through the wondrous white body of Leda, across the canvas, to the smooth plumage of the swan. "It isn't worth a penny now," she murmured. Then she flung the tool away from her, loathing it as if it had killed. She covered the picture, wedging the cloth tightly round the frame, and left the attic, locking the door carefully behind her.

As she entered her husband's room, he smiled at her. The pain had left him for another interval. The old phrase came. "Well, dear?" He held out his hand.

She took it. "Well?" And, smiling, she kissed him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOUNTY-JUMPER

By Mary Synon

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

". . . While faith, that in the mire was fain to wallow,
Returns at last to find
The cold fanes desolate, the niches hollow,
The windows dim and blind,

"And, strown with ruins around, the shattered relic
Of unregardful youth,
Where shapes of beauty once, with tongues angelic,
Whispered the runes of Truth."
—*From "The Burden of Lost Souls."*

ON the day before Isador Framberg's body was brought back to Chicago from Vera Cruz, James Thorold's appointment as ambassador to Forsland was confirmed by the Senate of the United States. Living, Isador Framberg might never have wedged into the affairs of nations and the destinies of James Thorold. Marines in the navy do not intrigue with chances of knee-breeches at the Court of St. Jerome. More than miles lie between Forquier Street and the Lake Shore Drive. Dead, Isador Framberg became, as dead men sometimes become, the archangel of a nation, standing with flaming sword at the gateway to James Thorold's paradise.

For ten years the Forsland embassy had been the goal of James Thorold's ambition. A man past seventy, head of a great importing establishment, he had shown interest in public affairs only within the decade, although his very build, tall, erect, commanding, and his manner, suavely courteous and untouched by futile haste, seemed to have equipped him with a natural bent for public life. Marrying late in life, he seemed to have found his bent more tardily than did other men. But he had invested wealth, influence, and wisdom in the future of men who, come to power, were paying him with this grant of his desire. The news, coming to him unofficially but authoritatively from Washington, set him to cabling his wife and daughter in Paris and telegraphing his son whose steamer was just docking in New York. The boy's answer, delayed in transit and announcing that he was already on his way to Chicago, came with the morning newspapers and hurried his father through their contents in order that he might be on time to meet Peter at the station.

The newspapers, chronicling Thorold's appointment briefly, were heavy with harbingering of the funeral procession of the boy who had fallen a fortnight before in the American navy's attack upon Vera Cruz. The relative values that editors placed upon the marine's death and his own honoring nettled Thorold. Ambassadors to the Court of St. Jerome were not chosen from Chicago every day, he reasoned, finding Isador Framberg already the fly in the amber of his contentment. To change the current of his thought he read over Peter's telegram, smiling at the exuberant message of joy in which the boy had vaunted the family glory. The yellow slip drove home to James Thorold the realization of how largely Peter's young enthusiasm was responsible for the whetting of his father's desire to take part in public affairs. For Peter's praise James Thorold would have moved mountains; and Peter's praise had a way of following the man on horseback. Thorold's eager anticipation of the boy's pride in him sped his course through rosy mists of hope as his motor-car threaded the bright drive and through the crowded Parkway toward the Rush Street bridge.

A cloud drifted across the sky of his serenity, however, as a blockade of traffic delayed his car in front of the old Adams homestead, rising among lilacs that flooded half a city square with fragrance. The old house, famous beyond its own day for Judge Adams's friendship with Abraham Lincoln and the history-making sessions that the little group of Illinois idealists

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had held within its walls, loomed gray above the flowering shrubs, a saddening reminder of days that James Thorold must have known; but Thorold, glimpsing the place, turned away from it in a movement so swift as to betoken some resentment and gave heed instead to the long line of motors rolling smoothly toward the city's heart.

Over the bridge and through the packed streets of the down-town district Thorold, shaken from his revery of power and Peter, watched the film that Chicago unrolled for the boulevard pilgrims. The boats in the river, the long switch-tracks of the railroads, the tall grain-elevators, the low warehouses from which drifted alluring odors of spices linked for James Thorold the older city of his youth with the newer one of his age as the street linked one division of the city's geography with another. They were the means by which Chicago had risen from the sand-flats of the fifties to the Michigan Avenue of the present, that wide street of the high sky-line that fronted the world as it faced the Great Lakes, squarely, solidly, openly. They were the means, too, by which James Thorold had augmented his fortune until it had acquired the power to send him to Forsland. To him, however, they represented not ladders to prosperity but a social condition of a passing generation, the Chicago of the seventies, a city distinctively American in population and in ideals, a youthful city of a single standard of endeavor, a pleasant place that had been swallowed by the Chicago of the present, that many-tentacled monster of heterogeneous races, that affected him, as it did so many of the older residents, with an overwhelming sensation of revolt against its sprawling lack of cohesion. Even the material advantages that had accrued to him from the growth of the city could not reconcile James Thorold to the fact that the elements of the city's growth came from the races of men whom he held in contempt. What mattered it, he reasoned, that Chicago waxed huge when her grossness came from the unassimilated, indigestible mass of Latins and Greeks, Poles and Russians, Czechs, Bulgars, Jews, who filled the streets, the factories, and the schools?

The prejudice, always strong within him, rose higher as he found his machine blocked again, this time by the crowd that stood across Jackson Boulevard at La Salle Street. Even after the peremptory order of a mounted police officer had cleared the way for him James Thorold frowned on the lines of men and women pressed back against the curbstones. The thought that they were waiting the coming of the body of that boy who had died in Mexico added to his annoyance the realization that he would have to fight his way through another crowd at the station if he wished to reach the train-shed where Peter's train would come. The struggle was spared him, however, by the recognition of a newspaper reporter who took it for granted that the ambassador to Forsland had come to meet the funeral cortège of the marine and who led him through a labyrinthine passage that brought him past the gates and under the glass dome of the train-shed.

Left alone, Thorold paced the platform a little apart from the group of men who had evidently been delegated to represent the city. Some of them he knew. Others of them, men of Isador Framberg's people and of the ten tribes of Israel, he did not care to know. He turned away from them to watch the people beyond the gates. Thousands of faces, typical of every nation of Europe and some of the lands of Asia, fair Norsemen and Teutons, olive-skinned Italians and men and women of the swarthier peoples of Palestine, Poles, Finns, Lithuanians, Russians, Bulgars, Bohemians, units of that mass which had welded in the city of the Great Lakes of America, looked out from behind the iron fence. The tensity written on their faces, eager yet awed, brought back to James Thorold another time when men and women had stood within a Chicago railway terminal waiting for a funeral cortège, the time when Illinois waited in sorrow to take Abraham Lincoln, dead, to her heart. The memory of that other April day of dirges linked itself suddenly in the mind of James Thorold with the picture of the lilacs blooming in the yard of the Adams homestead on the Parkway, that old house where Abraham Lincoln had been wont to come; and the fusing recollections spun the ambassador to Forsland upon his heel and sent him far down the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

platform, where he stood, gloomily apart, until the limited, rolling in from the end of the yards, brought him hastening to its side.

Peter Thorold was the first to alight.

A boy of sixteen, fair-haired, blue-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, springing from the platform of the Pullman into his father's arms, he brought with him the atmosphere of high adventure. In height, in poise of shoulders, in bearing, in a certain trick of lifting his chin, he was a replica of the dignified man who welcomed him with deep emotion; but a difference—of dream rather than of dogma—in the quality of their temperaments accoladed the boy. It was not only that his voice thrilled with the higher enthusiasms of youth. It held besides an inflexibility of tone that James Thorold's lacked. Its timbre told that Peter Thorold's spirit had been tempered in a furnace fierier than the one which had given forth the older man's. The voice rang out now in excited pleasure as the boy gripped his father's shoulders. "Oh, but it's good to see you again, dad," he cried. "You're a great old boy, and I'm proud of you, sir. Think of it!" he almost shouted. "Ambassador to Forsland! Say, but that's bully!" He slipped his arm around his father's shoulder, while James Thorold watched him with eyes that shone with joy. "What do you call an ambassador?" he demanded laughingly.

"Fortunately," the older man said, "there is no title accompanying the office."

"Well, I should think not," the boy exclaimed. "Oh, dad, isn't it the greatest thing in the world that you're to represent the United States of America?"

James Thorold smiled. "No doubt," he said dryly. His gaze passed his son to glimpse the crowd at the gate, frantic now with excitement, all looking forward toward some point on the platform just beyond where the man and boy were standing. "These United States of America have grown past my thought of them," he added. The boy caught up the idea eagerly. "Haven't they, though?" he demanded. "And isn't it wonderful to think that it's all the same old America, 'the land of the free and the home of the brave'? Gee, but it's good to be back in it again. I came up into New York alongside the battleship that brought our boys home from Mexico," he went on, "and, oh, say, dad, you should have seen that harbor! I've seen a lot of things for a fellow," he pursued with a touch of boyish boastfulness, "but I never saw anything in all my life like that port yesterday. People, and people, and people, waiting, and flags at half-mast, and a band off somewhere playing a funeral march, and that battleship with the dead sailors—the fellows who died for our country at Vera Cruz, you know—creeping up to the dock. Oh, it was—well, I cried!" He made confession proudly, then hastened into less personal narrative.

"One of them came from Chicago here," he said. "He was only nineteen years old, and he was one of the first on the beach after the order to cross to the custom-house. He lived over on Forquier Street, one of the men was telling me—there are six of them, the guard of honor for him, on the train—and his name was Isador Framberg. He was born in Russia, too, in Kiev, the place of the massacres, you remember. See, dad, here comes the guard!"

Peter Thorold swung his father around until he faced six uniformed men who fell into step as they went forward toward the baggage-car. "It's too bad, isn't it," the boy continued, "that any of the boys had to die down in that greaser town? But, if they did, I'm proud that we proved up that Chicago had a hero to send. Aren't you, dad?" James Thorold did not answer. Peter's hands closed over his arm. "It reminds me," he said, lowering his voice as they came closer to the place where the marines stood beside the iron carrier that awaited the casket of Isador Framberg's body, "of something the tutor at Westbury taught us in Greek last year, something in a funeral oration that a fellow in Athens made on the men who died in the Peloponnesian War. 'Such was the end of these men,'" he quoted slowly, pausing now and then for a word while his father looked wonderingly upon his rapt fervor, "'and they were worthy of Athens. The living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit. I would have you fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

love of her; and, when you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and who had the courage to do it, who in the hour of conflict had the fear of dishonor always present to them.'" With the solemnity of a chant the young voice went on while the flag-covered casket was lifted from car to bier. "'For the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not in stone but in the hearts of men. Make them your examples, and, esteeming courage to be freedom and freedom to be happiness, do not weigh too nicely the perils of war.'"

He pulled off his cap, tucking it under his arm and dragging his father with him to follow the men who had fallen in behind the marines as they moved forward toward the gates and the silent crowd beyond. Almost unwillingly James Thorold doffed his hat. The words of Peter's unexpected declamation of Pericles's oration resounded in his ears. "Once before," he said to the boy, "I heard that speech. Judge Adams said it one night to Abraham Lincoln."

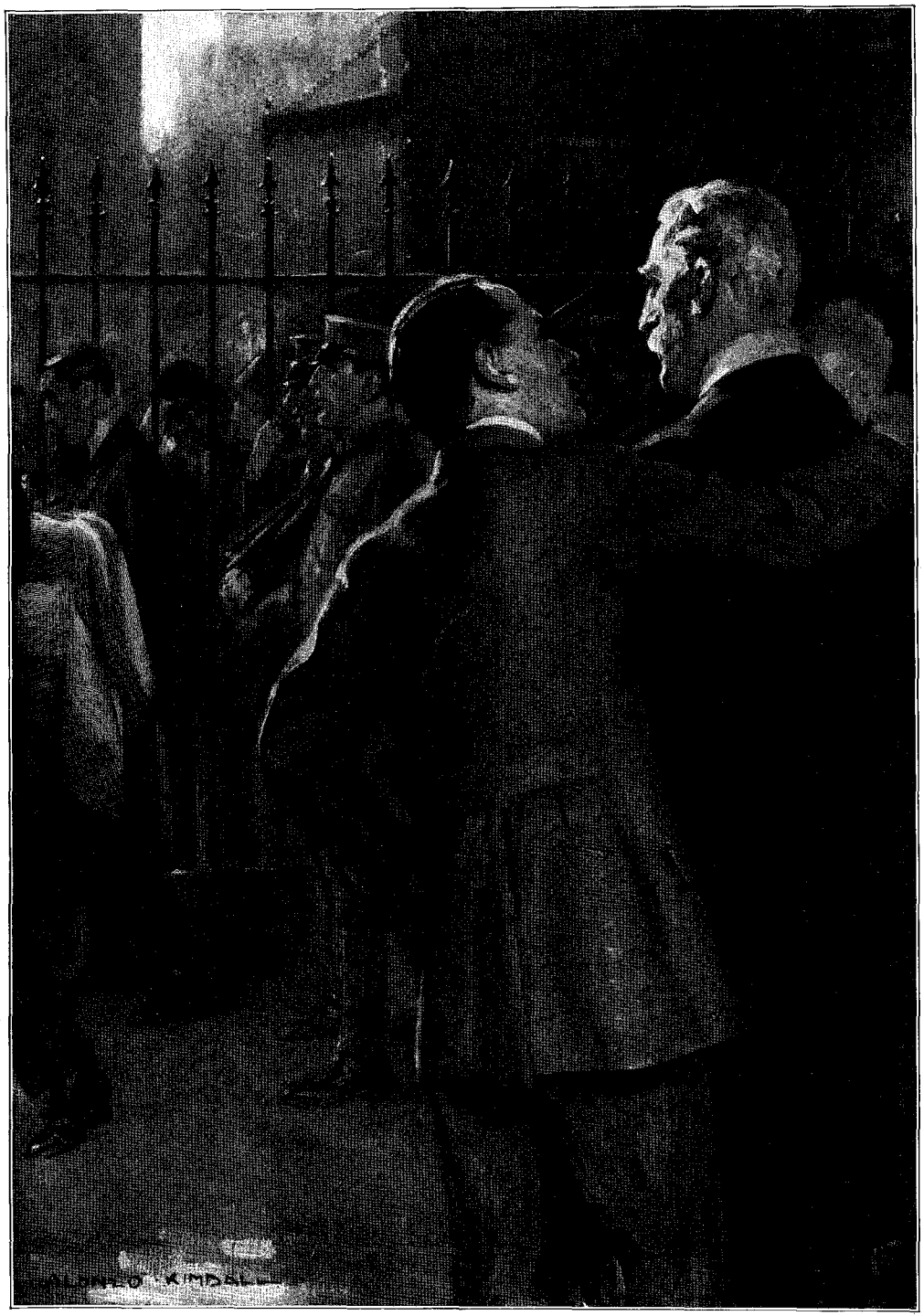
"Father!" Peter's eyes flashed back from the cortège to meet James Thorold's. "I never knew that you knew Abraham Lincoln." His tone betokened an impression of having been cheated of some joy the older man had been hoarding. But James Thorold's voice held no joy. "Yes," he said. "I knew him."

The gates, sliding back, opened the way for the officers who led the procession with which Isador Framberg came back to the city of his adoption. The crowd yawned to give space to the guard of honor, walking erectly beside the flag-draped coffin, to the mourners, men and women alien as if they had come from Kiev but yesterday, to the little group of men, public officials and rabbis, who trailed in their wake, and to James Thorold and Peter, reverently following. Then it closed in upon the cortège, urging it silently down the broad stairways and out into the street where other crowds fell in with the strange procession. Surging away after the shabby hearse, drawn by its listless horses and attended by the marines, the crowd left the Thorolds, father and son, on the pavement beside the station. "Don't you want to go?" There was a wistfulness in Peter's voice that told his father that the boy had sensed some lack of responsiveness in him. "He's going to lie in state to-day at the city hall. Don't you think we should go, dad?" Not Peter's query but Peter's eyes won his father's answer. "After a while," he promised. "Then let's find a breakfast," the boy laughed. "I spent my last dollar sending you that telegram."

All the way over to his father's club on Michigan Avenue, and all through the breakfast that he ordered with lusty young appetite, Peter kept up a running fire of reminiscence of his European adventures. That the fire held grapeshot for his father when he talked of the latter's worthiness for the ambassadorship to Forsland he could not guess; but he found that he was pouring salt in a wound when he went back to comment upon Isador Framberg's death. "Why make so much of a boy who happened to be at Vera Cruz?" the older man said at last, nettled that even his son found greater occasion for commendation in the circumstance of the Forquier Street hero than in his father's selection to the most important diplomatic post in the gift of the government. Peter's brows rose swiftly at his father's annoyance. He opened his lips for argument, then swiftly changed his intention. "Tell me about Judge Adams, dad," he said, bungling over his desire to change the topic, "the fellow who knew his Pericles."

"It's too long a story," James Thorold said. He watched Peter closely in the fashion of an advocate studying the characteristics of a judge. The boy's idealism, his vivid young patriotism, his eager championship of those elements of the new America that his father contemned, had fired his personality with a glaze that left James Thorold's smoothly diplomatic fingers wandering over its surface, unable to hold it within his grasp. He had a story to tell Peter—some time—a story of Judge Adams, of the house among the lilacs, of days of war, of Abraham Lincoln; but the time for its telling must wait upon circumstance that would make Peter Thorold more ready to understand weak-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"Father! . . . I never knew that you knew Abraham Lincoln."—Page 238.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness and failure than he now seemed. Consciously James Thorold took a change of venue from Peter Thorold of the visions to Peter Thorold of the inevitable disillusions. But to the former he made concession. "Shall we go to the city hall now?" he asked as they rose from the table.

The city hall, a massive white granite pile covering half of the square east of La Salle Street and north of Washington and meeting its twin of the county building to form a solid mass of masonry, flaunted black drapings over the doorways through which James Thorold and his son entered. Through a wide corridor of bronze and marble they found their way, passing a few stragglers from the great crowd that had filled the lower floors of the huge structures when Isador Framberg's body had been brought from its hearse and carried to the centre of the aisles, the place where the intersecting thoroughfares met. Under a great bronze lamp stood the catafalque, covered with the Stars and Stripes and guarded by the men of the fleet.

Peter Thorold, pressing forward, took his place, his cap thrust under his arm, at the foot of the bier, giving his tribute of silence to the boy who had died for his country. But James Thorold went aside to stand beside an elevator-shaft. Had his son watched him as he was watching Peter, he would have seen the swift emotions that took their way across his father's face. He would have seen the older man's look dilate with the strained horror of one who gazed back through the dimming years to see a ghost. He would have seen sorrow, and grief, and a great remorse rising to James Thorold's eyes. He might even have seen the shadow of another bier cast upon the retina of his father's sight. He might have seen through his father's watching the memory of another man who had once lain on the very spot where Isador Framberg was lying, a man who had died for his country after he had lived to set his country among the free nations of the earth. But Peter Thorold saw only the boy who had gone from a Forquier Street tenement to the Mexican sands that he might prove by his dying that, with Irish, and Germans, and French, he too, the lad who had been born in Kiev of the massacres, was an American.

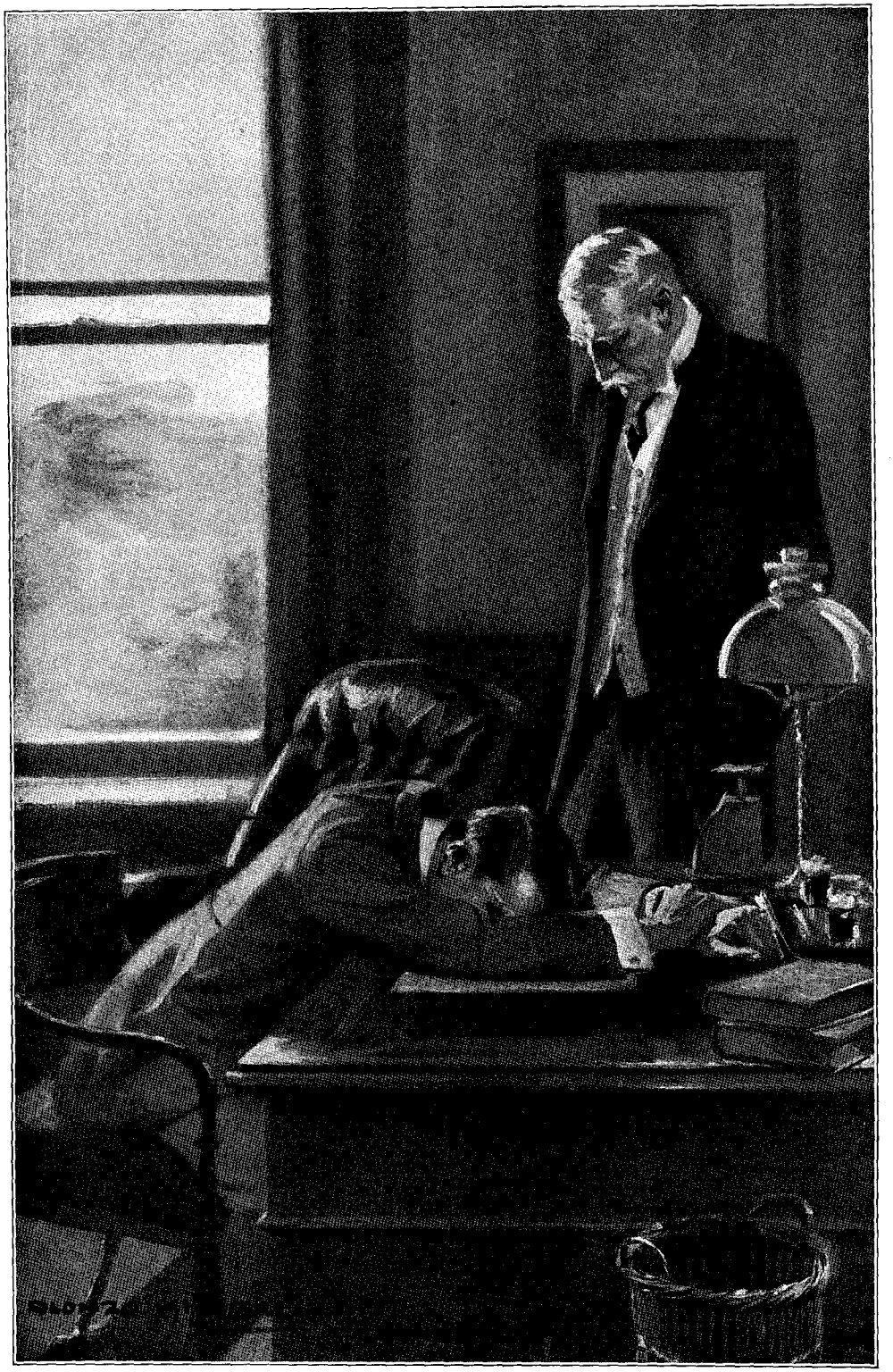
With the surge of strange emotions flooding his heart, Peter Thorold crossed to where his father stood apart. The tide of his thought overflowed the shore of prose and landed his expression high on a cliff of poetry. No chance, but the urging of his own exalted mood, brought from him the last lines of Moody's "Ode in Time of Hesitation":

> "Then on your guiltier head
> Shall our intolerable self-disdain
> Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;
> For manifest in that disastrous light
> We shall discern the right
> And do it, tardily.—O ye who lead,
> Take heed!
> Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite."

But to the older man, seeing as he stood the picture of that other catafalque to which he had crept one night in the lilac time of a year nearly a half century agone, the words flung anathema. He leaned back against the bronze grating of the shaft with a sudden look of age that brought Peter's protective arm to his shoulder. Then, with Peter following, he went out to the sun-bright street.

Like a man in a daze he dismissed his car, crossing pavements under Peter's guiding until he came to the building where the fortunes of the great Thorold mercantile business were administered. Through the outer room, where clerks looked up in surprise at the appearance which their chief presented on the morning when they had learned of the Forsland embassy, he led Peter until they came to the room where he had reigned for twenty years. It was a room that had always mirrored James Thorold to his son. Tall bookcases, stiff, old-fashioned, held long rows of legal works, books on history, essays on ethical topics, and bound volumes of periodicals. Except for its maps, it was a lawyer's room, although James Thorold never claimed either legal ability or legal standing. Peter seldom entered it without interest in its possibilities of entertainment, but to-day his father's strange and sudden preoccupation of manner ingulfed all the boy's thought. "What is it, dad?" he asked, a tightening fear screwing down upon his brain as he noted the change that had come over the mask that James Thorold's face held to the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

Almost impassively James Thorold watched him.—Page 243.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James Thorold made him no answer. He was standing at the wide walnut table, turning over and over in his hands the letters which his secretary had left for his perusal. Finally, he opened one of them, the bulkiest. He scanned it for a moment, then flung it upon the floor. Then he began to pace the room till in his striding he struck his foot against the paper he had cast aside. He picked it up, tossing it toward Peter. The boy turned from his strained watching of his father's face to read the letter. It was the official notification of the Senate's confirmation of the President's appointment of James Thorold as ambassador to the Court of St. Jerome.

"Why, father!" Incredulity heightened the boyishness in Peter's tone. James Thorold wheeled around until he faced him. "Peter," he said huskily, "there's something you'll have to know before I go to Forsland—if ever I go to Forsland. You'll have to decide." The boy shrank from the ominous cadence of the words. "Why, I can't judge for you, dad," he said awkwardly. "Our children are always our ultimate judges," James Thorold said.

"I have sometimes wondered," he went on, speaking to himself rather than to the puzzled boy, "how the disciples who met Christ but who did not go his way with him to the end felt when they heard he had died. I knew a great man once, Peter. I went his way for a little while, then I took my own. I saw them bring him, dead, over the way they have brought that boy to-day. I came down to the court-house that night, and there, just where that boy lies, Peter, I made a promise that I have not kept."

Again he resumed his pacing, speaking as he went, sometimes in low tones, sometimes with tensity of voice, always as if urged by some force that was driving him from silence. The boy, leaning forward at the edge of the chair, watched his father through the first part of the story. Before the end came he turned away.

"You remember," James Thorold began, his voice pleading patience, "that I've told you I came to Chicago from Ohio before the war? I was older than you then, Peter, but I was something of a hero-worshipper, too. Judge Adams was my hero in those troublous times of the fifties. I knew him only by sight for a long time, watching him go in and out of the big white house where he lived. After a time I came to know him. I was clerking in a coffee-importing house during the day and studying law at night. Judge Adams took me into his office. He took me among his friends. Abraham Lincoln was one of them.

"I remember the night I met Lincoln. Judge Adams had talked of him often. He had been talking of him that day. 'Greatness,' he had said, 'is the holding of a great dream, not for yourself, but for others. Abraham Lincoln has the dream. He has heard the voice, and seen the vision, and he is climbing up to Sinai. You must meet him, James.' That night I met him in the old white house.

"We were in the front parlor of the old house," James Thorold continued, resetting the scene until his only listener knew that it was more real to him than the room through which he paced, "when some one said, 'Mr. Lincoln.' I looked up to see a tall, awkward man standing in the arched doorway. Other men have said that they had to know Lincoln a long time to feel his greatness. My shame is the greater that I felt his greatness on the instant when I met his eyes.

"There was talk of war that night. Lincoln did not join in it, I remember, although I do not recall what he said. But when he rose to go I went with him. We walked down the street past dooryards where lilacs were blooming, keeping together till we crossed the river. There our ways parted. I told him a little of what Judge Adams had said of him. He laughed at the praise, waving it away from himself. 'It's a good thought, though,' he said, 'a great dream for others. But we need more than the dreaming, my friend. When the time comes, will you be ready?'

"I held out my hand to him in pledge.

"My way home that night took me past the armory where the Zouaves, the boys whom Ellsworth trained, were drilling. You remember Ellsworth's story, Peter? He was the first officer to die in the war." The boy nodded solemnly, and the man went on. "With Abraham Lincoln's voice ringing in my ears I enlisted.

"Years afterward, when Abraham Lincoln was President, war came. I'd seen Lincoln often in the years between."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

James Thorold stopped his restless pacing and stood at the end of the table away from Peter, leaning over it slightly, as he seemed to keep up his story with difficulty. "He came often to Judge Adams's house. There were evenings when the three of us sat in the parlor with the dusk drifting in from the lake, and spoke of the future of the nation. Judge Adams thought war inevitable. Abraham Lincoln thought it could be averted. They both dreaded it. I was young, and I hoped for it. 'What'll you do, Jim, if war should come?' they asked me once. 'I'd go as a private,' I told them.

"If the war had come then I should have gone with the first regiment out. But when the call sounded Ellsworth had gone to New York and the Zouaves had merged with another regiment. I didn't go with them in the beginning because I told myself that I wanted to be with the first troop that went from Illinois to the front. I didn't join until after Lincoln had sent out his call for volunteers.

"You see," he explained to the silent boy, "I had left Judge Adams's office and struck out for myself. Chicago was showing me golden opportunities. Before me, if I stayed, stretched a wide road of success."

"And you didn't go?" Peter interrupted his father for the first time. "I thought—" His voice broke.

"I went," James Thorold said. "The regiment, the Nineteenth, was at the border when Lincoln gave the call. There was a bounty being offered to join it. I would have gone anyhow, but I thought that I might just as well take the money. I was giving up so much to go, I reasoned. And so I took the bounty. The provost marshal gave me the money in the office right across the square from the old court-house. I put it in the bank before I started south.

"I left Chicago that night with a great thrill. I was going to fight for a great cause, for Abraham Lincoln's great dream for the country my father had died for in Mexico, that my grandfather had fought for at Lundy's Lane. I think," he said, "that if I might have gone right down to the fighting, I'd have stood the test. But when I came to Tennessee the regiment had gone stale. We waited, and waited. Every day I lost a little interest. Every day the routine dragged a little harder. I had time to see what opportunities I had left back here in Chicago. I wasn't afraid of the fighting. But the sheer hatred of what I came to call the uselessness of war gnawed at my soul. I kept thinking of the ways in which I might shape my destiny if only I were free. I kept thinking of the thousand roads to wealth, to personal success, that Chicago held for me. One night I took my chance. I slipped past the lines."

"Father!" The boy's voice throbbed with pain. His eyes, dilated with horror at the realization of the older man's admission, fixed their gaze accusingly on James Thorold. "You weren't a—a deserter?" He breathed the word fearfully.

"I was a bounty-jumper."

"Oh!" Peter Thorold's shoulders drooped as if under the force of a vital blow. Vaguely as he knew the term, the boy knew only too well the burden of disgrace that it carried. Once, in school, he had heard an old tutor apply it to some character of history whom he had especially despised. Again, in a home where he had visited, he had heard another old man use the phrase in contempt for some local personage who had attempted to seek public office. Bounty-jumper! Its province expressed to the lad's mind a layer of the inferno beneath the one reserved for the Benedict Arnolds and the Aaron Burrs. Vainly he bugled to his own troops of self-control; but they, too, were deserters in the calamity. He flung his arms across the table, surrendering to his sobs.

Almost impassively James Thorold watched him, as if he himself had gone so far back into his thought of the past that he could not bridge the gap to Peter now. With some thought of crossing the chasm he took up his tale of dishonor. Punctuated by the boy's sobs it went on.

"I came back to Chicago and drew the money from the bank. I knew I couldn't go back to the practise of law. I changed my name to Thorold and started in business as an army contractor. I made money. The money that's made us rich, the money that's sending me to Forsland" —a bitterness not in his voice before

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

edged his mention of the embassy—"came from that bounty that the provost marshal gave me."

He turned his back upon the sobbing boy, walking over to the window and staring outward upon the April brightness of the noonday ere he spoke again. "You know of the Nineteenth's record? They were at Nashville, and they were at Chattanooga after my colonel came back, dead. I went out of Chicago when his body was brought in. Then Turchin took command of the brigade. The Nineteenth went into the big fights. They were at Chickamauga. Benton fell there. He'd been in Judge Adams's office with me. After I'd come back he'd joined the regiment. The day the news of Chickamauga came I met Judge Adams on Washington Street. He knew me. He looked at me as Peter might have looked at Judas."

Slowly Peter Thorold raised his head from his arms, staring at the man beside the window. James Thorold met his look with sombre sorrow. "Don't think I've had no punishment," he said. "Remember that I loved Judge Adams. And I loved Abraham Lincoln."

"Oh, no, no!" The boy's choked utterance came in protest. "If you'd really cared for them you wouldn't have failed them."

"I have prayed," his father said, "that you may never know the grief of having failed the men you have loved. There's no heavier woe, Peter." Again his gaze went from the boy, from the room, from the present. "I did not see Abraham Lincoln again until he was dead," he said. "They brought him back and set his bier in the old court-house. The night he lay there I went in past the guards and looked long upon the face of him who had been my friend. I saw the sadness and the sorrow, the greatness and the glory, that life and death had sculptured there. He had dreamed and he had done. When the time had come he had been ready. I knelt beside his coffin; and I promised God and Abraham Lincoln that I would, before I died, make atonement for the faith I had broken."

Peter's sobbing had died down to husky flutterings of breath, but he kept his face averted from the man at the other side of the table. "I meant to make some sort of reparation," James Thorold explained, listlessness falling like twilight on his mood as if the sun had gone down on his power, "but I was always so busy, so busy. And there seemed no real occasion for sacrifice. I never sought public office or public honors till I thought you wanted me to have them, Peter." He turned directly to the boy, but the boy did not move. "I was so glad of Forsland — yesterday. Through all these years I have told myself that, after all, I had done no great wrong. But sometimes, when the bands were playing and the flags were flying, I knew that I had turned away from the Grail after I had looked upon it. I knew it to-day when I stood beside that boy's coffin. I had said that times change. I know now that only the time changes. The spirit does not die, but it's a stream that goes underground to come up, a clear spring, in unexpected places. My father died in Mexico. I failed my country. And Isador Framberg dies at Vera Cruz."

"For our country," the boy said bitterly.

"And his own," his father added. "For him, for his people, for all these who walk in darkness Abraham Lincoln died. The gleam of his torch shone far down their lands. His message brought them here. They have known him even as I, who walked with him in life, did not know him until to-day. And they are paying him. That dead boy is their offering to him, their message that they are the Americans."

Into Peter Thorold's eyes, as he looked upon his father, leaped a flash of blue fire. Searchingly he stared into the face of the older man as Galahad might have gazed upon a sorrowing Percival. "You're going to give up Forsland?" he breathed, touching the paper on the table. "I gave up Forsland," James Thorold said, "when I saw you at Isador Framberg's side. I knew that I was not worthy to represent your America—and his." He held out his hands to Peter longingly. The boy's strong ones closed over them. Peter Thorold, sighting the mansion of his father's soul, saw that the other man had passed the portals of confession into an empire of expiation mightier than the Court of St. Jerome.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MILITARISM AND DEMOCRACY IN GERMANY

By Oswald Garrison Villard

NINETY-THREE German savants who pledged their honor and reputation to the truth of their statements have recently declared that German militarism is one and indivisible with German culture. "Without it," they said, "our culture would long since have been wiped off the earth." From many other German sources come denials that Germany's militarism is a menace to the peace of Europe or to anybody else. It is defended, moreover, not only as a cultural but as a democratic institution. Germans are to-day thanking God for their militarism, on the ground that but for it Napoleon would never have been humbled and the German Empire would never have come to pass; that to its extent and thoroughness alone Germany owes her safety at this hour, when she is beset by the troops of nearly half the world, but has thus far carried on the war almost entirely on other people's soil. It is, therefore, worth while for Americans to examine this German institution carefully, particularly as we are already being told by certain soothsayers that the war convicts England of folly in not having resorted to universal conscription, and places upon us the duty of still greater military burdens, since by some occult reasoning it is apparent to them that if Germany wins we are to be the next victims of her aggrandizing ambition.

Like the nation itself, the German army is curiously two-sided, for it is both a democracy and an autocracy, but with the autocracy on top. It is a democracy because within its regiments are men of every rank and caste, of every grade of learning and every degree of poverty and wealth. It is democratic because it is compulsory and because it spares none. No amount of pull or power can free a German from his year or more of service; if he escapes it is because the army's draft for the year when he becomes liable for service is so large that all cannot be cared for in the existing organizations, or because some physical disability insures his exemption. Thus, when the call to arms came on the 4th of August it was literally an uprising of the people. The great wave of emotion which exalted the whole nation gained its impetus because men of every class went forth, singing, to die. Barriers of all kinds were levelled; in the enthusiasm of that tremendous hour, caste and rank were, for the moment, forgotten. The entire citizenship was drawn together by the levelling influence of devotion to a single cause. For the moment all Germany was a democracy, and democratic were the forces which stormed Liège, and swept like irresistible gray-green waves of the sea through Brussels, until they were nearly in sight of the defences of Paris.

In the trenches to-day lie side by side, as common soldiers or non-commissioned officers, men who have made their mark in the field of learning, or science, or business, or the skilled professions. Some reserve regiments would seem to be a cross section of the population. One of its lieutenants may be of humble origin, a minor official, let us say, in the Dresdner Bank; serving with him may be a reserve lieutenant who drafted last year one of the most important bills ever laid before the Reichstag. A reserve non-commissioned officer who reports to them may be a survivor of the twenty-six Socialist deputies to the Reichstag who found the call of conventional patriotism far more compelling than the peace principles of their party. A lieutenant next to them may bear the plebeian name of Wilhelm Müller, yet be one of the ablest junior officials of the Colonial Office, for the moment bedfellow with a police officer of Berlin who has exchanged the pursuit of criminals for the pursuit of the French. Next in line may be a university professor of distinction, a painter for whom great things are prophesied, a musician of note, and with them may be serving apprentices, laborers, street-cleaners, conductors, hod-car-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

riers—men from every humble and honorable walk in life.

There is similarly no discrimination among regiments when war is on; as far as this the General Staff's democracy extends. Whatever the prestige of a regiment in peace times, whether it be the Garde du Corps, the crack cavalry regiment, or the Death's Head Hussars, until lately commanded by the Crown Prince, or one of the Imperial Infantry Guards, it meets with no other consideration than that of the most plebeian infantry regiment when the fighting is under way. It makes no difference if every officer in it is of ancient and noble lineage. The Guards are reported to have been among the heaviest losers in the present war, precisely as at St. Privat in 1870, when five battalions lost every officer and were fighting under their sergeants when the day was won. It is just the same with the Kaiser's younger sons; they have gone into the actual welter of battle exactly as if offspring of the humblest Westphalian peasant, Prince Joachim being wounded by shrapnel and Prince Oscar collapsing from exhaustion and heart weakness after a charge at the head of his regiment against Turcos, whose bullets laid low most of his regimental officers. The Crown Prince may be safe by reason of his being the nominal commander of an army, but his brothers are alive to-day only by the fortunes of war. Not unnaturally the German press has drawn biting contrasts between the sons of the Kaiser and the Prince of Wales, who, it was officially announced in England, was, at twenty, not sufficiently trained as a soldier to go to the front until three and a half months of war had passed. That the privilege of dying as the German General Staff wills belongs to princes as much as to anybody else is attested by the death of Lieutenant-General Frederick, Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, a brother-in-law of the Kaiser's sister and of other notables.

But the brief for the democracy of the German army does not end here. It enforces, so its adherents claim, a fine standard of personal conduct, of physical vigor, and of loyalty to King and country throughout the nation. The army takes the humblest conscript, however ignorant and lacking in self-respect, and turns him out a decent, healthy citizen with a fine physique, excellent carriage, inured to heavy burdens, long marches, and absolute obedience. If he is a dull clodhopper from a Polish province, unable to speak German, the recruit is taught his King's language and how to write it; he learns, as Kipling puts it, to "wash behind his ears," how to eat, how to walk, how to keep himself scrupulously neat, and how to think for himself.

The great lesson of subordination to authority is thus learned, and in many cases self-restraint, as a result of methods which are applied just as rigorously to the son of a millionaire or of an aristocrat. The natural German love of outdoors and of exercise in the open is intensified by service with the colors; a genuine comradeship with men in all walks of life springs up, and with it comes the ability to feel as a German, to think in terms of the nation, whose patriotic songs one and all sing as they march, for singing is a wise requirement of the German military training. Certainly, as the English military reports have so generously attested, this training teaches men to face certain death for the Fatherland with a devotion never surpassed by Occidentals and equalling the stoical and fatalistic pursuance of death by Orientals. Again, the wonderful thoroughness of the military machine leaves its impress upon all who are for a time of its cogs, and to it is attributed some of that unequalled efficiency of the Germans to which the nation owes its extraordinary national rise and prosperity. The army is, in other words, regarded as a vital part of the great German system of education.

If this were all to be said of German militarism its case would be, perhaps, won. England and the United States might then be tempted to add a similar course to their educational system. But there is the other side.

It is hard to conceive of a closer corporation or a more autocratic body than the German General Staff; it *is* the army to which it gives the dominating note. It is a group of aggressive, hard-working, exceptionally able officers, envied by soldiers all over the world because the nation does as they tell it. In 1913, when they demanded one hundred and forty thousand more men, the war minister acted as their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spokesman, and the Reichstag hardly questioned; the Socialists, foreshadowing their present desertion of their peace principles, acquiesced by a cowardly approval or dodged by a refusal to vote. For the first time after this vote the tax-gatherer knocked at German doors, not to take a share of the income, but some of the citizens' capital, and no one protested. To question the General Staff would be like questioning the Deity, a fact which explains why, the General Staff having declared that it was essential to invade Belgium, nobody in all Germany doubts that decision. One may start controversies over sacred theology in the Kaiser's domains, but not one as to the all-embracing wisdom of the General Staff, for on that there have never been two opinions since 1866 up to the time of this writing. When the deadly forty-two-centimetre guns were planned, the *Grosser Generalstab* asked the Reichstag for a large appropriation and obtained it without disclosing in any degree the purposes for which it was asked. It was enough that the war minister declared the *Generalstab* must have it for a purpose too secret and too important to be intrusted to the Reichstag committee on army estimates or to any but the inner ring of the army.

It is that inner ring which settles the fate of an officer after he has reached colonel's rank. Let one be overslaughed and he resigns at once. Let him blunder in the manœuvres and his "papers" go forward promptly; the General Staff sees to that. Physical efficiency is insisted upon as well as mental. An officer may be as dissipated as he pleases, but he must be on hand with a clear head for the five-o'clock spring and summer march-out of his regiment. His habits and customs may be deserving of all sorts of censure, but if he studies diligently, passes his examinations well, has good efficiency reports, and is altogether *ein schneidiger Offizier* his superiors will say nothing. There is no age limit as in our army, as is evidenced by the prevalence of men approaching seventy in high positions to-day. Thus, Generals von Kluck, von Hausen, and von Bülow are sixty-eight; Generals von Moltke and von Emmich, the latter the capturer of Liège, are sixty-six; and General von Hindenburg is sixty-seven. But to hold their positions men like these must be vigorous physically and mentally, agreeable to the General Staff, and absolute upholders of the existing military traditions and order.

By this we do not mean that each general must be a follower of Bernhardi. Many of the German generals probably never saw his book nor even heard of it. But they must subscribe fervently to the overbearing pretensions of the military clique, to the autocratic attitude of the army toward the civilian and the nation. They must carry themselves as members of an exalted caste whose adoration of their uniform borders on pagan worship. Take the case of Colonel von Reuter, who commanded the Ninety-ninth Infantry, stationed at Zabern, in Alsace, and was acquitted in January of last year (1914) of the charges of illegal assumption of the executive power, illegal imprisonment of civilians, and the invasion of private houses in order to make arrests. This was at the time when his young officers, whom one could hardly accuse of being democratic in spirit, were sabring or persecuting the civilians, who were driven almost to revolt by the overbearing arrogance of the military. Colonel von Reuter himself openly and aggressively stated on his trial that if matters had gone any further he would have turned his machine-guns, which stood ready in the court-yard of the barracks, on the populace. "Blood may flow," he had threatened at the crucial moment, "for we are protecting the prestige and the honor of the whole army and the gravely shaken authority of the government." "I was convinced that our government was allowing its reins to drag on the ground," he told the court, and so, in the name of autocracy, he assured the public prosecutor that "jurisprudence ends here," and declared martial law.

A court of high officers sustained Colonel von Reuter and his subordinates on the ground that a decree issued by the King of Prussia in 1820—not a law—gave the military the right to intervene, without waiting for a request from civil authority, if they deemed the time had come to act. More than that, the army expressly upheld the arrogant acts of the officers, for whom the judge-advocate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

never asked more than a week's or three days' imprisonment as punishment! Colonel von Reuter is reported to have won the Iron Cross; and the young officer who sabred the lame cobbler of Zabern is also at the front, but not, let us trust, in the name of democracy. In defending Colonel von Reuter, the minister of war, General von Falkenhayn, who has been acting as chief of staff during the recent temporary illness of General von Moltke, declared that while the colonel might have exceeded his authority at times, his acts, nevertheless, saved his officers from the necessity of running their swords through the insulting civilians in order to protect the honor of the "Kaiser's Coat." This coat—hardly a democratic garment—thus inevitably recalls Gessler's hat; the General Staff means that there shall be no vital difference between the deference asked of Wilhelm Tell and that which the German civilian owes to the "gay coat" of the military. Officers have frequently been applauded and acquitted, or at most imprisoned in a fortress for a few weeks, for stabbing civilians or killing them in duels that are against the law but are often forced upon officers by decrees of the regimental courts of honor whose ideals of conduct are direct inheritances from the days of Frederick the Great.

In brief, the army is a narrow caste with professional ideals of a mediæval character scrupulously maintained in the face of modern progress by the ruling clique. From its highest officers, its General Staff, its Crown Prince, as well as its Kaiser, the army takes its tone as a bulwark of the privileged classes, to whom anything that smacks of democracy is anathema. It is the chief pillar of the great landlords, the *Junker*, and the aristocrats, as it is of the throne. When the Reichstag passed a vote of censure on the government because of the Zabern affair, an almost unheard-of thing, the government simply ignored the vote. Doubtless the imperial chancellor and General von Falkenhayn, the censured ministers, smile to-day if they think of this incident, and reflect how completely the war has placed the Reichstag, the Social Democrats, and all the rest of the civilians in their power. There being no responsible ministry to fall in Germany, the fate of the nation has rested—less than a year after their censure by the national parliament—in their and the Kaiser's hands. As for the Kaiser, and the Crown Prince who publicly upheld Colonel von Reuter, they may for the moment be democrats—the Kaiser has declared that he will never take note of factional differences again—but the only reason why they do not fear the Social Democrats, whom a few years ago the Kaiser denounced as traitors to the country, is the existence of the army. General von Falkenhayn declared in the Reichstag, in December, 1913, that "without the army not a stone of the Reichstag building would remain in place." Is there any doubt that this democratic organization of eight hundred thousand men would close the doors of the Reichstag if the Kaiser so ordered? Did not the grandfathers of those now in the trenches in the Imperial Guard regiments crush out the republican uprising in 1848? Did not the Prussian guns of the grandfather of the present Kaiser shoot to pieces the same uprising in Rhenish Bavaria, Baden, and elsewhere?

In this anti-democratic tendency the German army is not different from any other. The same trend toward caste and autocracy is noticeable, to greater or less degree, in every army; even a study of the social life of our American navy would prove this. If England creates a great standing army the same phenomena will be still more manifest than in her present regular force, which has been about the most undemocratic machine thinkable. The social, court, and petticoat influences that controlled the British service down to the Boer War have been known of all informed men. It took this present war, with its overwhelming need for officers, to break down the barriers of caste erected against the common soldier. Lord Kitchener did an unheard-of thing recently when he advanced one hundred and twenty-five sergeants and corporals to lieutenancies in a single issue of the official *Gazette*, yet no one would describe Lord Kitchener as an apostle of democracy. The nature of an army and its very organization are undemocratic; the whole basis is a hierarchy with the power centring in one head.

Of course, the autocratic nature of an

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

army is not affected by the bourgeois antecedents of some of its officers. In Germany a man of plainest lineage, be he a good soldier, can rise to high rank. A number of the German corps commanders are to-day commoners who do not write the *von* before their names. But they must have inherited or married means in order to hold their present positions, since German officers cannot live on their pay. Again, many regiments are wholly closed to men without title, and Jews are, of course, quite good enough to be reserve officers, and to serve as *Kanonenfutter*, whenever the General Staff pleases. But few, indeed, have been active officers and none have risen to high rank. Yet these are not the only undemocratic discriminations. Such newspapers as the Jewish *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Berliner Tageblatt*, as well as the Socialist *Vorwärts*—the *Frankfurter* and the *Tageblatt* are now unreservedly upholding the war and the army—have in the past filled columns upon columns with discreet criticisms of the military. When the army increase was voted last year certain Socialists took the opportunity to criticise the favoritism in regulations shown to the Imperial Guards. Of course, they accomplished nothing. Why should the General Staff pay attention to mere members of the Reichstag, and Socialists at that? In a democratic organization criticism of the organization is permitted; none is tolerated in the German army. When an exceptionally able military critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Colonel Gädke, a retired officer, undertook to criticise the service, the military authorities tried to deprive him of his right to sign as "former colonel" of an artillery regiment. That he is not figuring as a correspondent or critic now has perhaps some connection with this incident.

If there is any atmosphere in which democracy does not flourish it is that of a Continental barracks. German discipline is unyielding as iron. The power of the officer is absolute and that of the non-commissioned officer little less so. The men in the ranks change every three years, but the non-commissioned officers are usually professional soldiers for a long term who know the ropes well. The conditions are such that brutal ones among them can make existence a hell for any man they do not like. Just as it is hard to prevent some hazing at West Point, so there is always some in the German barracks. It is often almost impossible to checkmate brutality among the non-commissioned officers because the presumption is always in favor of authority; so there are occasionally suicides in the barracks, frequently desertions, and sometimes trials of men finally caught in ill-treating subordinates. When Rosa Luxemburg, the fiery Socialist orator, declared at Freiburg last year (1914), in speaking of the case of a horribly abused soldier at Metz: "It is certainly one of those dramas which are enacted day in and day out in German barracks, although the groans of the actors seldom reach our ears," General von Falkenhayn, as war minister, prosecuted the "Red Rosa" for libelling the army. The case was promptly dropped when her counsel announced that they proposed to call one thousand and thirty eye-witnesses to such wrong-doing, mostly in the form of "slaps in the face, punches and kicks, beating with sheathed sabres and bayonets, with riding-whips and harness straps; forcible jamming of ill-set helmets on the wearer's head; compulsory baths in icy water, followed by scrubbing down with scrub-brushes until the blood ran; compulsory squatting in muscle-straining attitudes until the victim collapsed or wept for pain; unreasonable fatigue drill, and so on. There were also abundant cases of absurd and humiliating punishments inflicted by non-commissioned officers, such as turning the men out of bed and making them climb to the top of cupboards or sweep out the dormitory with tooth-brushes." Now, single men in barracks are never plaster saints, as Kipling, the exalter of British militarism and hater of German militarism, has made it quite clear to us. Sporadic cases of abuse happen in our own American barracks; but no one will, it is to be hoped, assert that in this phase of its existence the German army even faintly suggests a democracy.

This army has had its Dreyfus case, too, though the victim was not an officer, but a Sergeant Martin who on a second trial was found guilty, on circumstantial evidence, of killing his captain. The two civilian members of the court found him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not guilty; the prosecutor asked only for imprisonment, but the military judges pronounced the death sentence in addition to imprisonment. They felt they must uphold their caste, right or wrong. A lieutenant stationed at Memel was found to have beaten a soldier so severely with a sword that his victim had to be dropped from the military service, compensated, and pensioned for injuries "incident to the service." Not that the other type of officer is lacking. As the writer knows by personal experience, there are plenty of kindly, gifted, and charming officers who are neither fire-eaters nor war-worshippers, who write no jingo books and do not subscribe to Bernhardi. They despise the intrigues, the narrowness, and frequent immorality of the small garrison, and the dissipation of life in the big cities. They recognize the mediæval character of the code of honor, but they are helpless to change it, and as they grow older the more ready they are to think an intense militarism the normal condition of society. If there are many officers of this type, particularly in the south German armies, the trend is, however, toward the overbearing arrogance of the Von Reuters, which is again merely saying that militarism unchecked and unsubordinated to civilian control will run to excesses everywhere. The note of Bernhardi has been more and more often heard with the cry that war is the natural state of man and that the German army is for war. It is quite possible that the Kaiser, in the last moments before the war, was overborne against his better judgment by the General Staff clique with which he is surrounded, and signed the fatal order practically under compulsion. But there were thousands of his officers who went to the war exulting that the time had come at last when their years of devoted study and ceaseless training, unsurpassed in its comprehensiveness and its intensity, were to give way to the practical application of all they had learned as to man-killing.

Whether an army which by its very existence creates fear and militaristic rivalry, which forever talks war, can be either a democratic force or, in the long run, a sound educational influence is open to gravest question. As an educational system it has the merits described earlier in this article; but even German professors would hardly deny that it is bought at a heavy cost to the school system of the empire. If there are underpaid common-school teachers anywhere they live in Germany, and particularly in Bavaria. The genteel poverty of these men who have to exist upon their pay is one of the great tragedies of life under the Kaiser. But the economic waste of the army is a chief stumbling-block to any betterment in their condition, precisely as the millions it costs prevent reforms in many other directions. It would seem as if it would be better to have the Krupps earn less than twelve or fourteen per cent per annum and the school-teachers a little more. It would be better to be less efficient as a nation to the extent that that efficiency is created by the army, and for the masses to be happier, with a consequent decrease of a million or so in the Social Democratic voters. As long as they can roll up three millions of votes and still protest against militarism, even though swept off their feet in war time, all cannot be well with a culture founded on military force. That their voices and many others will again be uplifted to protest against war and armies when peace returns is the one thing that is certain about this war.

In no such military and bureaucratic atmosphere as exists in Germany does democracy thrive! Instead, we have the tradition that as the German Empire is the army's creation so the nation's future is dependent wholly upon it. Imitating the ninety-three savants, three thousand German teachers in universities and schools of technology have put their names to the statement that there is no other spirit in the army save that of the nation; that the spirit of German knowledge and militarism are the same; that the German army and the German universities are identical in their aspirations, since both are devoted to science. They, too, apparently cannot understand that a culture which exists only by reason of the arms behind it is no more a normal, healthy growth than is an industry artificially created by a protective tariff and kept alive solely by receiving part or all of its profits by the favor of a treasury. They belie their own culture because it is a free growth while service in the army is com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pulsory, and compulsory service of the German type may be universal but it is not democratic. Again, this sudden assertion that Germany is wholly dependent upon its army for safety is the historic argument of decadent peoples relying entirely upon mercenaries. Is the German democracy of intellect so without any sources of strength within itself that it cannot flourish save by grace of the militarists? We believe that when the present *Rausch* (intoxication) of the German people is at an end their professors will be the first to deny this interdependence of their realm upon another so materialistic, so mediæval, so autocratic, with such barbarous aims as conquest by blood and iron and man-killing by the hundred thousand. These savants and professors may in defeat become sufficiently sobered even to ask themselves whether all is well with a civilization, or its militaristic handmaiden, which finds itself surrounded by enemies and is dreaded even beyond seas as a power with the potentiality of great evil.

THE EMPTY ROOM

By Harriet Prescott Spofford

THE lock is rusty, the slow key grates—
Turn it more daringly, open the door!
Only a ghost at the threshold waits,
They that have crossed it cross it no more.

Heavy the unbreathed air of the room—
Throw wide the casement, let the wind blow;
Once it brought breath of roses in bloom,
Of the dew of a morning long ago.

Speak low—there are Presences here of old,
Sighs and sorrows and sweet desires,
Falter of prayers, and wild tunes trolled,
And here love lighted his sacred fires.

The dreams that some woman haply dreamed,
The smiles that shone on her tender face,
Here where the moonlight over her streamed,
Unseen, unshaped, still haunt the place.

For the tense string touched sings on and on—
Do you hear music? A cradle song.
Lightsome laughter? The voice is gone,
But the soundless thrill still sings along.

Friend and lover, and man and wife,
The child's sweet babble—stay, feel the spell
The empty room brims over with life,
As you hear the sea sing in the shell!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HATHOR: A MEMORY

By John Galsworthy

DECORATION BY SYDNEY JOSEPH

HATHOR of the old Egyptians! Divine cow, with the mild, lustrous eyes, the proud and gentle step; immortally desirable, ever fruitful; veiled and radiant with that soft, devotional glow which wraps all the greatest works of art, causing all who behold to feel a thrill and sweetness, a longing to put out hands and worship. Far from earthly lust; goddess nymph of the crescent horns—Hathor of the old Egyptians! . . .

In camp at Sennourès of the Fayoum it has fallen dark, and dinner is over when the dancer summoned by Mahmoud Ibrahim arrives. Pretty she is as the dusk, as a tiger-cat, a firefly, a flower of the hibiscus, her skin but little darker than our own; her eyes clear agate-green, her teeth whiter than milk, a gold crescent through her right nostril, and her fine chin blue from tattooing. Quite a woman of the world, too, in her greetings.

In the tent made holy by embroidered texts from the Koran, ourselves and Hallilah (parent of all the gods); Mahmoud Ibrahim in dragoman's best robes; Sadik in white waiter's dress; and the ten Arabs in black night-cloaks—camel-boy "Daisy" with his queer child-voice and his quaint ear-wrappings; Mabrouk, imp with a past and a future; dusky, sweet-tempered "Comedy"; the holy Ahmet, more excited than he should be; green camel-boy and white camel-boy, all teeth and expectation; Karim, smiling; and the three dark, solemn camel-men who play the pipes, for once in animation: fifteen of us to sit, kneel, crouch, and wait; only cook, and the watchman—ah! and Samara—absent.

And soon our dancer comes in again, with her drummer, and her brother, whose agate eyes are finer than her own, to pipe for her. She has taken off her cloak now, and is clothed in beads and netting, with bare waist and dark, heavy skirt. Standing by the tent-pole she looks slowly round at us; then, lifting her upper lip

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

square above her teeth and curling her tongue, begins to sing, showing us the very back of her mouth, and passing through her short straight nose tones like the clapping together of metal disks. And while she sings she moves slowly round, with wide-stretched arms, and hands clinking those little bells that make the sound of castanets seem vulgar.

"She is a good one, this," says Mahmoud Ibrahim.

And now she ceases to sing and begins to dance. She makes but little movement with her feet, protruding her over-developed middle violently, rhythmically, and passing her ardent gaze from face to face. And as she writhes before them each Arab visage around the tent becomes all teeth and eyes. Above the dark excitement of those faces the peaceful sky is glittering with stars; the clear-cut palm-trees, under a moon still crescent, shiver in the wind. And out there Samara, our tall, gaunt young camel-man, stalks up and down, his eyes fixed on the ground. That dance, what is it, but the crudest love-making to us all?

"She is nearly a top-hole one, this," says Mahmoud Ibrahim.

And suddenly we see Samara crouching with the others in the opening of the tent. The only one who does not smile, he watches her, holding his thin dark face in his thin dark hand; and lo! as though he can bear no more of such attraction, he leaps up, and again begins hovering outside, like a flame in the wind.

But she—she dances on, writhing, protruding her middle, clinking her bells. And all the time the imp Mabrouk and the camel-men laugh, and gurgle their delight, and stretch out their arms toward her; until at last the holy Ahmet, unable to control his emotion, puts his hands about her waist. Then! What is this that comes swooping down, flinging at him fiery words, and springing back into the night?

"See Samara!" says Mahmoud Ibrahim; "he is jealous. 'Come over here!' My Lord! She is a fine one!"

But at last she has sung all her songs, danced all her dances, even the Sleep one, drunk all the wine, smoked the last cigarette, finished the Turkish Delight. So we thank and leave her.

When the camp is quiet I come out to watch the circle of the palm-trees under Hathor's crescent horns, to listen to the "chump-chump" of the camels and to the soft talk passing from dark figures crouching by the watch-fire. And Mahmoud Ibrahim comes up to me.

"Most of the men are gone to the village—the holy Ahmet and all! The fools, they get excited. Certainly she is a good one; pretty, but too thin!" He sighs and looks up at the stars. "It was in camp here, ten years ago, we had the best I ever saw. I went all the way to Cairo to fetch her; we paid her fifteen pounds. Ah! she was beautiful; and I was very young. After the dance was over I went to her; I was trembling, I certainly was trembling. She was pretty as a flower. I asked her to speak to me just five minutes; but she looked at me—she certainly looked at me as if I was not there. I had not much money then, you see. And last week in Cairo I met her in the street. I would never have known her—never. But she said to me: 'Will you not speak to me? Do you not remember years ago how I came, to dance at your camp in the Fayoum?' I remembered her then; we paid her fifteen pounds. She was not proud any more!" Mahmoud Ibrahim shakes his comely head. "She certainly is hidjeous now; and she cried, poor woman, she cried!"

Save for the camels chumping there is silence; beneath the palm-trees we see a tall black figure standing beneath the crescent of the moon—Flame in the wind—for once quite still!

"Look!" says Mahmoud Ibrahim: "Samara! She would not have anything to say to him. He has not much money, you see!"

Once more that night I come out of my tent. The men are sleeping, huddled with the silent camels in dark clumps on the gray sand. The watchman sleeps over all. Even the wind sleeps; and the crescent moon is passing down. . . .

Ah! Hathor! Far from earthly lust, immortal cow with the soft, lustrous eyes, and horns like the crescent moon!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEACE

By Daniel Sargent

With thousand thundering rivers
The truth of peace flows down,
And all the placid pools of creed
Its ceaseless torrents drown.

Peace—but the fear denies it
Whenever above our head
We see the sword of the threatening hour:
"Strive on, or thy soul is dead."

Peace—when our gaze can never
See out of the trampling crowd,
And only the cowards are backward
For the cry of the hour is loud.

And though we turn from the present
And gaze far into the past,
Did the stars ever stop in their courses
For truth's loud trumpet-blast?

Did Fate ever grow less cruel?
Did it grant to the praying Christ
"Yes, the cup shall be taken away from thy lip,
Thy willingness hath sufficed"?

For Jesus died in his passion,
And Judas choked for his kiss,
And Peter denied his Master thrice:
Such is the peace that is.

And nation rose against nation,
And father rose against son,
And body and soul are cleft apart
Till the endless strife be done.

All that the peace eternal,
With vast tumultuous might,
May pour its burning deluge
Into the vaults of night.

All that the truth may enter,
The final word be writ,
Then will the last and the first be one
As Christ hath uttered it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

THERE is only one thing better than opportunity, and that is limitation. The former gives us our chance, but the latter enables us to take it. If it were not for limitations, all the opportunities in the world would avail us nothing; for they would confront us *en masse*, and what could we do in the face of such an unmanageable multitude but sit down and fold our hands?

The Conservation of Limitations

Fortunately, there are very few people who are troubled by this extreme distraction. We are most of us born with a plentiful supply of limitations. But, though the natural endowment is sufficient to prevent Charles Lamb from emulating the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, or Mrs. Pankhurst that of Mrs. Eddy, we do all of us have to be on our guard lest the devil outwit us by opening too many doors to us.

I know a woman who once went away to the country with six books in her trunk. She was to be gone three months, and she resolved that she would not so much as turn the pages of a seventh book. She was a great reader, too. That was the trouble. During the past winter she had devoured books at the rate of five a week, and the result had been a restless confusion of mind.

The first week of her vacation was sheer bibliological bliss.

"It seemed to me," she said later, "that I had never before understood what it really means to read: to give oneself over to a book, to steep oneself in its spirit, to follow its subtlest indications. I read, for the most part, slowly, with pauses for meditation; and when a swift movement of the thought caught me and I had to hurry, I never failed to return on my tracks. I had a quite wonderful sense of leisure and of eternity."

"And then what happened?" I asked; for I saw from the glint in her eyes that her bliss had not gone unchallenged.

She sighed and smiled.

"Some people came to call," she explained, "and asked me what I was reading. I showed them my six books and made no comment. They made none, either. But the next day they were back bright and early, each one carrying three books. 'Won't you let us lend you these?' they said compassionately and benevolently. 'We shan't want them for ten days or so.'

"Dear me!" My friend sighed again. "I can't tell you what an effect the very sight of those books had upon me. The spell of my peace was broken, and I became as excited and restless as a trolley-car. The worst of the matter was that I recognized a novel for which I had been lying in wait several months and a volume of essays toward which my spirit fairly yearned. Before I knew what I was doing, I put out my hand. I did not want to, it made me unhappy; but I put out my hand."

"And then?" Greatly interested, I nudged her again.

"And then"—she drew herself up with a certain pardonable pride of achievement—"then I recovered myself. As courteously as I could, I refused the proffered loan. I'm afraid I didn't succeed in explaining my position very intelligently, but at least I felt no doubt as to my intrenchment in it. I saw those distracting books out of the gate; and, retreating to the orchard, I resolutely read nothing at all for the rest of the day."

The experience reminded me, as I hastened to say on the spot, of the analogous struggles of another friend of mine who, for several years, played a desperate game with Fate as to whether he should or should not own a horse. Fate evidently thought that he should, and, commanding certain advantages in the control of circumstance and in a traditional authority, repeatedly saw to it that he did. But the successive beasts that occupied his barn irked him grievously. Instead of ministering to his freedom and independence, as they were supposed to do, they gave him a curious sense of impediment.

"It used to be so simple and easy to go to the village," he sighed, trying once to explain his slavery to me. "I just opened the gate and went. But now I have to go out to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

barn and harness the horse and brush out the carriage; then I have to hitch the horse and return to the house to wash my hands. After that I must hunt up my gloves and make a list of the errands the whole household flocks to suggest to me. In the end, after I have unhitched the horse and climbed in, it is not to the village at all that I go, but to the town in the other direction where the errands can be better accomplished. Life becomes hideously complicated the minute you own a horse."

Fortunately for my friend's peace of mind, if for no other conceivable reason, his various horses were always falling ill from lack of exercise. He protested that this was not his fault.

"I haven't taken a walk in three weeks," he declared sadly; "nor yet have I been able to write a paper I had in mind or read a book. I seem to have done nothing but drive and drive and drive, exercising the horse."

(He always spoke of it that way—"the horse"—as if it were an impersonal cosmic creation like the sky or the sea.)

However this might be, the fact remained that the local veterinary knew his way blindfold to my friend's barn. And when he was in command and "the horse" was subject to his ministrations a wonderful peace and freedom possessed my friend.

But the veterinary was skilful and "the horse" possessed of a sound constitution; and my friend's vacations were never long enough to allow him to make any headway with his paper or book. All too soon he and the horse were in harness together again at opposite ends of the reins. It took a brave resolution, a really magnificent effort of will, to make a permanent end of the situation.

"I did not see how I was going to get along without the creature," he confessed. "There were all those errands, a daily crop. I saw myself, horseless, devoting my life to trudging steadily back and forth between my house and the village with a pack-basket over my shoulders. But my slavery could not be worse than it was. So one fine day I sold the horse, and I never have bought another."

"And you have not been sorry?"

"Sorry?" He made an eloquent, expansive gesture indicative of a scope and freedom too vast for words. It appeared that, having disposed of his horse, he now found himself at liberty to traverse the constellations.

THESE two illustrations throw light on the universal nature and function of limitation. It simplifies and co-ordinates life; it gives time for action; like the bed of a river, it makes something definite and effective out of a diffusion.

The Conservation of the Spirit

But of course the matter is not essentially one of books or horses or any of the world's material chances. It concerns the spirit; and that has frequently to forego traits which it might like to cultivate, qualities which almost seem to be thrust upon it. A person committed to any great cause has to shut his eyes to a good many wholesome aspects, worthy enough in themselves but distracting and weakening to him. He must not laugh at that which he worships, innocent though the laughter of a non-worshipper may be. He must always hate that which interferes with his particular ideal, although another person may maintain a just indifference. No one may manfully be mocking and reverent at the same moment, angry and tolerant. Whoever tries or allows himself to be so, offends both God and Mammon.

As for the deliberate inducing of qualities which one has been lucky enough to be born without, the effort is as absurd as it is, fortunately, futile. A young man grows up undistracted by a sense of humor. That is no disgrace; and, though it may involve a loss, it works a solid compensation of simplicity and directness. For Heaven's sake, let the good fellow alone! If he is bewildered by the suggestion that he take his experience somewhat less literally, he will very likely fail to take it at all—he will fumble the whole thing. Congratulate, envy him if you will—no humorist's eye has that single beam—but let him alone. The world has need of him.

Fortunately, as I said above, these efforts to change individual temperament are seldom successful. A quiet person who tries to make himself a more stimulating companion for some one whom he loves loses the power to soothe and charm which used to be his peculiar function, and, on the other hand, becomes an insufferable chatterbox. It is better to be completely oneself, expanding snugly and fully within the sheltering

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

walls of one's limitations, than to try the misfitting experiment of being somebody else.

A paper on limitations should be consistent enough to ignore some of the innumerable illustrations which lie in its way; and I have no intention of citing all the examples that occur to me. But I cannot forbear mentioning the experience of one friend who tried for many years to cultivate an appreciation of music, and, making no headway at all—after heroic and pitiful sessions with the Kneisel Quartet and the Boston Symphony—gave up at last and immediately found his love for pictures augmented. Nor yet can I bring myself to neglect the view of the Hudson River from my apartment. This view is most circumspect. It consists of an oblong strip marked off by the buildings at the end of the street. One has to sit on the window-sill and lean out in order to see it at all. Yet, oh, the magic of it! It has all the grandeur and mystery, all the tenderness, all the dream of the whole sweeping river. More than all. When I first looked out and felt my breath catch at the beauty, I was untrue to my instinct and ran and put on my hat. But I was punished immediately. For, down on the drive, with the wide scene before me, I lost the peculiarly sealing touch that had found me above. Too much scope, too many details, confused and defeated me. Now, when I want to go straight to the heart of the river's significance, I perch on my window-sill and give myself over to the mystic strip at the end of the street. "Enough" is the gateway of heaven. "Too much" is paradise lost.

The conservation of limitations implies a critical, watchful attitude toward life which may seem rather ungenerous. When Providence is so open-handed with us, should we not be open-hearted? But Providence is open-handed because there are so many different kinds of people in the world and because each individual wants such different things at different times in his life. Also, perhaps, because it is well to let souls assist in the shaping of themselves. Heaven turns out the crude material of us and sets us down in the midst of much other crude material, animate and inanimate, and lets us choose. The business is a serious one. Only by choosing wisely and firmly can we fulfil our destiny.

Limitations are monotonous, but monotony is one of the potent forces of life. Not only is it full of peace: in a curious, paradoxical way, it offers more variety than variety itself. Just as a sturdy bit of matter, being analyzed, resolves itself into a whirling dance of atoms, so the deeper one looks into every-day life, the subtler and swifter grows the change at work. If one walks or drives about a mountain, one gets a dozen different ideas of crude conformation; but if one sits at home on one's door-step and watches the mountain at rest, one is breathlessly aware of an incessant lightning change of very substance. One cannot stare hard enough, with wide enough open eyes, to keep up with the transformation. Light and shadow and color weave a perpetual vanishing and a new birth. In like manner, the way to increase one's knowledge of human nature is not to go out in search of new friends, but to sit at home in the orchard and put a few new questions to the oldest friend one has.

It must always be noted that, as there is nothing more individual than limitations, so people must be quite independent in choosing and holding their own. No imitation of others here! For one person's freedom may often be another's slavery. I have two married friends who have managed to define and assert their limitations so happily that I am continually talking about them to the bothered and hampered people I meet. They are like two runners who have stripped off their superfluous garments and who make cleanly and swiftly for their goal. Everything in their house and life is reduced to the simplest terms. But, when I find myself describing them and meeting with the eager response which is almost unfailing, I am apt to break off with a warning: "Hold on! Don't plan to go and do likewise unless you are very sure you want to. Their superfluities are not necessarily yours. They may have stripped off some of your essentials."

There are certain people who feed their souls on simplicity; and there are other people to whom simplicity spells starvation. The latter must be as sincere and brave as the former, and must, perhaps, undertake the process of elimination with Fifth Avenue for a background instead of a country village. But can one eliminate in New York? Of course one can. The process takes resolution, but that is just so much to the good. Moreover, there is a peculiar zest in drawing the line against such a background of pos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sibilities. If one draws it straight, it is an emphatic line.

A mountain valley is a good example of the function of limitation. There is no earthly spot so dear, so intimate, so charged to the brim with individuality. Its inhabitants feel that they have, in a very peculiar sense, a local habitation and a name. Yet the valley depends for its life upon the hills which surround it and cut it off from the rest of the world. They create and shape it. The wide, varied earth beyond is not the valley's affair.

At least, not yet. For, even as one ponders thus, a strain from "The Messiah" rings through one's inner ear: "Every valley shall be exalted." So that is what Isaiah meant! How often it happens that the significance of a familiar verse of the Bible flashes sudden new light on the heart, revealing in a few words the whole destiny of man! When every valley becomes exalted and every mountain is brought low, we shall have no further use of limitations. They will have trained us to the manly use of infinity.

Roofs

THERE is something unaccountably captivating to the imagination in the idea of life carried on at unaccustomed levels—life in tree-tops or subterranean caves. I still recall, though I can no longer place, a story of my childhood about a family who lived, unsuspected, in the thickness of the walls of another family's house.

I felt the same old charm when I first looked down on the Eastern life of the roofs. I saw it first, not in the East, but from the tower of a cathedral in southern Spain. A whole city of gardens and playgrounds, and even of dining-rooms, was spread out beneath me—a ground-plan, you would have said, if it had not been so far above the ground. Here and there a piano was to be seen, standing out boldly under the rainless blue sky.

And as the sun set these roofs were peopled as suddenly as our streets are filled just after working hours. What a sensible way to live, I thought. Why don't we do it at home? Little I then knew that we did.

But I know it now; for recently I have spent my time at the top of a high building in an up-town district, the street-level of which has been familiar to me for many years. But, seen from above, like this, it is all different—as different as the bottom of the sea is to its surface. Not only are chimney-pots and water-tanks massed with surprising frequency, but cupolas appear, and half-stories with romantic French windows, opening on terraces never suspected from below.

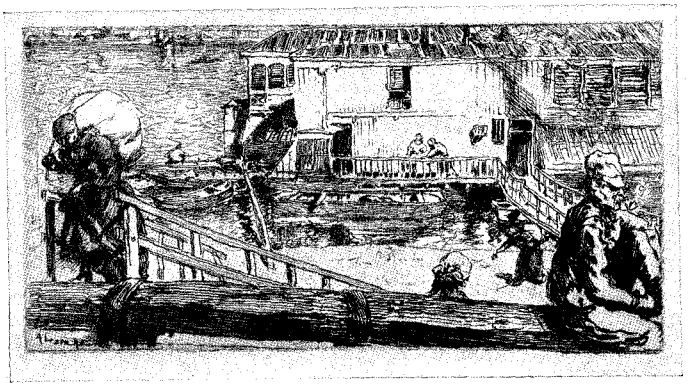
Across four roofs belonging to four contiguous houses of the dullest brownstone variety nuns pace every morning, with hands folded, heads bent, and every illusion of being in a cloister. On the top of a certain club, which to street-level eyes had always stopped at its heavy granite cornice, a loggia is discovered, and here a member in blue serge may be seen taking his exercise. Back and forth he goes, with his hands in his pockets and his head in the air, very different from the nuns. He is not trying to reproduce a cloister; he has no love of seclusion. Why, then, does he shun the street? A dozen answers suggest themselves.

Immediately opposite is the domain of a small person in red. If I should meet him —as I probably have done again and again —at the street corner, I should think he was a perfectly ordinary little boy of four, the son probably of the janitor. I should never guess that, as a matter of fact, he is absolute lord of a fairy-land a hundred feet in the air—a neatly gravelled labyrinth between sprinkling-pipes and chimneys and skylights, where he has, among other things, a swing, which must give him the effect of being literally swung from the blue ether. Occasionally he gets out of it and, coming to the parapet, gazes meditatively upward, looking, probably, for some secret visitor by aeroplane. I find myself sharing his interest, regretting that I cannot see the same portion of the heavens that he does, and that I can judge only from his expression what it is that is going on in the southern sky.

Ah, the angel in Boccaccio's story, who took off the roofs of the houses for the entertainment of his companion, was perhaps a little too hasty. The roofs themselves might first have repaid examination.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FIELD OF ART



Reproduced by the courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

Lavoir. By A. Lepère.

PARIS IN ETCHING

ANY thought of Paris in etching inevitably brings to mind the name of Meryon, for his interpretation of the city is a haunting one. On his few Paris prints rests the fame of that mad genius, one among the great etchers the world has known.

A remarkable variety of pictorial view-point and expression has been inspired by the capital city of France. And various Americans have made Paris their own, felt its spirit, and skilfully recorded their impressions in line.

Reproduced by the courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

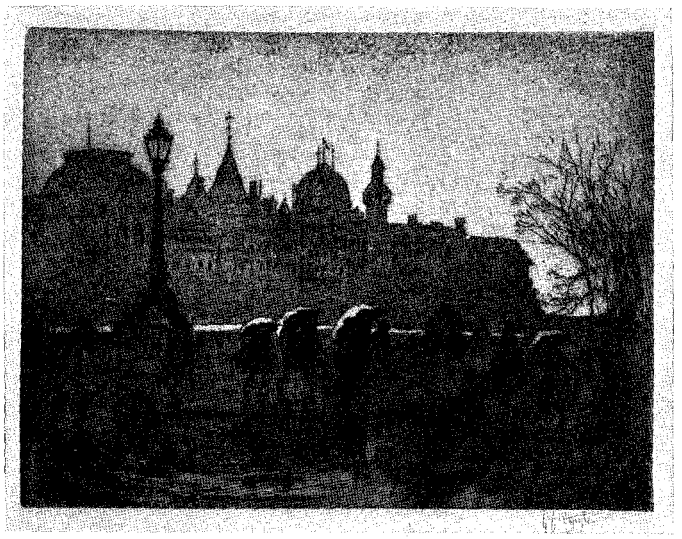
Le Stryge. By Charles Meryon.

Of the older French plates many will recall various bits of Paris by A. P. Martial, who etched pictures and text on the same plate in the 1860's and '70's, and also made many pictures of the city during the war of 1870–71. Similarly topographical in view-point and interest are the plates by Eugène Delâtre, who has preserved numerous corners in that Montmartre which has changed so since Georges Michel painted its windmills and mounds, and to which Charles Jacque also turned several times from his usual sheep-pieces. Bracquemond's "Wolf in the Snow," also known as "Winter," may have been a stretch of the Bois de Boulogne, with a wolf from the Jardin d'Acclimatation. It was, apparently, not so much the truth of locality as the subject and conditions that attracted him, as is evident in his view of the Pont des Saints-Pères, in which you see little but the effect of driving rain.

Similarly to Martial, Bracquemond made sketches of the siege of Paris. Maxime Lalanne's graceful, elegant, finished craftsmanship was exercised on "Souvenirs Artistiques du Siège" and various views of the French capital. He felt the charm of the Seine as well as of the old, narrow streets, and lifted "familiar sights as completely out of the commonplace of every-day as does Meryon's sombre vision."

Some of these artists have given us only rather dry, topographical records. Leopold Flameng, noted as a reproductive etcher, did many quite matter-of-fact pictures of *Paris qui va et Paris qui vient* (1859), scenes in the life of the people: "Cabaret du Lapin Blanc," the morgue, the copyists of the Louvre, or "La Californie" (the "restaurant

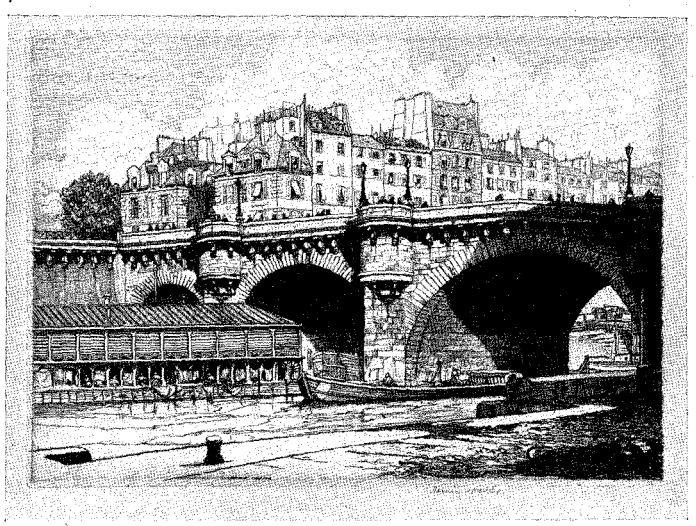
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Reproduced by the courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

The Palais de Justice from the Pont-Neuf. By Lester G. Hornby.

ing fresh material, as one of his biographers said, in "its grimness and its picturesqueness, its romance and its tragedy." George C. Aid has often been preoccupied with the play of light and air on familiar spots. His five etchings of the Pont-Neuf each show a different aspect, its cool arches contrasted with the sunny brightness of the houses beyond on a hot summer day. Notre Dame, too, has attracted him, with Pont St. Michel as a foil. Also the "Hôtel de Cluny," with wistaria-crowned walls, the "Palais de Luxembourg," and the "Apple Market," akin of the poor"). This last recalls the "Soupe à trois Sous" of Whistler, who found in Paris his first inspiration to try etching. His early impressions, however, were of types and nooks —mustard-seller, ragwoman, French children—not of buildings and street scenes, if we except that unfinished sketch of the Isle de la Cité. Long after, he gave us some Paris views, particularly those light, airy, joyous transcripts of bits of the Luxembourg Gardens, its terraces, bébés, and Punch-and-Judy shows.



Reproduced by the courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

The Pont-Neuf. By Herman A. Webster.

It is interesting to see how the lure of Paris has reacted on the different artistic personalities of the younger men whose work forms part of the present revival of etching in our country. To Herman A. Webster, for example, the old buildings speak with a direct force, telling their story unadorned with extraneous trimmings of sentimentality or melodrama. He did a series on the old Marais quarter, finding fresh material, as one of his biographers said, in "its grimness and its picturesqueness, its romance and its tragedy." George C. Aid has often been preoccupied with the play of light and air on familiar spots. His five etchings of the Pont-Neuf each show a different aspect, its cool arches contrasted with the sunny brightness of the houses beyond on a hot summer day. Notre Dame, too, has attracted him, with Pont St. Michel as a foil. Also the "Hôtel de Cluny," with wistaria-crowned walls, the "Palais de Luxembourg," and the "Apple Market," akin in subject to Meryon, yet not suggesting him in any way.

The fine old Pont-Neuf has been interpreted in different ways—as have, of course, other Seine bridges as well—by Cameron, D. S. MacLaughlan, E. L. Warner, Webster, Hornby, F. M. Armington, Chandler, Goeneutte, Béjot, and many others; most recently in plates by Charles K. Glee-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

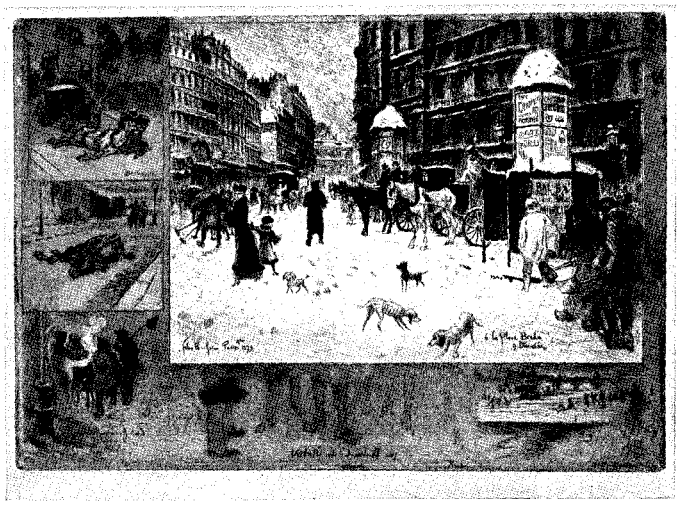
son and G. Roy Partridge.

The irresistible charm of Notre Dame has been rendered by many: Meryon, Rochebrune, Goeneutte, Webster, Armington, Hedley Fitton (who did "The Rose Window"), George T. Plowman, Hornby, Vaughan Trowbridge, Simon, D. S. MacLaughlan. MacLaughlan offers quite a personal and special view, of a precise truthfulness, in his pictures of quays and bridges, of corners in the Bièvre and elsewhere, obtaining, as Uzanne said, "expressions of a mellow, balanced art full of distinction."

Reproduced by the courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

Pont St. Bernard. By Eugène Béjot.

It is the architectural aspects of the city which principally have occupied many artists. Others have seen these buildings merely as a background for the life of the city. Félix Buhot, with a style both vivacious and forcible, peopled his views of Paris streets with characteristic figures. We see the holiday crowd on the Boulevard de Clichy, on June 30 (la fête Nationale), a funeral or a moving-van wending its way on a rainy day, or a string of cab-horses shivering on a gloomy, wet winter's morning, or slipping and falling in the Place Breda in snow. To Norbert Goeneutte Paris seemed to exist mainly in combination with the "eternal feminine." Plates such as the "Woman on the Pont de l'Europe," or the "Woman Entering a Vehicle," are quite characteristic of place and time (the '80's) in type and costume. However, he also showed the attractiveness of locality under particular conditions—the Boulevard de Clichy on a snowy day, or the Palais de Justice. Somewhat later there appears the freer, quivering line of Raffaëlli, with which he peoples the Madeleine, the Invalides, and other places with little figures that fairly move and have their being in surroundings to which the artist has added color accents deftly and discreetly. Quite in our own day, Edgar Chahine has drawn the people of the slums and boulevards.



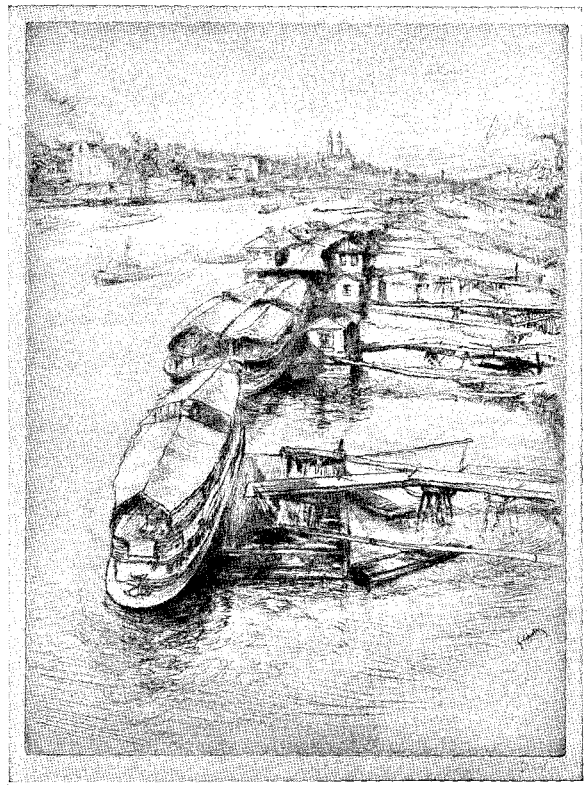
Reproduced by the courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Co.

The Place Breda. By Félix Buhot.

As different as pos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sible from the work of Buhot—certainly more serious, inclusive, and detached—is that of Auguste Lepère. His figures—indeed, his localities also—are typical rather than individual. All this is fairly evident in the set "La Bièvre et le Quartier St. Severin," vigorously drawn pictures of work-



Reproduced by the courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

Les Bateaux Parisiens. By Leheutre.

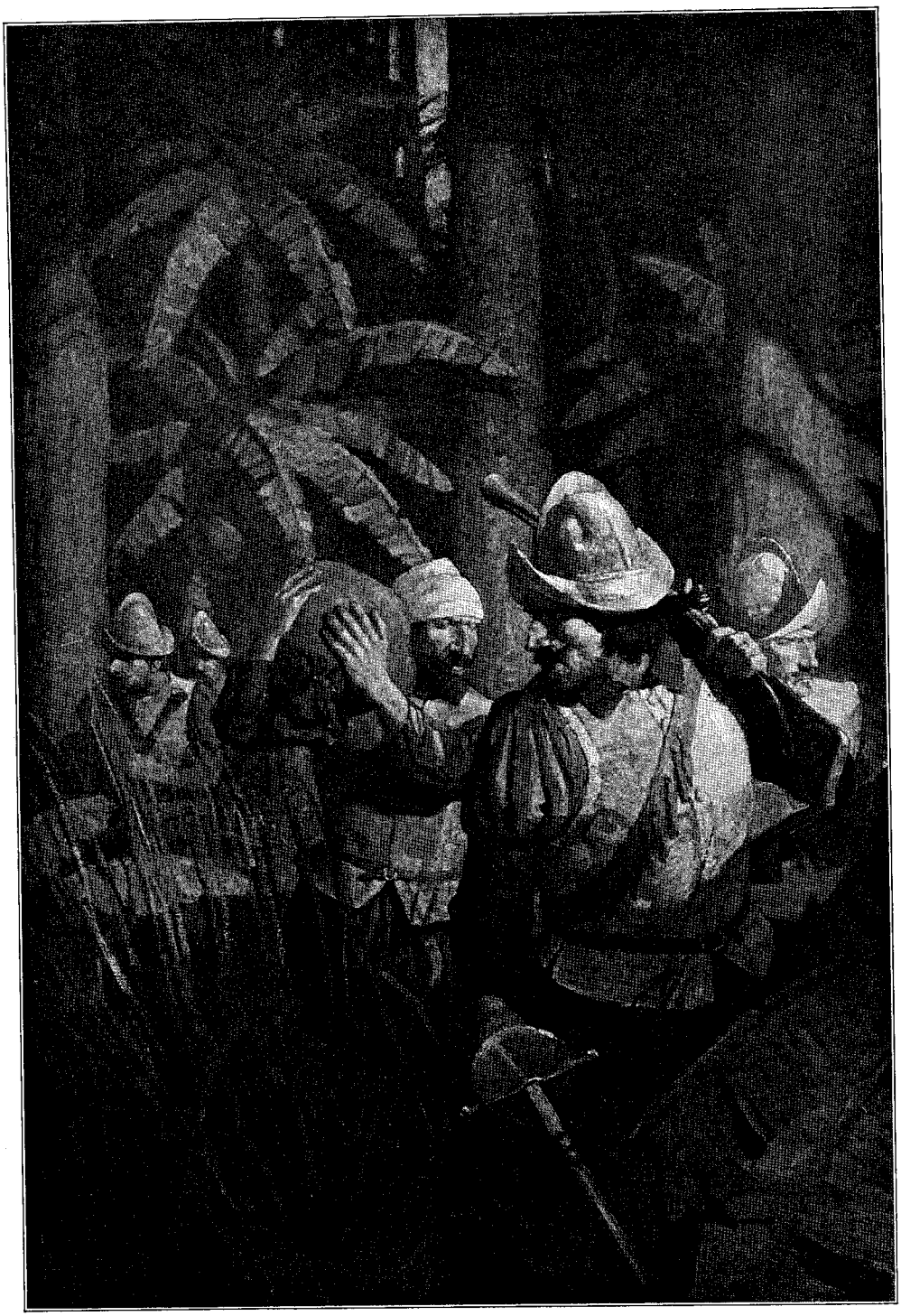
men at their tasks, a woman trudging in the rain, or a hilly landscape with a high bridge or aqueduct in the background, done in big, rolling lines. There is in the aloofness and yet perfect understanding of his point of view the feeling of one of the old masters. The Bohemian, T. František Šimon, in his color etchings has offered quay and public place and corner, with their human life circling about venders or book-stands, not as *staffage* but as an important, necessary part of the scene. In one of these, "L'Heure Matinale à Paris," Notre Dame rises in the background, dimly, a dream, a suggestion, coming down from past generations and standing for those to come, contrasted with the human activities of the foreground ash-cart, ragpicker, taxicab, and other evidences of the present. Our young countryman, Lester G. Hornby, offers a similar outlook. With him, too, street and buildings and people present themselves in a unity of effect, his impression combining into a vivacious picture of life of to-day, sunny and joyous. G. W. Chandler, attracted by the workaday life of the city, has given us "Les Travaux du Métro" and—with an eye for the picturesque quality of odd corners—"Dans l'Avenue de Saxe, 1907."

Perhaps the most Parisian of all the etchers of to-day, the most imbued with the spirit of the city, is Eugène Béjot. In a number of plates he has expressed that spirit, with easy, sure facility of statement. Taking Paris as it is, "calm, collected, reasonable," he presents it clearly, sanely, frankly, and delightfully, with sincere love of the subject, and with honesty, as his friend Bataille has pointed out. Béjot's feeling toward that pulsating artery of the city, the Seine, is infectious, it permeates the very air, and you cannot escape the consciousness of it if you haunt the quays with open eyes.

It is a bit startling to find yourself almost in the identical position from which Meryon etched the "Abside of Notre Dame" sixty years ago, the picture complete before you excepting the heavy, two-wheeled cart with a team harnessed tandem, which he introduced near the left, and then to be roused from your revery by the creaking and rumbling of the selfsame cart as it lumbers along the street. And yet, ten minutes before, you were dodging over the Avenue de l'Opéra to escape the automobiles racing madly along. The latter manifestation of modernity can in time be modified by improved traffic regulations. The other phase of Paris is a very embodiment of that spirit of tradition which, with richness of association and appropriateness in setting, contributes so largely to the perennial charm of the city by the Seine.

F. Weitenkampf.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

These swamps, where fever-maddened men have pressed
To fight and die for gold. . . .

—"Panama," page 282.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED